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SAINT ANSELM

VOL. II.



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THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
ST. ANSELM.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND PRIMATE
OF THE BRITAINS

BY

MARTIN RULE, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.



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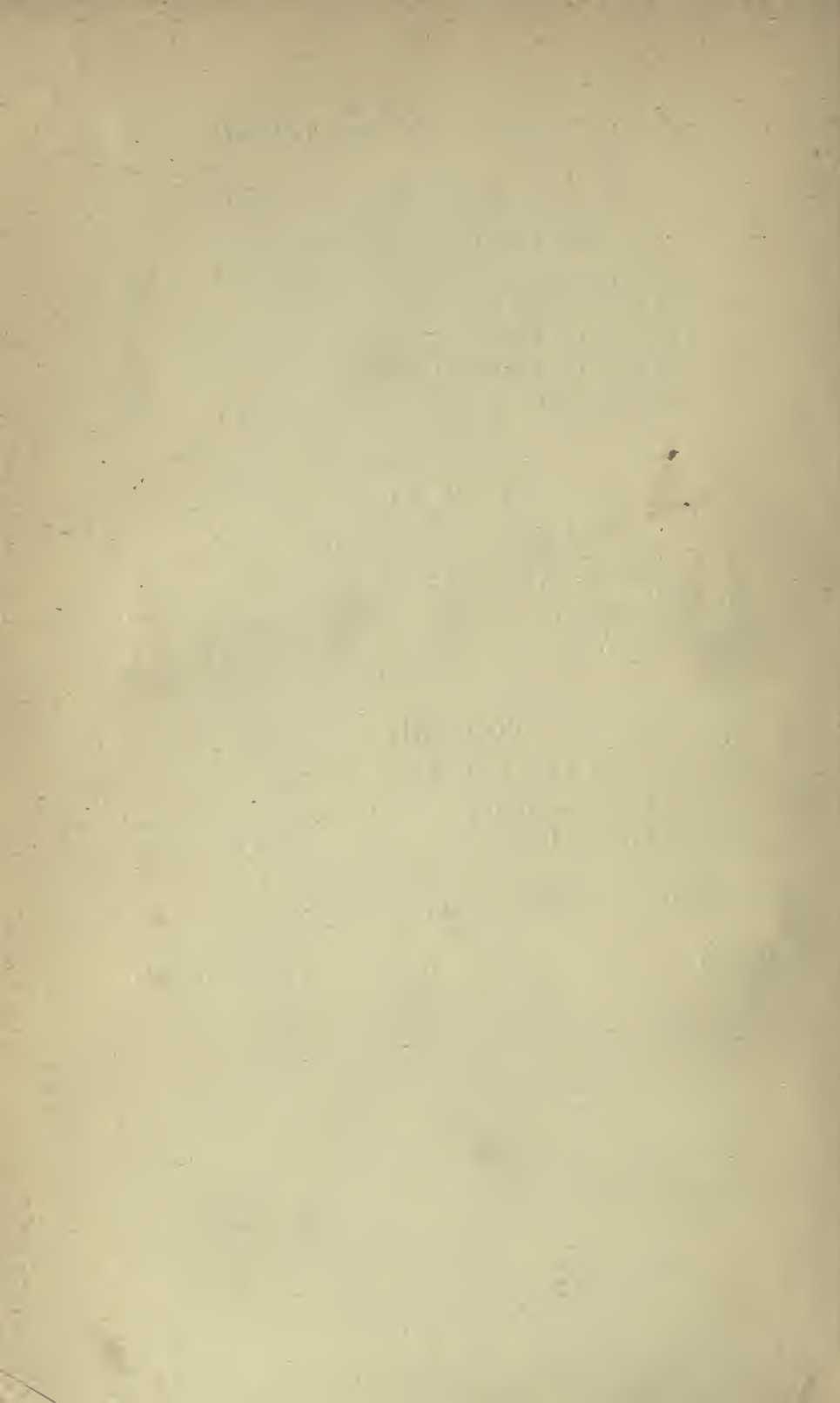
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Book V.

*THE FIRST FOUR YEARS OF
ST. ANSELM'S PRIMACY.*

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSECRATION.

DURING the summer of 1093 England was deluged with such a rainfall as had not been known in human memory ; and whilst vast tracts of land were still under water a frost set in, that locked all the rivers of the realm under icy pavements, across which travellers might ride on horseback.

Yet, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, there was a goodly assemblage of bishops at Canterbury on Sunday, the 4th of December, the day appointed for the consecration of the new Archbishop. St. Wulstan, the venerable Bishop of Worcester, who was now nearing the term of his eventful career, and Osbern, Bishop of Exeter, in the far west, were prevented by illness from taking their share in the ceremony ; and the see of Lincoln was vacant ; but every other diocese of the southern province was represented, so that, besides the Archbishop of York, there were nine wearers of the mitre that morning seated in Lanfranc's apsidal sanctuary, refulgent with all the splendour of their episcopal pomp—Maurice, Bishop of London ; Vauquelin, Bishop of Winchester ; Osmond, Bishop of Sarum ; Robert, Bishop of Hereford ; Robert, Bishop of Lichfield ; John, Bishop of Bath ;¹ Ralph, Bishop of Chichester ; Herbert, Bishop of Thetford,² and the sweet and saintly Gundulf.

The ceremony opened with what later times called the *decretum*. Eadmer styles it the *electio scripta*. It should

¹ The bishop's see had been moved from Wells to Bath in 1091.

² Thetford was superseded by Norwich in 1094.

have been read by the provincial dean, the Bishop of London ; but he, for whatever reason, delegated the task to his brother of Winchester, who began to read, of course in Latin, as follows :—‘ My brethren and fellow bishops, you well know how long, by reason of divers causes, this Church of Canterbury, the Metropolitan Church of All Britain, hath remained without a pastor——.’ ‘ Metropolitan Church of All Britain ? ’ interposed the Archbishop of York, with real or affected surprise. ‘ If Canterbury be the Metropolitan Church of All Britain, then York is not a metropolitan Church, which it is notorious that she is.’

This interruption affords an instructive example of the way in which things were managed in those days. During a long series of years, stretching over century after century, from before the day that England was one kingdom, the Church of Canterbury had been styled sometimes ‘ *sancta ecclesia Christi*,’ ‘ *ecclesia salvatoris Domini*,’ or ‘ *ecclesia salvatoris mundi* ;’ sometimes ‘ *metropolitana sancta Doro-berniensis ecclesia*,’ ‘ *metropolitana Doroberniensis ecclesiæ sedes*,’ or ‘ *sancta metropolitana sedes* ;’ and the Archbishop sometimes ‘ *sanctæ Doroberniensis ecclesiæ præsul*,’ sometimes ‘ *Britanniarum primas et sanctæ Doroberniensis ecclesiæ archiepiscopus*,’ sometimes ‘ *antistes metropolitanus*,’ sometimes ‘ *primas totius Britanniae insulæ*,’ sometimes ‘ *totius Britanniae regionis primas*.’ Once, however, Alexander II. had in a letter directed to Archbishop Lanfranc described the Church of St. Saviour at Canterbury as the ‘ *metropolis of all Britain*.’ This is the only instance I can find of such a mistake ; but we may be sure that note had been made of it, and that the clerk employed to draw out Anselm’s *decretum* had been specially instructed to describe the see of Canterbury as that which it was not, in order that the opposition which would be evoked by the misnomer should render it impossible that the title given in the Papal letter should ever thenceforward be drawn into a precedent.

Whether or not the northern archbishop had been apprised beforehand of this flaw in the document, his objection to it must of course be urged then or never. Still, such an episode at such a moment must to a man of Anselm's sensibility have been the reverse of soothing. Some conversation now ensued, and when the obnoxious 'metropolitana' had been replaced by 'primas' the ceremony again began.

When the moment came for Anselm to make his profession of obedience to the Pope, a careful listener might have observed that the Pope's name had not been introduced into the formula—neither had the antipope's—but that the Archbishop elect was in general terms called upon to promise obedience *Romano pontifici*.

But these two incidents, however significant to him whom they most concerned, were, not improbably, neglected by the bystanders, whose chief and all-absorbing desire it was to learn the new Archbishop's *prognosticon*. Scarcely was the mass concluded when some one inspected the sacred page, and presently the whisper was set flying through the church, and men's cheeks turned pale as they heard it and tremblingly passed it on—'He invited many, and sent his servant to tell them to come; and they began all with one consent to make excuse.'

Great fear fell on all hearts, and most of all on his. The spell had touched him; there was no reversing it.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW PRIMATE AT COURT.

ACCORDING to custom, the new Archbishop entertained his episcopal brethren for a week after the consecration. He then prepared for his journey to the royal Court at Gloucester.

He was received with becoming ceremony by William and the barons, and on Christmas Day played for the first time his part of spiritual father of the realm by solemnly crowning and blessing¹ the sovereign during the course of the mass which was celebrated in supplication of the Divine assistance in the deliberations upon which King and kingdom were about to enter. The consecration of the sovereign, which impressed on him the kingly character, might not be repeated ; but his

¹ I copy the following from Archbishop Robert's Benedictionary, preserved at Rouen (fol. 70):—

'Benedictio super Regem in tempore sinodi.

'Benedicat tibi Dominus semperque in omnibus custodiat ; et sicut te voluit super populum suum constituere regem ita et in presenti seculo felicem et æternæ felicitatis tribuat esse consortem. Amen.

'Clerum ac populum quem suâ voluit opitulatione tuâ sancione congregari suâ dispensatione et tuâ administratione per diuturna tempora faciat feliciter gubernari. Amen.

'Quatinus divinis monitis parentes, adversitatibus omnibus carentes, bonis omnibus exuberantes, tuo ministerio fideli amore obsequentes, et in præsentî sæculo pacis tranquillitate fruuntur et tecum æternorum civium consortio potiri mereantur. Amen.

'Quod ipse prestare dignetur.

'Benedictio quotidiana super regem.

'Benedic, Domine, hunc clementissimum regem cum universo populo suo, sicut benedixisti Abraham in milio, Isaac in victimâ, Jacob in pascuâ. Amen. Da ei de rore cœli benedictionem, de pinguedine terræ ubertatem, de inimicis triumphum, de lumbis suis sobolem regnaturum. Amen.

'Quod ipse prestare dignetur.'

coronation was a ceremony of frequent recurrence, and, like the consecration, appertained of right to the *pater patriæ*.

The proposed expedition into Normandy was to be the great topic of discussion. How long the royal resolution had been made known of undertaking it in the following spring has not been recorded; all that can be gathered from the accounts would seem to be that Duke Robert had accused his brother of a perjured violation of the agreement concluded between them in the year 1091, and that, although the formal defiance may not have reached England much before Christmas, the King knew what was coming as early, at the very latest, as the end of November. We learn, however, from a biographical notice of the third Abbot of Le Bec, that Robert of Meulan had been at the Duke's Court as late as the last week of October, when the state of affairs was, to all appearance, pacific. Now, Robert of Meulan had not gone over to Normandy for nothing, nor can it have been for nothing that he had kept up a hollow peace between his two masters so long as he did. As soon, however, as his kinsman¹ William de Montfort had received the temporalities of the Abbey of Le Bec from the Duke, the moment had, as I suspect, come for playing off the one of those masters against the other. In which case William had already by the middle of November resolved upon invading the duchy in the following spring.

The Duke had thrown the subtle diplomatist into prison, in punishment of his insolent attempt to obtain the patronage of Le Bec; and now the subtle diplomatist was tasting the sweets of revenge, for now, to the Duke's undisguised chagrin, Abbot Anselm had been taken away and handed over to the bitterest of rivals, and, to his secret mortification, the vacant preferment had been conferred upon the very person to whom the Count would have given it had it been his to give. The

¹ William de Montfort's mother was first cousin to the Count of Meulan.

Count can now have but one supreme desire in regard of the master he despises.

But, however, the proposed invasion of Normandy was to be the chief topic of discussion in the royal Castle of Gloucester upon the assembling of the Court at Christmas ; and scarcely had the barons gathered round their sovereign when heralds from the Duke were announced, who declared, to quote the Anglo-Saxon chronicle, that their lord renounced all peace and concord unless the King would perform all that they had settled in their agreement, and he called him forsworn and perjured unless he held to the agreement, or came to Normandy and exculpated himself there, where the agreement had been made and sworn to.

The King, who had already exceeded the very considerable estimate made for the proposed enterprise, was greatly in want of money ; and the Archbishop, emboldened by a hope, which his friends assured him would not be disappointed, of conciliating the royal favour to himself, of securing the royal co-operation in contemplated measures for the public good, and of engaging the royal protection against such evil-minded persons as might have designs upon the secular interests of his Church and province, begged him to accept at his hands an aid of five hundred silver pounds.

But scarcely had the simple-hearted Primate retired from the royal presence—retired, it may be, to take the precious five hundred silver pounds from their place of security and transfer them to the King's officers—when a malign but unnamed mischief-maker poured a poisonous whisper into the royal ear. ‘ Why, you have set him up above all the peers of the realm, and made him first of all in dignity, rank, and place ; and now—now, when, considering the state you are in, he ought to give you in acknowledgment of your bounty two thousand pounds, or, at any rate, to set the sum at the very lowest conceivable figure, one thousand, he comes and asks you to take five hundred. He ought to be ashamed of

himself.' The poison had done its work, as the whisperer knew by the flush of anger in the King's face; and so the whisperer went on. 'Never mind; wait a little; look on him with a changed look, and you will see. The people about him will take fright as usual, and he will be only too glad to add five hundred more to the five hundred he offers you, if it be only to recover your good graces.'

The malignity of all this is manifest. The Primate would either succumb or he would refuse to yield. Should he succumb, the five hundred pounds he had offered would not be accepted as a gratuitous aid ('munus'), such as even a prelate of his sensibility might offer an embarrassed prince without violation of his own conscience and honour, but as the price of a favour received ('pro agendis munificentia^e tuæ gratiis'); and the second five hundred would be accepted not as a present, but as the expiation of a fictitious offence; and thus a double disgrace would be attached to his name, from which it would be impossible to free himself without quarrelling with the King. Should he not succumb—God help him!

But no man of ordinary intelligence and honour can fail to see with what possibility of ill this hellish whisper was fraught, and it is unnecessary that I should expatiate on it.

Alas! and a thousand times alas! the cruel whisper did its work, and ere the Primate had had time to pay the money word came to him that the King refused to accept it.

He would not believe what he heard, and going to the King asked if the message had really come from him. Most certainly it had, was the reply. 'Sire,' expostulated the Churchman, 'I beg you will not refuse to accept what I am offering you. It is your Archbishop's first gift, I know, but it is not his last. Your wants and your dignity are alike better served by receiving a little and receiving often from a free and friendly giver ('cum amicâ libertate') than by forcibly extorting one large sum from me upon servile terms ('sub servili conditione'). My friendship towards you left free and

untrammelled ('amicâ libertate'), I and all I have will be at your service; but servile terms imposed ('servili autem conditione'), you will have neither me nor mine.'

William Rufus was not by nature a king of men, neither had he been born in the purple; facts which may serve, if not to palliate the affront inflicted upon Anselm's honour, at least to explain his inability or his unwillingness—whichever it may have been—to converse with such a man and such a dignitary with temper and decency. 'Keep your scolding and your money to yourself,' he cried. 'I have as much as I want. Get away with you!'

The ideas of royal dignity, royal mansuetude, and royal grace which Anselm had in his childhood derived from his mother's teaching and example must have been rudely shocked. He rose and left the room, thinking as he went that it might not have been without premonitory purpose that the Gospel read at his enthronement contained the words, 'No man can serve two masters.' The thought made him of good cheer; his countenance brightened, and as he passed along he said, 'Blessed be Almighty God, whose mercy has kept me free from the stain of an evil report. Had the King been graciously pleased to accept my offering, evil-minded people—and there is good store of them—would have thought that I had promised money for the bishopric, and that, under pretence of giving him an aid, I had really been discharging my bond. But now what am I to do? I will give the present, as they call it, to Christ's poor for the redeeming of the King's soul, not to him, and earnestly pray our Redeemer to pour forth His grace on him and shield me from all evil.'

The first serious *rencontre* between King and Primate did not terminate favourably to the former. He had tried, and tried in vain, to force Anselm, as the first act of his archiepiscopate, to make a simoniacal payment as *conditio sine qua non* of royal favour; had tried, and tried in vain, to make him

establish an immoral *consuetudo* that must prove at once a scandal and an embarrassment to future archbishops; had outraged the grey hairs and the mitre of the spiritual father of King and kingdom, and had lowered the dignity of his own royal majesty.

Matthew Paris's account of the episode is at once brief, clear, and instructive. 'It was then that William, King of the English, wishing to circumvent Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, rudely demanded of him a present of a thousand pounds, alleging as his reason—and to him it appeared a perfectly just one—that he had accorded a gratuitous assent to the prelate's elevation to the episcopate. But the Archbishop, who could see in such a case no difference between paying down money before promotion and paying it down after, deemed the latter course just as guilty and just as reprehensible as the former; and as he could not fill the King's purse without violating conscience, chose to incur his resentment rather than cast a blot upon his own honour, imperil his own soul, and sow for time to come the seed of inevitable confusion and scandal in the 'Church of God.'

'Keep your scolding and your money to yourself. I have as much as I want. Get away with you!' Hitherto the King had treated Anselm with respect, and would even seem to have been not only reticent but abashed when speaking with him. Whence, then, a change of demeanour even more surprising than the change of temper it accompanied? Whence a change of demeanour like that of a man who has been provoked into a pet in spite of himself? A mischief-maker had done the mischief. Who, then, was the mischief-maker?

There cannot, I think, be a doubt that it was William of Saint-Calais, Bishop of Durham; and even if there were, the style and manner of the speech which Eadmer assigns to his *quidam malignæ mentis homines* would, I think, suffice to remove it. Renouf the Firebrand had for four years' and

a half expended his best energies in racking the Canterbury revenues for the King, and now the Bishop of Durham was evolving the baleful scheme which he excogitated as we watched him riding moodily on the northern road last August. That baleful scheme was to issue, so he flattered himself, in lodging all spiritual authority over England in the person of the King, and as mean to that end the new Primate must either be degraded in his character or deposed from his office.

'Keep your money and your scolding to yourself. I have as much as I want. Get away with you!' He obeyed and retired.

Messages now passed between the Primate and the King, but to no purpose, and the former resolved, so soon as he could with decency do so, to leave the Court.

Before going, however, there was another subject on which he was anxious to communicate with the sovereign.

I should scarcely suppose that William Rufus had a profound, or even an extensive, knowledge of canon law ; but he must by this time have been informed that it was the duty of a new archbishop, within three months after consecration, to approach the Sovereign Pontiff and ask for the pallium, and that if Anselm should fail to do so for twelve months from the day of consecration he would forfeit the archiepiscopate. He cannot, therefore, have been surprised to learn that the Primate begged leave to quit England in quest of the pallium ; but he declined to give the desired permission on the ground that he had not yet acknowledged the Pope, and at the same time requested that Anselm would not inform Urban of the alleged excuse. The perplexed Primate now consulted his suffragans, and was advised to decline a fruitless quarrel and await the happy moment when it should please God to put it into the King's heart to recognise the Sovereign Pontiff. He seems to have quitted the Court on the 29th of December.

He set forth from Gloucester inspired with sentiments of profoundest thankfulness. 'Thanks be to God,' he wrote some

months later to Archbishop Hugh, Legate of the Gauls, 'thanks be to God, who took pity on the simplicity of my heart and gave this turn to the affair. If I had offered little or nothing, the King might have seemed to have just cause for complaint against me ; had he accepted the gift, the thing might have been turned into an offence and a suspicion of simoniacal practice.'

So excessive was the mortality even in more fortunate districts during this peculiarly inclement winter that, to borrow the historian's phrase, the living scarce sufficed to bury the dead ; and Anselm's tenants, after their four years and a half of misery, were dying of cold and starvation all over his domains. On them, therefore, he resolved to bestow the five hundred pounds which the King had scorned, and solaced himself with the hope that the poor people's prayers might be of service to the prince.

And so he rode away from the gate of the very castle in which on Quadragesima Sunday the now estranged King had, in the hour of contrition, implored him to take the archbishopric from off his soul.

CHAPTER III.

POPE URBAN II.: THE 'DE INCARNATIONE VERBI:' ARRAS.

I FEAR that I must now trouble the reader with a few details of less obvious interest than real importance. These relate (1) to the interval between the election of St. Anselm and his acceptance of the primacy; (2) to the omission of the name of Urban from his profession of obedience to the Pope; (3) to the five hundred pounds which he offered to the King soon after his consecration.

I. The Pope had, early in 1093, received notice of the contemplated elevation of the Abbot of Le Bec to the see of Canterbury; and Anselm was no sooner appointed than men like Bishop Gundulf took it for granted that the Pope would require him to acquiesce in the election. It is, therefore, obvious to conclude that the election had scarcely been made when notice of it was sent to Urban, and with that notice the further information that Anselm had refused to accept the crosier, and had declared the whole proceeding invalid, but that the King, the prelates, and the barons were set on compelling him to yield, and that the Christ Church monks, whose absence on the occasion had been unavoidable and was not likely to be drawn into a precedent, were as clamorous for his acquiescence as either of the other electoral bodies.

We know that no long time after Anselm had paid his homage to the prince the Pope was informed of that fact,¹ and we further know that by the close of the year William

¹ *Ep.* iii. 36.

seems to have taken it for granted that Pope and Primate were in correspondence with each other.

Now, nothing could have been more thoroughly in accordance both with the principles and the conduct of Anselm than to turn to Rome for advice in the troubles which overtook him in his election, and if on that memorable day he protested that he would never for one hour abate one jot of his subjection to Urban, it is scarcely probable but that so soon as occasion occurred for seeking counsel of the Pope, he, without a moment's hesitation, proceeded to do so.

Now, by the time of his interview with the King at Rochester—by the end of July, that is to say—he had obliged his monks to empower him to resign the abbatial dignity, but had not as yet made up his own mind to accept the archiepiscopal, so that the acceptance of the greater honour was not a necessary consequence of his release from the less. By the end of July, then, he had not once for all said to himself, 'If the King will do this, that, and the other, I am now ready to comply with his wishes ;' but after the expiration of some six or seven weeks he had thus communed with himself, or, at any rate, had shown a willingness to interpose no further delay, provided only that the King's conduct made acquiescence possible. The balance of his inclination, therefore, dipped from one side to the other at some date between the end of July and the middle of September ; at some time, that is to say, between the interview at Rochester and his final surrender at Winchester, it passed from unwillingness, or at any rate neutrality, to willingness ; and, supposing this to have happened as early as the middle of August, supposing, I mean, that Anselm as early as the middle of August said to himself, 'I now clearly see it to be my duty to yield, acquiescence not being made impossible by the King's misconduct,' what can have brought about the change ? I have no documentary evidence to produce, and the absence of documentary evidence is easily explained ; but

I throw the *onus probandi* of the contrary opinion on those who think that he had had no communication with Rome, and frankly assert my belief that his final acquiescence had been dictated by the Holy See. And, supposing him to have sent to the Pope soon after the execution of the deed of conveyance executed on the 27th of April, there was ample time for the receipt of an answer by the early days of August.

II. It was, as we have seen, towards the close of 1089 that Anselm wrote a short letter to his monk Dom John, in which, whilst declaring his detestation of Roscelin's heresy and elucidating in general terms the Church's teaching on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, he announced his intention of writing again on the subject at greater length. Before, however, he had had time to finish the proposed epistle news reached him of the heretic's abjuration at the Council of Soissons, and he laid aside his manuscript.

But when he came to England in the autumn of 1092 he learnt that Roscelin was again at mischief, and, sending to Le Bec for the unfinished letter, resumed his labours, but so far recast the work as to change it from the epistolary form into that of a treatise designed for general perusal; for Dom John had by this time been removed by the Pope from under his jurisdiction.

Fresh interruptions now awaited him; for, being elected Archbishop before he had elaborated his argument and perfected his diction, he was unwilling to draw fresh attention to himself by any new literary effort, and laid aside the essay a second time.

It was therefore under a second revision that the work known to us as the 'De Incarnatione Verbi' was thrown into the shape which it now bears; and I believe that revision to have taken place about the time of his consecration.

Once or twice, indeed, he terms the essay an *epistola*; but, with these exceptions, there is not a paragraph in it which

reads like part of a letter, and of all letters a letter to a Pope; nowhere are the dry, ungenial forms of a work designed for the general perusal either replaced or relieved by any of the warm and delicate touches with which none knew better than he how to decorate an epistolary effort; nowhere—I am still speaking of the body of the work—do we find in it any direct address, however short, nowhere any indirect allusion, however remote, to the Sovereign Pontiff. Nor is this all. It ends without a conclusion; and the only thing about it which has a proper epistolary character is a prefatory address to the Pope, which fills no more than some eighteen lines in a column of the Abbé Migne's reprint. Thus the address and the essay are heterogeneous; and the whole work, notwithstanding the author's pains to call it a letter, consists of two perfectly distinct and inharmonious parts—namely, a brief epistolary exordium and a long unepistolary treatise. I suspect, therefore, it assumed its third form under the pressure of urgent haste, and that all the author could find time to do, so as to render the work fit for the inspection of the Sovereign Pontiff, was to indite the epistolary preface,¹ and to change 'hoc opus' into 'hæc epistola' wherever it occurred in the text of the treatise.

And this suspicion is confirmed by a very curious coincidence. In Bishop Grandison's collection of the saint's correspondence the 'Epistola de Incarnatione Verbi' stands last in a group of twelve letters written between the election in March and the consecration nine months later; but, curiously enough, the superscription represents the writer as already consecrated, and, what is still more remarkable, describes him by the very style to which the Archbishop of York took such effectual exception on the 4th of December, a style which Anselm never again assumed from that day forward, if a

¹ The 'Præfatio' beginning 'Quamvis post apostolos' and ending 'quæ corrigenda sunt emendentur,' which in some printed editions is made to precede this treatise, has nothing to do with it. It belongs to the *De Processione Sancti Spiritus*.

correspondence of some three hundred letters may be taken in evidence.

I conclude, therefore, that the 'De Incarnatione Verbi,' as we now know it, was committed to parchment shortly before the saint's consecration and in anticipation of that event.

Now we know that the name of Urban did not occur in the profession of obedience to the Pope which Anselm's consecrators called upon him, according to immemorial usage, to make; and we also know that the ostensible reason of the omission was that the consecrators did not know who was Pope.¹ I suspect, therefore, that it was in anticipation of this circumstance that the Archbishop elect hurriedly gave his treatise such epistolary form as he might, and addressed it to the Pope, with the intention of despatching it so soon as he had received the episcopal unction. In which case he had three objects in view—first, to assure Urban of his unswerving loyalty; secondly, to satisfy the requirements of his own conscience; and thirdly, to countervail and remedy any unfavourable interpretation which ill-disposed persons might give to his tolerance of the suppression of Urban's name by his consecrators.

III. My next topic is the five hundred pounds. When did he procure them? Not before he had no doubt left that the prince was resolved to invade Normandy in the coming spring; not before he had had time to consult his friends on the subject; not before he was actually Archbishop. I conclude, therefore, that he procured the money between the 5th of December and the 19th, on which day he probably left Canterbury for Gloucester.

And if it be asked, Where did he procure the money? I have a plausible guess to give by way of answer. Abbot Paul, of St. Alban's, had, it is true, supplied the wants of the Archbishop elect through the summer and autumn; but Abbot Paul died on the 11th of November, and his monas-

¹ *Ep.* iii. 36.

tery was now suffering under the royal exaction; so that we must look elsewhere for a banker. I suspect that St. Anselm borrowed the money in Flanders, where the monastery of Christ Church seems to have had land, and where, in the opulent and commercial city of Arras, there were money dealers in abundance ready to advance him even so large a sum as five hundred pounds on such security as that land presented them. I suspect also that the messenger who was sent to Arras to negotiate the loan carried with him the letter 'De Incarnatione Verbi,' and entrusted it, in his master's name, to the bishop elect of that city, who was intending to leave for Rome in the course of a few days.

And I further suspect that his communications with Rome during the previous nine months had all been made through that city. To send a messenger through Normandy or through the Empire would have been unsafe; but Flanders was at peace with England, and the Count of Flanders was the personal friend of Anselm. So too was Lambert, the Bishop elect of Arras, who kept up an active correspondence with the Pope on the subject of his own consecration throughout the whole of 1093, and might well act as intermediary between the Lateran and the Bishop of Rochester's illustrious guest.

CHAPTER IV.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL : HASTINGS.

THE venerable western doorway of the parish church of Harrow recalls to the historian the last, grief-stricken days of Archbishop Lanfranc, who, though he outlived the completion of the sacred fabric, died ere he could cause it to be consecrated. It also recalls the pensive opening of Anselm's primacy and his first *dedicatio ecclesiæ* ; for it was beneath the curiously curved and boldly sculptured lintel of that venerable western doorway that, on a cold January morning in 1094, the new Archbishop, arrayed in his pontifical insignia, stood, and making the sacred sign, sang aloud—

Ecce crucis signum, fugiant phantasmata cuncta.

Whereupon the doors unfolded, and entering in, he proceeded to perform the more solemn rites of consecration.

But he was not allowed to consecrate the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill without interruption ; for, probably just before the particular rite to which I have just adverted, two canons of St. Paul's made their appearance on the scene and handed him a letter from the Bishop of London begging him to desist until such time as they should have conferred together. He took no notice of the interruption.

Some little time later in the day a clerk in orders was observed hurrying through the crowd and taking the road to London. After a short interval, however, he reappeared at Harrow. Again he started off in strange haste, but only to reappear a second time. Over and over again he was observed to fly from the scene, over and over again to be

borne back to it in a state of ever-growing bewilderment and alarm. People were already wondering what could be the matter with him, when a cry was raised that the Archbishop's chrismatory was not to be found, and suspicion falling on the errabund clerk, he was arrested and searched. Even so; the clerical gentleman had the chrismatory concealed under his cape. Eadmer tells the story without explanatory addition, but it is worthy of remark that the culprit's dress was almost, if not quite, identical with that of the Canterbury clerics in attendance on the Archbishop. Can a clerk, then, of the mitred courtier who held the diocese of London have dared to commit such a theft from mere love of mischief, or run risk of detention save on the strength of a promised, or at least a confidently expected, immunity? The whole thing seems to explain itself. The two canons of St. Paul's had borne the Primate's refusal to notice Maurice's letter with remarkable resignation, and for a very good reason. An underling had been suborned to steal the holy oils.

We next meet the Archbishop at Hastings, whither he went to bless the King, and by his prayers protect him against the impartial treachery of the most treacherous of elements, the moment that a favouring wind should allow him to set sail on his expedition against the Duke of Normandy. Besides the Primate, there were at the castle the Bishops of Durham and of Winchester, of Chichester and of Sarum, of Bath and of Rochester, and a Norman prelate, Ralph, Bishop of Coutances. Advantage was taken of their presence to give consecration to Robert Blouet, a royal chaplain and a royal favourite, who had been appointed to the see of Lincoln during the King's illness; and the name of St. Mary in the castle at Hastings perpetuates to this day the memory of the sacred building in which Archbishop Anselm, on Sexagesima Sunday, the 12th of February, 1094, for the first time gave episcopal consecration. Robert Blouet was the royal chaplain who accompanied the Red Prince to England on

the death of the Conqueror. He was a singularly handsome man, as handsome in his way as the Primate, and thus unlike his predecessor in the episcopal chair, of whom some said that Nature must have meant to make herself ridiculous when she brought him into the world, whilst others protested that she must have had precisely the contrary design, as wishing to show in how contemptible a tabernacle of flesh a truly great and commanding intellect might make shift to dwell. Bishop Remigius had rendered his episcopate illustrious by the erection at Lincoln of a cathedral worthy of his genius, and by the transference of his see thither from Dorchester. The consecration of Sarum Cathedral had taken place on the 5th of April, 1092, and that of Remigius's minster was to have followed on the 9th. The King was there, and except Robert of Hereford, whose astrological science saved him a bootless journey, all the bishops; for Robert had learnt from the stars that his brother of the eastern wolds would not live to see the chrism crosses inscribed on the new masonry. The stars had foretold truly; for the Archbishop of York declared that Lindsey was in his diocese, and claimed the right of consecration; whereupon, appeal being made to the King, the ceremony was postponed, and on the very day when Remigius had hoped to rejoice over a great achievement crowned he was in another world.

How long, but for the Red King's illness in 1093, the see of Lincoln might have remained unoccupied we need not speculate. It had been in the Firebrand's custody, and the King's fresh access of chagrin upon the subsidence of his remorseful terrors can scarcely have been lessened by the reflection that Heaven had cheated him into giving away the see of Lincoln instead of selling it, for he had set his heart on making money out of the Lindsey dispute. Blouet, however, suspected what was passing in the royal mind, and persuading himself that bought justice was a higher good than unbought injustice, paid, or rather promised, the prince a

good round sum,¹ how much I cannot precisely say, *pro libertate ecclesiæ suæ*.

As the moment for Blouet's consecration drew nigh, some of the bishops and barons—'quidam de episcopis atque principibus,' possibly one of either order—made a fresh attack on the poor Archbishop, pretending, or rather affecting to pretend, that he should be made to consecrate his suffragan without requiring any profession of obedience. It really is hard to contemplate this wanton effrontery without a sensible quickening of the pulse. As though it had not been enough gravely, in the month of January, to invite him to play the fool and relinquish an ancient and incontestable right, a proposition is now, on the 12th of February, made at his expense, with the sole object of affording the prince five minutes' amusement. To expose a man to whom arrogance and self-assertion were words without a meaning, and all whose heroism was sweetened by a patience, a longanimity, and a gentleness that had long ago chiselled every line of his tranquil physiognomy; to expose a man so meek, so guileless, so incapable of ill, to affronts and scorn, in the hope of making jest of his confusion—what was this but to emulate as best they might those who a thousand years before had provided Anselm with a Pattern in Him whose mouth knew no guile, who when He was reviled did not revile, and when He suffered threatened not? It is only in the thought of his assimilation to that Ideal that we learn to check our indignation. But 'Anselm conceived no displeasure at this pro-

¹ The precise sum may possibly be hard to determine. The sum of five thousand pounds is so far out of all proportion with similar payments, that I am disposed to question the accuracy as well as the latinity of the 'v.m. libras' which the prelate is said to have promised the King. The ransom of a bishop's life could scarcely have exceeded so enormous a sum. I much prefer the two thousand pounds of the Winchester Chronicle, 'Hôc anno fuit magna discordia inter archiep. Eborac. et Robertum electum Lincolnîæ eo quô archiep. episcopatum Lincolnîæ sibi dixit esse debere subjectum. Robertus denique iii. millia marcarum regi dedit ut episcopatum Lincol. de subjectione archiep. Eborac. liberaret. Quod et factum et datis archiep. duabus abbatîis. Scilicet de Seleby et Stî. Oswaldi in Glocestriâ.'

posals,' and, so far from betraying signs of resentment, 'answered with calm and unruffled countenance that he would by no means consent to it.' An unfelt affront is a failure, and this attempt doubly failed; for the King, on hearing of it, declared that, if he was not on friendly terms with the Archbishop, he was not minded to let anyone and everyone make petty attempts on the dignity of his mother the Church of Canterbury.

A custom, the meaning of which is abundantly evident to an intelligent reader of the contemporary annals, was now in full vogue amongst the young men who lived at Court. Many, perhaps all of them, allowed their hair to grow to an effeminate length, and by a style of dress which belied their sex gave token not to be misunderstood of abandonment to habits of grossest sensuality. On Ash Wednesday,¹ therefore, the Primate preached a sermon before mass to the assembled courtiers, in hope of prevailing upon them to do penance for the sin or the scandal of which they had been guilty. Many of them allowed their hair to be cut, and, being thus restored to the guise of manhood, were permitted to receive the ashes; the rest were bidden to remain aloof.

This exercise of pastoral discipline must have greatly displeased the King, whose indignation may have been somewhat enhanced by a suspicion that the Primate had not been obeying orders. He had summoned the Primate to Court to pray for the success of the Norman expedition; but had the Primate prayed as was his duty? A man who possessed influence enough with Heaven to bring a dying king back from the gates of death could surely, if he chose, command the prosperous gale that was needed to bear that same king across the sea to Normandy; but, instead of praying for him, he had for three weeks stayed the winds only to rebuke him in his own house for the indulgences he loved.

Whilst engaged in these meditations he was informed

¹ Ash Wednesday in the year 1094 fell on the 22nd of February.

that the Archbishop had called to see him. The visitor was ushered in, and, taking his customary seat beside him, began—

‘Sire, it is your purpose to cross the sea and effect the conquest of Normandy. Now, that this and other your designs may be conducted to a favourable issue, the first request which I have to make of you is, that you afford such help and counsel as may raise religion and morals (‘Christianitas’), which in many respects have almost perished, to their proper condition in your realm.’

‘What help? What counsel?’ demanded the prince, whose breast was already heaving.

‘Command, if you please, that councils be held according to ancient custom, in order that abuses may be brought forward for discussion and examination, and that, thus discussed and examined, they may be checked and eventually suppressed. No general council of the bishops has yet been held in England during your reign, nor for some years before. Hence many crimes have sprung to light, and, from the want of some one to extirpate them, have unhappily, through tacit allowance, gained far too strong a hold.’

‘I will attend to all that when I think fit,’ replied the other, ‘and then not to please you, but myself. But another time will do for this.’

Although several councils¹ were held in the earlier part of the previous reign, none seem to have been convoked during its last decade. The reason of the cessation may have been that Lanfranc deemed it imprudent to risk a discussion of the pretension that no decrees should be promulgated but such as were in accordance with the Conqueror’s will and had been set forth under the Conqueror’s authority. And it is not improbable that Anselm, in begging that conciliar action might be resumed on the ancient model—for that would seem to be the grammatical force of the words ‘*ex antiquo usu renovare*’—had it in view to readjust the eccle-

¹ I mean, of course, councils convened for legislative purposes.

siastical administration of the realm to the old ideal. Be that as it may, it is worthy of remark that, although the Conqueror had claimed the right of revising the *agenda* of an episcopal council, there is not the slightest reason to believe—nay, the contrary is the only tenable presumption—that he had ever claimed it as his right to refuse to convene the bishops when invited to do so by the Primate. But the Red King's tyranny was the Conqueror's tyranny run mad; and the new Archbishop's very first attempt to apply the old constitutional remedy to the moral diseases of the nation was met by the categorical declaration that the calling of a council was part of the royal prerogative, and that in these matters the personal will of the sovereign must be paramount.

'When I see fit I shall act; not to please you, but to please myself.' Such was the royal reply to the new Primate's first attempt to play the part of *pater patriæ*. He was to be obliterated. The bull and the sheep have started off together, and away they go!

But, as though mere insolence were not enough, it must be decorated with sneers and grimace. 'But *you*,' he added, 'what are *you* going to talk about in a council?' The Primate explained that the crying licentiousness of the age, and the plague which threatened to make England like the city which the avenging fires would have spared had it contained but five just men, were his chief causes of affliction. 'But let us join our endeavours, you by your royal power, I by my episcopal authority, that such enactments be framed as, when they are made known through the realm, shall terrify and subdue the offenders.'

Poor simple Anselm! The gentle old sheep invites the mad young bull's co-operation in his schemes of reform! Unfortunately, however, those particular schemes were by no means to the taste of the mad young bull. Hence his next query:—

‘And what would be done for *your* sake?’

‘If not for my sake,’ replied the meekest of men, ‘yet, I trust, for God’s sake and for yours.’

‘That will do; I desire that you say no more on the subject.’

After a slight pause for reflection, and the invoked help of Heaven, the Archbishop resumed, ‘There is another matter to which I should like to see your zeal directed, and a helping hand stretched forth. There are not a few abbeys in England left without pastors; hence it comes to pass that monks forsake their order, drift into worldliness and self-indulgence, and depart this life without confession. I beg and entreat you thoroughly to examine into the evil, and in accordance with the Divine will institute abbots over those monasteries, lest through their ruin and the perdition of the monks you incur—which God forbid—condemnation to yourself.’

The King could control himself no longer, and, storming with rage, cried out, ‘What business is that of yours? Are not the abbeys mine? Hem! You do what you please with your manors, and am I not to do what I please with my abbeys?’

The placid and ever logical prelate said in reply, ‘Yours indeed to defend and guard as their *advocatus*, not yours to invade or dilapidate. God’s in truth we know them to be, and meant to provide His servants their livelihood, not to fit out your expeditions and furnish your wars. Besides, you have manors and numerous sources of revenue, amply sufficient for your enterprises. Pray let the churches have their own.’

‘I tell you what,’ roared the other, ‘your remarks are extremely displeasing to me. Your predecessor would not have dared to talk to my father like that, and I shall do nothing at your prompting.’

‘Your predecessor would not have dared . . .’ Indeed? William Rufus must have known less than we do of his

father and of Anselm's predecessor if he spoke these words in good faith. Whatever other houses may have been vacant at this moment, the Abbey of St. Alban's had already been without a pastor for more than three months; and that royal foundation must, on account both of its wealth and of its importance, have been foremost in the mind of both the speakers. Did he not know, then, that his father had, upon the death of Abbot Frederick, taken the St. Alban's estates in hand and done precisely what he was himself now doing—cut down timber in all directions, and reduced the tenantry to great misery? And did he not know that Anselm's predecessor, on being apprised of this, gave the sovereign such a reprimand as brought him to order and procured the appointment of a successor? He must have known all about it;¹ and this was his way of being beforehand with Anselm, should the latter be disposed to make comparisons between the Conqueror's behaviour to Lanfranc and his to Lanfranc's successor. That, however, was not Anselm's way; nor was it Anselm's custom to throw oil on flames he was unable to extinguish. Perceiving, therefore, that the prince had lost self-control, and knowing that he might as well preach to a hurricane as prolong the conference to any good effect, he rose, and saying, 'I had rather you be angry with me than God with you,' left the room.

On the following day he again called upon the King, and, although unconscious of having committed any fault ('culpa'), offered to do him right ('dixi me libenter facturum illi rectitudinem') if any fault should be found in him, and begged him to give him back his good graces ('amorem'). But sullenness had now taken the place of fury, and the only answer vouch-

¹ The scanty information given us by the annalists conveys, I apprehend, a very faint idea of the view taken by right-minded men of the King's conduct. The Winchester Chronicle, however, gives us some very suggestive information in the following passage:—'m.xc.ij. Hôc anno commisit Rex Radulfo Passefl. episcopatum Lincolnie et abbatiam Certesie. Odo enim abbatiam abbas dimisit nolens eam de Rege more sæcularium tenere.'

safed was that, as to taking his right of him, he was not going to do it then, and that, as to restoring good graces, he would do nothing of the kind unless the Archbishop let him know why he should.¹ The latter part of the sentence was somewhat obscure, but its meaning was soon elucidated.

Scandalous as was all this conduct in the Red King as a man, our sense of it must not prevent us from noting his insolence and arrogance as a ruler. In disdainfully contemning the Primate's right to initiate legislative measures in the interests of morality, he took his first bold step towards reducing the counsellor, monitor, and guide provided him by the constitutional traditions of the realm to the condition of a subaltern, and making himself an absolutely irresponsible autocrat. And in claiming now no longer the seignury, but the absolute ownership of all the abbeys in his kingdom, he took his first bold step towards abolishing ecclesiastical property from end to end of England. For if this pretension meant anything, it meant that the abbey lands of St. Alban's, of Westminster, of Evesham, of Peterborough, of Ely, and a dozen other monasteries were not Church lands at all, but his own, and as absolutely his own as his hunting grounds in Hampshire.

The best account of the King's conduct which Anselm's hopes for England allowed him to give was that the anger betrayed at Christmas was still rankling in the royal bosom. He only too clearly saw that England could have no domestic tranquillity so long as the prince was incensed against him, and that her political and religious interests must necessarily suffer by the present estrangement. So, turning in his distress to his episcopal brethren, he begged them to approach the King in his behalf with a humble request that he would be graciously pleased to receive him into free and full favour. 'If he will not, I beg he will say why; and if I have given affront, I am ready to make amends.' The message was

¹ *Ep.* iii. 24.

delivered, and elicited the following reply: 'I do not charge him with anything; still I have no mind to give him my favour, nor do I hear why I should.'

'I do not charge him with anything.' Of course not! The aged and gentle monk had ever treated the young ruffian with respect; and neither by word nor deed, neither by tone nor manner, could he ever have given even unintentional offence. But the phrase, 'I do not hear,' sounded to the Primate like some mystic formula which must be analysed before understood. 'He does not hear.' Pray, what did the bishops mean by the King's 'not hearing'?

They replied, 'The nearer the surface you look for the meaning of the formula the sooner you will find it.' Anselm was not so clever as the Jew who once went to William entreating him to make his son apostatise from Christianity. The King refused the request, because he did not yet 'hear' why he should interfere; whereupon the old man, quick to apprehend the mystery, gave his bond on the spot for sixty marks. 'If you want,' continued the bishops, 'to have his peace,¹ you must help him handsomely out of your money; you really must. You offered him five hundred pounds at Christmas, but he thought the sum too low and refused to accept it. Now, if you will take our advice, we strongly recommend you to do precisely as we do in like cases. Give him five hundred down, and promise him as much, which you will receive from your tenants, and we make no doubt he will restore you to his friendship and give you all the peace you want. We see no other way of getting out of the scrape; we have no other way of getting out of ours.' So low had the bishops of England fallen! So close was England to the brink of ruin!

'Far from me be such a way of escape,' said Anselm,

¹ Anselm had asked for the King's *amicitia*. The King had refused him his *gratia*. The bishops now tell him how to gain first the King's *pax* and then his *amicitia*.

thus rudely awakened to the character of the episcopate it had become his lot to govern. When, by your own account, he has nothing to lay to my charge, and yet is so angry with me that nothing short of a thousand pounds will appease him, if I, new bishop as I am, were now to appease him with the gift, why, from the very habit of the thing he might fall into a like passion again, to be appeased in this way a second time. Besides, my tenants have been despoiled and robbed ever since the death of my venerable predecessor; and how could I, before doing anything to set them up again, rob them of the shreds they have, or rather—for that has been done—strip the skin from off them? Far be it from me. And far be it from me to show the world that my lord's love may be bartered for money. I owe him faith, and I owe him honour; and am I to do him the despite of buying his favour with vile dross, as if it were an ass or a charger? Am I to buy his love, and then have to endure the reflection that that love is worth so many marks? No, no; far, far be it from me to measure the sublimity of such a thing by so mean a standard! No, you have a nobler part to play; go play it; go, get him to give me his free and honest love ('quo gratis et honeste me diligit') as Archbishop of Canterbury and his father in God; and I for my part will do my all to show myself that which I should be, to do his service and to conform to his will.'

To which incomparable flight they replied, 'At any rate you will not refuse him the five hundred pounds; we are sure of that.'

'No, not the five hundred pounds; because when I offered them he refused them, and I have already given the greater part of them to the poor.'

When report of this was carried to the prince he gave orders that the following outburst should be repeated word for word to the Primate:—'Yesterday I hated him much, and to-day I hate him more. And let him know that to-morrow,

and all the to-morrows that shall ever be I will hate him with a more and more keen and a more and more bitter hatred. Father and Archbishop! Never will I have him for father and Archbishop. And as to his blessing and his prayers, I loathe them and utterly reject them. Let him go where he will, and not wait any longer to give me his blessing when I set sail.'

Thus twice within a year of that awful hour in which the terrified King had laid his head on Anselm's bosom and poured into Anselm's heart the story of his life, twice within three months of the day when Anselm first wore the mitre, he, Anselm, he, the pontiff who had no equal and only one superior in the whole hierarchy of the Church, he, the father in God of the King and kingdom of the English, was driven forth like some disgraced lackey from the threshold of his recreant son, because he had refused to sully his rochet, and stain his honour, and violate his conscience, and scandalise his neighbour, and offend his God for the winning of that recreant son's mercenary smile.

And so he went forth, contemned and browbeaten, from the royal Castle of Hastings.

As he rode along, forgetful of cold and the other inconveniences of the journey, fond memory reweave all his old sequestered life in the cloister, with its interchanges of charity, its ecstasies of devotion, its triumphant speculative flights, its dreams and glimpses and visions of God. Once he had laboured not ineffectually for the Divine Master; but now, engaged in a profitless work and a toil that seemed all in vain, could it be that he had forfeited by fault of his the graces of past days? Could it be that hereafter he should fail of his reward? And so, meekly sorrowing, he pursued his way.

CHAPTER V.

NINE MONTHS OF SUSPENSE: THE WORD 'CONSUETUDO.'

WE have now reached the spring of 1094; and as the remainder of that year until Christmas is, with the exception of a letter which must be quoted presently, barren of record, I shall devote the greater part of this chapter to the discussion of a word a knowledge of the meaning of which will be absolutely necessary before we resume the history of the direct relations of William Rufus and the new Primate.

Their direct relations, I say; for the letter to which I allude seems to imply that Anselm had scarcely left Hastings when the King assigned some of the Canterbury lands to grantees of his own, and prepared to do the same with others which happened at that time to be untenanted. They were, not improbably, the lands which he had hoped to pilfer from the see during the previous autumn, in which case the true account of the business would seem to be as follows:—The lands in question were in the old days before the Conquest held of the Archbishops of Canterbury by English thanes, whose duty it was to pay a customary military service to the Crown as condition of their tenure. They were not, that is to say, held of the Crown by military service, but, burdened with military service to the Crown, were held of the Primate; and it is to be presumed that the first of the line by whom they were held—for they were hereditary estates—had been put in by an Archbishop. Lanfranc's tenants, however, dying without heirs during the vacancy of the see, the King put in knights of his own, who held of him, and whom, after he had

conveyed the temporalities of the see to Anselm, he desired to retain there as his own tenants, not as tenants of the incoming lord. To this the incoming lord very properly demurred, as we have seen ; and the King, as we have also seen, after some little time, dropped the request at the instance of his barons. Now, however, that no money was to be forced from the Primate, William, still bent on having some sort of remuneration, renewed his endeavours, put in grantees of his own, and then challenged the Primate to institute a friendly suit¹ against him. The consequences were easy to foresee. The King's grantees would be kept in possession by judgment of the Firebrand, and being thus kept in possession would very soon hold of the King, who, in his turn, would next claim all the customary dues hitherto paid to the Archbishop, and without more ado consummate the alienation.

I hazard this account with some diffidence, and gladly turn to the new Archbishop's account of the case.

'The King gave me the archbishopric as Archbishop Lanfranc held it to the end of his life ; and now he takes away from the Church and me that which she and the said Archbishop so long held unmolested, and which he himself gave me. But sure I am that this archbishopric will be given to no one after I am gone except as I shall hold it on the day of my death ; nor, should there come another king in my lifetime, will such king allow me to have what he does not find me holding. If, then, I hold the archbishopric thus diminished down to the day of my death, the Church will be a loser through me. Were some one not entrusted with the custody of the Church to do this

¹ This is, I think, the most probable meaning of the phrase '*voluntaria justitia*' in the letter (iii. 24) from which I derive this account, '*Quasdam terras . . . sub occasione cujusdam voluntariæ justitiæ, secundum quam de terris eisdem me vult placitare, cum ego dico quod non me debet ad placitandum cogere de terris quas archiepiscopus antecessor meus tandiu quiete tenuit ; et ipse mihi dedit sicut ille tenuit.*'

wrong, and, seeing it done, bear with it, that would, manifestly, constitute no reason why the Church's property should not return to her. But, as things stand, the case is different. The King himself is her *advocatus*, and I am her custodian; and what will people say in time to come but that, as the King did it, and the Archbishop, by putting up with it, ratified it, the thing must stand? Far better would it be for me before God not to hold possession of the Church's lands on terms like these; far better, like the Apostles, to discharge the duties of the episcopate in poverty, in testimony of the wrong that has been done, than by holding the Church thus purloined to render the loss irreparable.'

We shall hear no more about this business for several years, and then but little. The King seems to have kept his hold on the estates. The letter proceeds as follows:—

'There is another thing. If I do not before the conclusion of my first year go seek the Pope, there being a Pope to seek, and my pallium, it being in my power to do so, I am by canon law ('juste') to be deprived of the dignity of metropolitan. Now if I cannot do this my duty without forfeiting the archbishopric, the archbishopric had better be taken from me by force; or, rather, I had better give it up than be untrue to the successor of St. Peter ('quam apostolicum abnegare.') Thus do I think; thus do I intend to act unless you send me reason to the contrary.'

'Hæc est cogitatio mea.' He had thought the thing well out, and had made up his mind to forego the revenues of the see rather than allow its estates to be dismembered. He had thought the thing well out, and had made up his mind to let himself be disseised of the archbishopric, or even voluntarily to resign the mitre, rather than forego the pallium. His reason for the former resolution he has himself explained; his reason

for the latter is evident. An archbishop without a pallium is an archbishop in formal, if not material, schism from the centre and bond of unity of that Church which is one and indivisible.

Still, the transition from the subject of the Canterbury estates to that of the pallium would seem to show that Anselm suspected the King to be already marking out a new line of attack, as indeed he was. But of this in due course.

For, now that we are about to watch the contest in which it was Anselm's lot to be engaged during ten eventful years, the moment has come for endeavouring to form some approximately correct notion of the meaning of the most conspicuous term employed in it. I mean, of course, the word *consuetudines*.'

In Selden's notes to the 'Historia Novorum' is reprinted a document preserved at Rochester, of which this is the title: 'De Placito apud Pinendenam inter Lanfrancum Archiepiscopum et Odonem Bajocesem Episcopum.' In this document the word '*consuetudines*' occurs several times in a concrete sense, as when we speak of a custom-house or of the collector of her Majesty's customs. Bishop Odo, it informs us, had seized and appropriated to his own use certain lands and *consuetudines* appertaining to the archbishopric of Canterbury—'*terras complures et consuetudines nonnullas*'—lands and revenues, that is to say; not lands and long-standing usages, which would be absurd.

The King, at Lanfranc's instance, caused all the men of the county to be gathered together, and particularly such as were skilled in these subjects, and instructed them to investigate and ascertain the *consuetudines regales* and the *consuetudines archiepiscopales*—that is to say, the *consuetudines* due to the King and the *consuetudines* due to the Archbishop. That '*consuetudines*' is here employed in the general concrete sense of 'revenues' is evident from the context, which mentions the monastery of Lyminge with its *terræ* and *consuetudines*.

Lanfranc, the document informs us, recovered and determined all the liberties and *consuetudines* of his Church, which comprised *soca*, *saca*, *tol*, and seven other sources of revenue on land, on water, in woods, in high roads, on fields, &c.

The King, it appeared, had only three *consuetudines* on the Canterbury lands, and these are explained as meaning pecuniary fines for certain offences.

Turning to Eadmer's account of this affair, we find that Lanfranc recovered all that was proved to have belonged in the old days to the *jura* of Christ Church, as well in lands as in divers *consuetudines*.

It would seem, therefore, that when 'consuetudines' is used in a concrete sense it means a source of revenue; a fine, a fee, a forfeit, a toll, a tax, a rate, or the like; and we are so familiar with the concrete sense of the English equivalent of the word that it is unnecessary to give other instances of it.

There is, however, a fact concerning the concrete sense of the word which cannot be too emphatically noted; and that is that the idea of antiquity does not, as of necessity, belong to it, or in any way appertain to it. The idea of antiquity is not a necessary factor of the meaning of the concrete *consuetudo*, nor is it an inevitable adjunct of it. Thus a tax, toll, or duty imposed yesterday is as much a *consuetudo* as a tax, toll, or duty imposed a hundred years ago. An impost or *consuetudo* which has subsisted for a century is old not because it is a *consuetudo*, but because it has subsisted for a hundred years; just as a *homo* of forty years is a man by reason of the forty years, and not because he is a *homo*; for a new-born child is a *homo*. And just as a new-born child is a *homo* so is a newly-imposed toll a *consuetudo*. Of this there cannot be a doubt, and we cannot engrave the fact upon our memories too clearly and incisively. Thus Henry of Huntingdon, when speaking of the state of affairs at the Conqueror's death, says, '*telonia injusta et pessimæ consuetudines pullulaverant*;' and Matthew Paris ('*Vitæ Abbatum*,')

A.D. 1085) 'pullulaverunt in Angliâ telonia iniqua et consuetudines pessimæ.' A *consuetudo* in the state of *pullulatio* is, of necessity, a new thing, not an old one.

How such things came to be called by a name, the etymology of which implies the idea of habit, accustomedness, and the like, is one of the numberless tricks and paradoxes with which human language abounds. The solution is simple. A *dominus terrenus* imposes a tax on every sack of corn carried into his domain, and the impost is paid by first one person, then another, then another, and so on, until what was at first a claim becomes a precedent, and the precedent, accepted and followed, becomes a custom possessing the force of law. The precedent by becoming *consuetudo* becomes law; and the original charge thus legalised receives an appropriate designation in the word 'consuetudo.' When, however, twenty or thirty charges subsist, each of them called *consuetudo*, the next charge naturally enough takes the same name with them the very moment it is imposed. Hence it is that by the middle of the eleventh century—how long before matters not at present—'consuetudo' had completely shed the sheathing lobes of etymology and was entirely free of any such meaning as that of antiquity, usage, precedent, or the like.

I said just now that the precedent of successive demands and payments by becoming *consuetudo* becomes law, and that hence comes the use of 'consuetudo' for the concrete charge imposed. An analogy to this is found in a similar concrete sense given to the word 'law;' as when our great-grandfathers used to *pay the law* on their letters—that is to say, when they franked them.

But, obviously, the framework of society is held together by other means than rents, rates, taxes, and the like; and mankind are accustomed to other institutions besides charges imposed and paid. Now, traditional and unwritten laws are in the etymological sense *consuetudines*, and 'consuetudo'

is the technical phrase for traditional unwritten law in general. To descend, however, to particular laws. A *terrenus dominus* makes such and such a moral claim on his vassals; this claim is acquiesced in; lapse of time and increase of population multiply the instances of mutual demand and concession, and a name comes into vogue indicative of numberless advances of the claim on one side and of numberless responses to it on the other.

Here then, as before, the term employed is 'consuetudo'; here, as before, the long-standing traditional demand preferred and accepted is called a *consuetudo*; until at length 'consuetudo' comes to represent not the chronological but the moral aspect of the thing, and means not that it is old, but that it is binding. And hence it is that 'consuetudo,' as employed in the abstract sense, means at length law; the idea of law overbearing, eclipsing, and throwing out of sight the proper etymological idea of accustomedness.

And now we have reached a very interesting point; for just as the concrete *consuetudo* is an impost or tax, whether old or new, and regardless of an outgrown etymology, so here; here, regardless of an outgrown etymology, 'consuetudo,' hitherto employed as the name for long-standing unwritten laws, becomes the name for recent unwritten laws as well, the name even for unwritten laws that are merely inchoate.

And just as, in the case of the concrete use of the word, 'consuetudo' came to represent the legal, not the chronological, character of the impost, so here in the abstract use. The abstract *consuetudo* appertains not to the category of *usus*, but to the category of *lex*.

I proceed to justify these two statements. I proceed, that is to say, to prove, first, that in the age with which we are concerned the abstract *consuetudo* might be a new thing as well as an old, and secondly, that it was regarded as appertaining to the category not of *usus*, but of *lex*.

I. (i.) The Red King set up certain *voluntariæ consuetudines*

(clix. 406B). These may have been arbitrary claims, arbitrary constitutions, arbitrary laws, arbitrary injunctions, or arbitrary pretensions; they cannot have been arbitrary long-standing usages, for nothing is at the same moment new and old.

(ii.) The same prince (clix. 380A) once said that it was not *sua consuetudinis* that anyone should acknowledge the Pope without his permission. It was not his *consuetudo*. Here, again, the word is free from idea of antiquity, for the pretension was a new one.

In short, a *consuetudo* may be the merest innovation. (iii.) Thus Bishop Yves, of Chartres (clxii. 71D), quotes Leo IV. as saying, 'Nec mos nec noviter introducta consuetudo nostræ ecclesiæ nostris prædecessoribus fuit contra canonum statuta nova vel inusitata præsumere.'

II. The regulations drawn up by Lanfranc for his monks at Canterbury are entitled '*constitutiones sive consuetudines*.' And, indeed, there can be little question that the correlative of the abstract *consuetudo* is not *usus*, but *lex*.

Thus (i.) Eadmer tells us (clix. 352A) that the Conqueror transported certain *usus* and *leges* from Normandy into England; (ii.) whilst Anselm, on being informed that he had promised to keep the King's *usus* and *leges*, replied that he had promised, under certain conditions and with certain restrictions, to keep his *usus* and *consuetudines* (*ib.* 400A).

We have thus a fair presumption that the abstract *consuetudo* is of the nature of law rather than of the nature of usage, fashion, custom, habit, and the like.

(iii.) And this view is confirmed by the fact that Anselm, when challenged to act according to the *consuetudo* of the Conqueror and Lanfranc (clix. 226A), replied that he must obey the *constitutio* of the Pope and the Church, which to him was a Divine *lex*. In this case the ideas of antiquity, accustomedness, habit, usage, do not find place in the word *consuetudo*, and it is set in the category of *lex* side by side with *constitutio*.

Now the word 'customs,' as employed of imposts—the literal translation of the word 'consuetudines' in its concrete sense—deceives none of us; partly because the word is plural, not singular; partly because it is the only concrete sense of the word admitted in our language.

When, however, we have to find an equivalent for 'consuetudines' as employed in an abstract sense, we are exposed to an obvious danger. For, *consuetudines* in the untechnical, ordinary, and proper sense of the word being what we understand by customs, the word 'customs,' implying, as it ordinarily does, antiquity, precedent, usage, and the rest, is the very last word in the language which we should select as equivalent for one that describes what may be merely inchoate and tentative laws, or may be not laws at all, and still less ancient laws, but mere claims or pretensions. We must be careful, I repeat, how we translate a word which, by those who employed it, had long, long ago thrown off its mere etymological meaning. If the *consuetudo* with which we are concerned happen to be established, we may be safe in calling it a law; but if it be not established then *law* is not the proper word any more than *custom*, for that would be like calling a Bill, on its first reading, an Act of Parliament.

The reader will not resent as impertinent the caution which I have given. Grave writers have been misled through incuriousness in not ascertaining, as an indispensable preliminary, the meaning of this most important word. Thus Dr. Lingard says of more than one of certain *consuetudines* asserted by Henry II., that it is incomprehensible how that prince could call them 'ancient customs,' and that it was wrong in him to call them 'ancient customs.' The word 'consuetudines,' as employed by Henry II. and his contemporaries, was not meant to convey the idea of antiquity at all; it was a technical legal phrase, from which all notion of antiquity had long ago been bleached out. And' more

recently Dean Church ('Life of St. Anselm,' p. 254) has described the *paternæ consuetudines* advanced by the first Henry as 'hereditary usages.' They were scarcely that; that, at any rate, was not the meaning which the first Henry meant to convey. What he meant was that the things to which he pledged himself were ordinances, pretensions, claims, or what not, put forth by his father; just as William Rufus said of one of them that it was a '*consuetudo . . . à patre meo instituta*' (clxxix. 1486A). Nor are we to describe the *avitæ consuetudines* of Henry II. as 'ancient customs' with Dr. Lingard—the adjective wrong and the substantive fallacious—but as claims made, pretensions advanced, or ordinances set forth by his grandfather. In short, a *paterna consuetudo* is a father's claim, pretension, or ordinance; an *avita consuetudo* is a grandfather's claim, pretension, or ordinance.

It is needless to say more in justification of these remarks on the word 'consuetudines.' The following pages will, I trust, suffice to convince the reader that they have been inspired by right reason.

Now, then, let us resume the history.

On the Christmas Day of 1094 Prince Henry was in London, and four days later William himself crossed from Wissant to Dover, and, declaring his intention of subduing the Welsh, pushed westward. But how long would he be in Wales? The Archbishop, now that his year of grace had passed and gone, must surely have feared that, were he to let slip an opportunity of renewing his request for leave to go to Italy for the pallium, much mischief might be made of the omission. And as the King no doubt expected that he would revert to the subject of the pallium at an early opportunity, he, on his side, must by this time have come to some resolution on the subject. The next chapter will show what that resolution was.

CHAPTER VI.

DECLARATION OF A NEW ROYAL PRETENSION.

IN the county of Dorset, and in the parish of Gillingham, there is a plot of land rather less than two acres in extent surrounded by the remains of a rampart, which appears at one time to have been some thirty feet thick at the base, and outside that by a moat twenty feet broad. It bears the name of King's Court, and within it are traces of a residence of very considerable pretension, part of which had, no doubt, subsisted as far back as the early days of the eleventh century. Here it was that the Kings of the English before the Conqueror, and, not improbably, Kings of Wessex long before the Kings of the English, had been wont to reside when they came to the Forest of Selwood to hunt ; and here it was that, early in the January of 1095, King William Rufus received a visit of momentous importance from Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains.

But now occurs the question, Was it the ancient law of the realm that—discussion apart as to Pope and antipope—the Primate of Britain should not be allowed to repair to Rome for his pallium without the permission of the King of the English? The extant records of the history of our country before the Conquest would seem to have been compiled by the contemporary writers without knowledge of any such law ; and I suspect that the claim to grant such permission as a *conditio sine quâ non* of an Archbishop's journey to Rome for the pallium was first asserted by William the Conqueror ; or that, if he did not categorically assert it,

nothing but Lanfranc's prudence averted a contention upon the claim of the Crown to intervene in what had from time immemorial been deemed the normal relations of Pope and Archbishop.

But, be this as it may, the Red King had during his absence in Normandy made the Bishop of Durham's scheme so thoroughly his own as to be already contemplating a still higher pretension than that of forbidding the Primate to obey this or that law of the Church, or pay this or that *obsequium* to the Holy See; and it will conduce to the clearness of the narrative if we at once inform ourselves what that pretension was. To do this we must resume the account given by Eadmer.

On finding the King, the Primate frankly told him what was the object of his visit. He had come to Gillingham, he said, to ask his permission to go to the Roman Pontiff in quest of the pallium.

'From which Pope do you mean to ask it?' enquired the wily prince. 'From Urban,' responded his simple and unsuspecting visitor. 'At the mention of the Pope's name,' says Matthew Paris, 'the King fired up into a violent passion,' partly no doubt in hope of once for all quelling his gentle foe, but much more because the moment had arrived for forcing him, if force him he could, to acquiesce in his quasi-imperial pretension to ecclesiastical supremacy. That pretension would seem to have been propped by a sort of ready logic which, however much applauded by the denizens of a palace, would scarcely have passed muster in the schools; for just as the Red King justified his confiscation of the Canterbury revenues by the plea that, inasmuch as in his quality of *advocatus* he had them *in manu suâ*, they were his own, because the revenues of the Crown lands, which were his own, were also *in manu suâ*,¹ so here. Henry IV., King

¹ Matthew Paris (*Hist. Ang.*) sets this forth very clearly. 'Monasteria igitur ferè totius Angliæ in manu suâ, pastoribus suis viduata cepit, et perversè hoc

of Germany, claimed it as his right to choose the Pope, and Henry IV. was Emperor. But the King of the English was what might be called an imperial king; therefore the King of the English might imitate the Emperor by imposing one or other claimant of the tiara upon his own subjects, unless indeed he should see fit to give them a Pope of his own choosing; unless indeed—I repeat the words of set purpose—he should see fit to give them a Pope of his own choosing.

‘He fired up into a violent passion,’ and in a fever of offended dignity charged the poor Churchman, who after all had but given a simple answer to a simple question, with mentioning a forbidden name; roundly told him that it was a breach of his own *consuetudo*, and, forsooth, of his father’s, to name any man Pope within the borders of his kingdom without his permission or regardless of his election, and protested that whosoever should presume to be beforehand with him in naming the bearer of the sovereign pontificate offended no less gravely than if he should try to take away his crown from him. ‘And I would have you know,’ he continued, ‘that you will have no place in my realm till you have given me such explicit avowals as shall assure me that, to please me, you are going to renounce all obedience and subjection to this Urban of whom you speak.’

The pacific Archbishop, who, though prepared for much, had scarcely expected to hear himself thus unceremoniously called a traitor, so far kept his amazement under control as to remind the prince of what, before consenting to accept the primacy, he had said at Rochester—namely, that as Abbot of Le Bec he had acknowledged Urban for Pope, and would never withdraw the obedience and subjection which he had accorded him. Whereupon the tyrant, stung to exasperation

nomine manu; id est, protectione et defensione; abutens omnia gravi depopulatione vastabat et ad firmam duris conditionibus commendabat . . . non recolens scripturam (so some MSS. add) “*Omnia sunt principis tuitione non depopulatione.*”

as if he had been smitten with a scourge of scorpions, vowed with all the rude emphasis so peculiarly his own that it was impossible—yes, impossible—for the Primate to keep the faith which he owed the Crown and with it any such obedience to the Apostolic See as was not dictated by the royal pleasure.

Thus wantonly has the *paterna consuetudo* burst into bloom and borne fruit. Twenty years ago the Conqueror was unwilling that anyone should acknowledge the Pope as pope till the word of command had been given by himself ('non pati volebat quenquam . . . pontificem pro apostolico nisi se jubente recipere'); now, however, it is not the royal initiative merely in the recognition of St. Peter's successor, but, if the King so will, the royal election of Pope for England, that is to be awaited.

But this was not all, although, had it been all, it would have been enough to startle and amaze the Archbishop. Over and above this assertion of *consuetudo* William Rufus advanced a further proposition—namely, this: that it is impossible that the Primate of All Britain should keep the faith which he owes to the King of the English and with it his obedience to the Pope, except at the will and pleasure of the sovereign.

It is worthy of note that the terms in which the King advanced both the one pretension and the other had been very cleverly put together; and as we pursue the history we shall again and again perceive how not once or twice, or now and then, but ever and anon, and as if it were the habit of their life, the King and his partisans weighed, balanced, collocated and adjusted every several word of their formal utterances with consummate foresight and exquisite care.

Without the King's permission, or, if it so please him, his election, no man, not even the Primate of All Britain, may in this realm of England name the Pope's name; and the King holds this prerogative as dear as the crown to which it

appertains. Such was the first proposition. The second was that, saving and excepting the will and pleasure of the King, faith to King and obedience to Pope are absolutely irreconcilable. The first asserted a practical and particular claim, and appertained to the category of *consuetudo*; the second propounded an abstract and general proposition, and appertained to the category of *jus*.

The truth is that both the one and the other are to be referred to a state of things which was then new in England; a state of things which the Conqueror had perhaps but dimly contemplated, if contemplated at all, at his first coronation; a state of things of which neither St. Dunstan nor St. Elphege, neither Athelstan, Edgar, nor the Confessor had ever dreamed; and the discussion thus provoked by William Rufus was a discussion upon the relations of King and Primate, not as kings and primates had in the olden days of England sustained side by side the yoke of the national plough, but upon the relations of King and Primate under a new aspect and in new capacities—of King, that is to say, as *terrenus dominus*, or sovereign lord of the land, and of Primate as that sovereign lord's *homo* or territorial vassal. The ancient theory of the relations of King and Primate existed still, but it existed overlaid by the modern theory asserted and established by William the Conqueror, that the prince, in addition to his royal authority over all the inhabitants of the kingdom, enjoyed an authority over every landowner in the kingdom, which bound every such landowner to him by the tie of personal duty and service.

Now, I suspect that Lanfranc's distress on hearing of the Conqueror's death was in great part caused by apprehension as to what might result from the superimposition of this new principle upon the old, and that this was his chief motive in requiring the Red Prince to take an oath of personal deference to his moral direction before he would consent to give him unction. I further suspect that Anselm was inspired by

a like alarm when, at Rochester, he coupled his declaration of readiness to become the King's man with the requirement that the King should take him for his spiritual father and soul's counsellor. And if it be true that the rupture between the Red King and Lanfranc in 1088 was provoked by the refusal of the former to keep his oath when the business in hand was the recognition of the Pontiff, that oath being the guarantee devised by Lanfranc to obviate the evils which might follow from the addition of the territorial relation of lordship to the political relation of kingship, so in Anselm's case. In a word, had William Rufus been merely King and Anselm merely Primate, the discussion of the royal pretension would have been comparatively simple, if indeed that pretension could ever have been asserted by a king *pur et simple* as against a primate *pur et simple*; but, now that the King was the Primate's territorial *dominus* and the Primate the King's territorial *homo*, now that the King was master and the Primate man, the King had a tremendous advantage over the Primate, and could construe any such opposition to his will as primates under the old *régime* had had the right to make into a violation of the compact established between himself and Anselm under the new.

But the zeal which carried him from the domain of prerogative into that of constitutional law carried him a step too far; and not only the whole tenor of Eadmer's narrative, but the explicit statements of other writers, leave little doubt that William had taken Anselm's ignorance of secular affairs into account when forecasting the chances of the success of his schemes upon the independence of the Church. As to Anselm's presumed ignorance of secular affairs, the truth would seem to be that, although he disliked, he yet had some very accurate knowledge of them. But, however that may be, Baldwin of Tournay¹ was at his side; and Baldwin, who

¹ Dom Baldwin would seem to have made some figure in the world before his assumption of the cowl at Le Bec. Not only was he *advocatus* of Tournay; he

seems to have been a finished lawyer, saw, if even his master did not, what a mistake the King had made. It might or might not be in accordance with *consuetudo* for a vassal, a mere vassal, to do this or that, and it might or might not rest with the King to decide whether to do this or that was in accordance with *consuetudo*; but it certainly was not within the royal competence to establish a *jus* or constitutional principle; and the Crown could as little determine as create the maxims of national law. And further, Anselm clearly saw, whether by his own intuition or with Baldwin's help, that the question thus raised by the King was one which the kingdom, not the King, was the proper authority to solve. That question was, Is it a constitutional principle in this realm of England that obedience to Pope and faith to King are duties which nothing save the personal grace and favour of the sovereign can co-ordinate and reconcile?

This was the question raised. The contention involved was manifest. Had the new feudal law which, whether in germ or in its fulness, William the Conqueror imported from Normandy, and superimposed upon the old political law of England, so changed the ancient relations of King and Primate as that the latter personage could not keep faith to his territorial lord without prejudice to the reverence and obedience which he owed to the successor of St. Peter?

The question, then, to be answered, and the contention to be resolved, were a question and a contention which must be submitted to the nation. To the estates, therefore, of the realm, in solemn council assembled, did Anselm appeal.

But who could forecast the result? And should it be in

must have enjoyed the confidence of Robert the Frisian, for Abbot Herman informs us that immediately after the victory of that prince over the young Arnold in 1071, he was sent by him on an embassy to the Emperor with a petition for help in case of need.

I suspect that Dom Baldwin was a match for the Count of Meulan, and that if the Primate had not had such an assessor things would have turned out more to the King's mind than they did.

Anselm's favour, would the King acquiesce in it without a struggle? Did the King really know who was Pope? If he did not, had he taken any pains to learn? If he did, why have provoked the discussion at all, except as hoping to win the game on which he had entered? In which case he must be counting on the servility of the court that was to try the case. That court comprised the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the gentry of England. How, then, would these three constituent portions be likely to behave? Whatever Anselm might know of the second and third, he had little hope from the first; on the contrary, he had every reason to mistrust it. For the existing episcopate had all along been, as an order, dogs that would not bite; and now that Lanfranc was gone, Remigius of Lincoln gone, Wulstan of Worcester going, each to his account; now that the idea had grown familiar of buying a gracious look with money—there was, with the sole exception of Gundulf, not one member of the episcopate from whom their Archbishop could hope for any vigorous and permanent support; and it was a fact which even they avowed that from dogs that would not bite they were now, as an order, degenerated into dogs that could not even bark. For five years and a half England had been agitated by the question, Who is Pope? and although Germany, in bondage to the Emperor, was handled by an antipope, the true Pope had long ago been acknowledged by the whole of Italy and the whole of Gaul, and William Rufus had for two-and-twenty months, and probably long before the election in 1093, known what was Anselm's conviction on the subject. Why, then, had the episcopal bench neither barked nor bitten?

The prospect before the Archbishop was not reassuring. Still, as he had appealed to the nation, to the nation he was prepared to go, hoping for the best.

Eadmer, who, however, seems not to have accompanied his master to Gillingham, concludes his account of the

eventful interview in the following terms:—‘Anselm, therefore, saving his principle of subjection and obedience to the Roman Church, begged the King to grant him a truce (‘*inducias*’) till the subject should come on for examination, when, the bishops, abbots, and other *principes* of the kingdom being assembled, it should by their common agreement be once for all decided whether, saving his reverence and obedience to the Apostolic See, he could or could not keep his faith to his sovereign lord the King.¹ “Should it,” said he, “be decided that the two cannot subsist together, I confess that I would rather absent myself from your land, and so await your recognition of the Pope, than renounce even temporarily my obedience to St. Peter and his vicar.”’

Great as may have been the King’s astonishment on discovering that the unworldly prelate had some accurate knowledge of constitutional usage, his hope of hoisting him on his own petard was greater still; and, issuing orders for the assembling of the estates of the realm on Passion Sunday, the 11th of March, he entrusted the conduct of his case to Robert of Meulan and William of Saint-Calais. It was in good hands. Robert of Meulan was reputed to be the ablest jurist in Christendom; and William of Saint-Calais, although wiser heads thought him a voluble and shallow sophist, was, nevertheless, pronounced by all to be possibly the most brilliant, and certainly the most self-reliant, orator within the four seas.

¹ ‘*Terreno regi.*’ To the King, that is to say, who, besides being King, is also lord of the land.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNCIL AT ROCKINGHAM.

ANSELM, Archbishop of Canterbury, and thirty-fifth of his line, and not merely Archbishop of Canterbury, but much more ; Anselm, Primate, and in some sort Patriarch, of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the adjacent isles ; Anselm, whose title dated back for five hundred years, and from a time when England was a mere amalgam of petty kingdoms, and who, in the unity and extent of his spiritual rule, was five hundred years in advance of the day which was to see the royal crowns of England and Scotland welded into one ; Anselm, who, besides and above and apart from all this vast jurisdiction, was invested, as regards its English portion, with the official prerogative of guardian of the conscience of the King and defender of the interests of the people, and who, nevertheless, would have inherited none of these august titles except as being to this new world the representative of St. Peter in the person of his successor—Anselm had been informed that to mention the mere name of St. Peter's successor, save by the grace and favour of the King of the English, was treason against that prince, because, forsooth, of a new-fangled ceremony which related to the mere exterior accidents of his office. Never had more monstrous theory been advanced ; for, obviously, from the moment when it should be approved, the official representative of the union of England with the central see of Christendom would be the official representative of the Red King's pretended right to impair the Divine integrity of the Church of Christ.

Archbishop Anselm was only too painfully aware of all this ; but the disaster might be averted, should only the Great Council of the realm determine that the King had been mistaken in avowing that it was treason to own subjection to the Pope save by the express grace and favour of the sovereign.

The church of the royal castle at Rockingham, which, lying on the northern edge of Northamptonshire and close to the junction of that county with Leicestershire and Rutland, held a midland position, that made it a suitable rendezvous for the whole of England, had been chosen for the scene of the proposed deliberations ; and to that sacred building Anselm repaired soon after sunrise on Sunday, the 11th of March.

Upon entering the chancel he found that those who should have been there awaiting his arrival were not in their places ; for bishops, abbots, and tenants-in-chief had all betaken themselves to the royal closet, where a group of the King's more confidential advisers¹ were already concerting plans with him. But so much of the church as had not been reserved for these greater personages, the prototypes of our Upper House of Parliament, was already occupied by a numerous assemblage of monks, clergymen, and members of the untitled gentry.

It is not improbable that the chancel terminated apsidally, for the Archbishop's chair seems to have been placed close under the eastern wall. He seated himself, and sending for the absentees, awaited their arrival. When these had taken their places, he began as follows :—

‘ My brethren, sons of the Church of God, all you, I mean, who are assembled here in the Lord's name, listen, I pray you, and lend the case which you have met together to investigate and clear up the best counsel in your power. What

¹ These should, perhaps, be called his Privy Councillors. Who they were I cannot say. Perhaps only the Bishop of Durham and the Count of Meulan.

that case is I will at once, if you please, briefly tell you ; and those who have not yet been fully informed about it will oblige me by their best attention.

‘Some words have passed between our lord the King and me which would seem to have brought to light a divergence of opinion between us. When, some little time ago, I asked leave to go to visit Urban, the occupant of the Apostolic See, in order, according to the custom of my predecessors, to get my pallium, he replied that he had not yet recognised Urban as Pope, and that he was therefore unwilling I should display any hurry in the business, adding, “Besides, if you acknowledge within the limits of my realm, or, having acknowledged, continue to do so, either Urban or any other man without my election and authorisation, you contravene the faith which you owe me, and commit as grave an offence against my person as if you were to try to take my crown from me. Know, therefore, that you will have neither part nor lot in the affairs of my realm if you do not, by explicit declaration, satisfy me that, in compliance with my will, you are going to refuse all obedience and all subjection to the Urban in question.”

‘I heard this with some surprise.

‘I was, as you know, living as abbot in another kingdom, and, by God’s mercy, without complaint from any, when, not from hope and not from ambition of the episcopal office, but from reasonable causes to which it was impossible I should be indifferent, I was compelled to pay a visit to this country. The King fell ill, and all amongst you who were present on that occasion advised him to provide for his mother and yours, the Church of Canterbury, by the appointment of a prelate before death should overtake him. Well, what shall I say? The advice was heeded, and he and you were alike pleased to make choice of me. I opposed very many objections, and strained every nerve to slip from under the burden you were laying on me ; but you refused to let me

escape it. Amongst other things I declared that I had acknowledged as Pope the Urban about whom the present complaint is raised, and that as long as he lived I would never, even for an hour, forego my subjection to him ; and against this my declaration not a voice was then raised. On the contrary, you took me by force and compelled me, broken as I was by bodily infirmity and scarcely able to stand, to undertake this universal burden. Perhaps you thought you were doing me a service to my liking. Bootless as I think it would be to tell you now, when it is too late, what was my wish, what my gratification, what my contentment in this matter, yet, lest any of you who does not know my heart of hearts should take scandal on my account, I say the simple truth when I tell you that, if I may with reverence so speak, I would rather that day, had the choice been given me, have been thrown into a bed of fire and burnt to death than be raised to the rank of archbishop.

‘Now, then, the time has come, the occasion has arisen, and it is yours to lend me a helping hand for the bearing of my load. That helping hand is your advice, for the obtaining of which I craved truce, beginning from the day on which the words I have repeated to you were spoken and ending to-day. I craved it, that you might meet together and by general conference ascertain and determine whether it be possible for me, saving my fealty to the King, to keep inviolate my obedience to the Apostolic See. I asked for a truce ; my request was granted ; and, thank God, here you are.

‘I therefore entreat and beg you all, and you especially, my brethren in the episcopate, diligently to examine the case, and with all that fulness of care which becomes you give me counsel on which I may rely in confident hope of doing nothing that may on the one hand contravene my obedience to the Pope, or on the other clash with the faith which I owe to my lord the King. I should deem it a

grievous thing to slight and disown the Vicar of St. Peter ; I should deem it a grievous thing to violate the faith which I have promised to keep according to God¹ towards the Sovereign ; but a grievous thing is that which has been said, that it is impossible to respect the first without violating the second.'

He paused, and the bishops replied, 'The advice you seek of us is to be had nearer home. We know your prudence and your high principle ; they are such as render it unnecessary you should need advice from us on so deep a matter. But if, all other consideration apart, you would only defer your own opinion unconditionally to the will of our lord the King, we should be most happy to advise you just as if you were one of ourselves. Still, if you desire it, we will report to our lord what you have just said, and when we have heard what he thinks about it we will let you know.' In other words, 'You ask us for advice ; but we are dumb dogs, and cannot bark ; we dare not, and we will not, tell you what we think about the compatibility of the two obligations. It is as theologians and as lawyers that we sit here ; but we will not, and we dare not, have anything to do whether with law or with theology. It is as counsellors that we sit here ; but we dare not, and will not, play our part. All we dare and all we choose to do is to repeat your beautiful speech before the King, and let you know what he has to say about it.'

He assented ; and the lords spiritual of the realm of England, rising from their seats, repaired to the King, who, in consideration of the fact that it was Sunday, adjourned the assembly till the morrow, desiring the Primate to return to his lodging and appear 'at Court' in the morning. The word 'Court' is worthy of notice ; more may have been meant by it than Anselm suspected.

The Primate left his lodging betimes next morning, and

¹ 'Secundum Deum.' These are important words. They will occur again after on in the story. They seem to have formed part of his promise of fealty.

amongst those in attendance on him was Eadmer, whose narrative we are following. He took his place in the church as before ; and the bishops and barons being seated on this side of him and on that, the crowd of lesser personages gathered themselves together in a thickly packed mass that surged eagerly up to the barrier between nave and chancel.

The business of the council was resumed by the Primate as follows: 'My lords and brethren, if you have now any advice to offer me upon the present business, in compliance with my request yesterday, I should be glad to receive it.'

All eyes were turned towards the bishops. They were not unanimous, but, as there was only one dissentient, their spokesman could afford to neglect so unimportant an exception to the general opinion. He said—

'Our answer is the answer we made yesterday ; to wit, that if you mean absolutely to waive your own opinion in favour of the will of our lord the King, we have infallible advice, ready and at your service ; advice of the utility of which we have ourselves made proof. But if you expect us to offer you counsel as in the sight of God, no matter how contrariant of the royal will that counsel might be, then you labour in vain, because you will never find us lend you that kind of support.' Or—that we miss not the verbal jugglery of the speech—'You ask us for *consilium*, and *consilium* you shall have, if you will only consent to sacrifice your own *consilium* to the King's will ; but if the *consilium* you want is that of theologians, then, since the King is not theologically minded, you want what we now once for all refuse to give you.'

And now that these words were spoken the Great Council of the kingdom was no longer a deliberative assembly ; for the first of the three estates were by their own avowal no longer counsellors. And now that the words were spoken they hung down their mitred heads ; and a distant spectator might have thought they were waiting to catch the Archbishop's reply. Those who stood by saw that the blush of

shame was on their cheeks. They dared not look the Archbishop in the face, and a churchful of people were growing conscious of their confusion.

A pause ensued, which must have seemed to those poor prelates like a little eternity. Still they dared not lift up their heads; for they felt that all eyes were on them. But there were simple-hearted monks and honest laymen present who, while the tingling pause still lasted, turned their gaze from them to the sublime, heroic Primate, and saw, never to forget, how he lifted up his eyes to heaven whilst, with kindling face and voice that vibrated with emotion, he replied, 'Since you, who are called the shepherds of the flock of Christ and the princes of the people, will not give counsel to me, your chief, save according to the behest of a mortal man, I will resort to the Chief Shepherd and the Prince of all. To the Angel of great counsel will I turn, and crave the counsel I must follow in this affair; an affair which is not mine, but His and His Church's. Hear, then, what He says to the most blessed Apostle Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven;" and to the general college of the twelve, "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me," and, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of My eye." As these words were first and primarily addressed to Peter, and through him to the other Apostles, so do we hold them to be said now first and primarily to St. Peter's Vicar, and through him to the episcopate who take the place of the Apostles; to him and to them; not to the Emperor, whoever he may be; not to king, or duke, or count. Whereas in what concerns our service and subjection to earthly princes¹ the same, the

¹ 'Terrenis principibus.' The principal allusion in 'terrenis' is, not improbably, to the theory of territorial lordship as distinguished from royal authority.

Angel of great counsel, instructs and teaches us, "Render ye to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." These are the words and these the counsels of God. These words and counsels I own and accept, and will on no account transgress. Know, therefore, all of you without exception, that in the things which appertain to God I will yield obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, and in those which by law concern the territorial rank of my lord the King I will give faithful counsel and help to the utmost of my power.'¹

This was sound constitutional law, and it was sound dogmatic theology; and the *principes regni*, as there in the church of Rockingham Castle they heard the Primate of All Britain expound to them his duty towards the prince, well knew that his exposition was justified by the prescription of five centuries, and that the new pretensions of an upstart dynasty were as contrary to the national tradition as to the plain text of Holy Scripture. Still, the effect produced upon them by this luminous definition of his relation to Pope and his relation to King, as contrasted with the effect produced upon them by the speech he made at his appointment, would seem to convey some just idea of the rapidity with which those pretensions had been developed in the royal breast. On the 6th of March, 1093, he said that King and Primate were two oxen under one yoke; and the statement passed without contradiction, as it would not have been made without historical justification. But now, on the 12th of March, 1095, he cannot propound the elementary theological dogma that the Vicar of Christ, and not a temporal prince, is the supreme spiritual governor of Christian men, and the legal principle that a primate's obligation to the king is the obligation to give faithful help and counsel—after two short years he cannot make this dual statement, luminous,

¹ 'Fidele consilium et auxilium pro sensûs mei capacitate impendam.' These words, not improbably, formed part of his oath on doing homage. William of Malmesbury says, 'fidele consilium et auxilium.'

axiomatic, incontrovertible as it is, without exciting as much commotion amongst the bishops of England as if he had been preaching treason.

But, whatever they may have known of the King's intentions, no sooner had the Archbishop uttered the words, 'In the things which appertain to God I will yield obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, and in those which lawfully concern the territorial rank of my lord the King I will give faithful counsel and help as best I can,' than his suffragans started from their seats, venting their perplexity, their confusion, and their dismay in such a jargon of ejaculations that 'you might have thought,' says Eadmer, 'they were all proclaiming him worthy of death,' and pausing only to say, probably through the Bishop of Durham for their spokesman, 'We would have you know that we shall never be bearers for you of these your words to our lord the King,' quitted the church.

But why all this turmoil, why all this dread of the King? The Primate had, by the aid of Holy Writ, defined in general terms the scope of the two obediences, and without some such definition it was impossible to fulfil the object of the meeting, which was to discuss the compatibility of duty to Pope and duty to King. Why, then, refuse to quote the Divine words and repeat the Archbishop's inference? Poor men!

But the Primate had no one near him whom he could with both propriety and safety delegate to carry the King a report of this exposition. He therefore descended from his chair, walked from the church to the royal closet, repeated his declaration word for word to the King, and came back again.

Two very different scenes were now enacted. In the King's closet was the King, transported with chagrin, and requiring, but requiring all in vain, now of bishops, now of earls, some sort of intelligible and consistent answer to the Primate's statement of a Primate's duty, 'In the things which appertain to God I will yield obedience to the Vicar

of Peter, and in those which appertain by law to the territorial dignity of my lord the King I will to the best of my ability yield faithful help and counsel ;' and round about him agitated groups, here two, here three, here four, consulting and debating, and anxiously set on framing such a reply as might serve at once to satisfy the royal arrogance and yet avoid a categorical contradiction of those sacred and revered maxims which, Divine in their origin, had just fallen from Anselm's lips. In the church was Anselm, seated in his chair, serene in the unconscious dignity of a great soul reposing on its own innocence and the truth of God.

Hour after hour passed away, but there came no reply. The church was empty, or nearly so ; and the tranquil prelate, leaning his head against the wall, fell into a light sleep.

Hour after hour passed away, whilst the perplexed monarch and his no less perplexed adherents sought, but sought in vain, for a standpoint whence to work the lever that should dislodge England from the unity of Christendom. The Archbishop had advanced his *thesis* on the compatibility of the two obediences, and what they wanted to do was to frame some such counter-proposition as, being not unscriptural in its terminology, should yet *de facto* invest the Crown with that supreme authority in the spiritual order which appertained to the inheritor of the *privilegium Petri*, and then compel the Archbishop to accept it under pain of treason. But the thing was beyond them.

By this time, however—and the day was now far spent—the deliberative functions which they were assembled to exercise had been completely superseded by their legislative efforts, and as these had now by the common consent proved ineffectual it need give us no surprise to learn that the lords spiritual and temporal at length resolved themselves into a court of justice.

Meanwhile the Archbishop remained gently slumbering in the almost empty church.

At length, whilst he still dozed sweetly on, there was a sound of footsteps, and the bishops entered, accompanied by some, but only some, of the temporal peers ; for the temporal peers, not altogether spiritless, were already venturing to show that they deemed themselves a power in the kingdom. The episcopal spokesman, who must have been William of Saint-Calais, gave vent to the following oratorical effort :—

‘It is the will of our lord the King that, irrelevant verbiage apart, you speedily acquaint his royal ear with what you have to say ; to wit, your answer upon the topics discussed by him and you at Gillingham. You then asked for a truce, and the truce expires to-day.’ So began the voluble sophist. ‘The case is too clear for comment. Still I would have you know that the whole kingdom unites in complaining that you are set upon robbing the common lord of all of us of that imperial crown which is his peculiar ornament.’ This was grand. ‘Whosoever (be he primate or who he may) robs his Royal Majesty of his *consuetudines*, robs him of his imperial crown, and robs him of his kingdom ;¹ and we are quite of opinion that without that crown that kingdom cannot decently subsist. But—but, reflect. Think the matter over, we entreat you ; and as to that Urban, who cannot set the flimsiest shield between the resentment of our lord the King and you, and who, if the King smile on you, cannot do anything to hurt you, throw off your obedience, shake off your yoke of servitude, and free, free as becomes an Archbishop of Canterbury, abide in all your doings the will and the bidding of our lord the King (‘*liber ut archiepiscopum Cantuariensem decet, in cunctis actibus tuis voluntatem domini regis et jussionem expecta*’). Moreover, own your fault wherein you have done amiss ; and, that he may pardon it, comply like a wise man with his wishes in such demand as he may make you. So shall your enemies, who are making merry over

¹ Note the distinction between the imperial crown and the kingdom.

your fall from favour, when they see your proper dignity re-established, blush for shame. This is what we ask of you ; this is what we counsel you ; this is what we declare to be needful for you and for your interests ; we declare and we solemnly avow it.'

Oh, for the vision of a seer and for an inspired pen, to know and to say how Anselm's face flushed with holy shame, and how his eye rested in amazed compassion on the poor orator, who was all unconscious of his own exquisite sarcasm. 'Free as becomes an Archbishop of Canterbury' forsooth ! 'Free as becomes a whipped hound,' he should have said.

'I hear what you say,' replied the Primate, the grave majesty of whose demeanour was so familiar to Eadmer that he omits to draw attention to it ; 'but, not to touch upon other matters, I do not by any means choose to abjure my obedience to our Lord the Pope. The day declines to evening. Pray let the case be adjourned till to-morrow, that I may ponder over what has passed and give such answer as it may please God to prompt.'

The King's blatant and self-satisfied spokesman, who now fancied that the victim of his harangue was either puzzled and at a loss for an answer, or alarmed and beginning to waver, went back all gleefully to his patron and urged him by no means to give the required respite, but, 'as the case had been thoroughly sifted,' to command judicial sentence to be pronounced without delay on the Primate should he still refuse to yield. Unhappy man, unhappy and thrice unhappy as the advocate of a political theory then new in Christendom, the theory which thinks to rob the Incarnate Word of His prerogative of King of kings and Lord of lords, and has taught Christian sovereigns to cry with the kings of the earth and with their princes, 'Let us break the bonds of the Lord and of His Christ, and let us cast away their yoke from us.' Renouf the Firebrand had committed sacrilege in despoiling the Church of her goods ; but, this

man, what a sacrilege was his! What sacrilege worse than to prompt the King of a Christian land to set himself up as the depositary of spiritual authority? Yet this was the end towards which William of Saint-Calais had now for many months been scheming, and so sanguine was he of attaining the end that he had pledged his word that he would compel Anselm to abjure the Sovereign Pontiff, or, if not, to deliver up ring and crosier and abdicate the primacy. Of the two alternatives William Rufus preferred the first, because it would precisely have suited his ambition to have for Archbishop of Canterbury a creature that had covered himself with infamy, and so a creature that even he might despise; for he not unnaturally conceived that a man thus disgraced would the more easily resign in favour of the Crown all pretension to spiritual authority; and he thought that something was wanting to his quasi-imperial dignity so long as from end to end of the kingdom one man should breathe who might be said, even in things pertaining to the Divine order, to have or to be able to have anything save through him. ‘*Nec enim,*’ says Eadmer, ‘*regiâ dignitate integrè se potitum suspicabatur, quamdiu aliquis in totâ terrâ vel etiam secundùm Deum, nisi per eum quidquam habere (nota dico) vel posse dicebatur.*’ The Bishop of Durham, on the other hand, hoped that Anselm would prefer deprivation to disgrace, inasmuch as in that case his own services to the Crown would—so at least he trusted—be rewarded by translation to the vacant primacy; and thought that the moment was now come for compelling him to choose this alternative. Hence his advice to the King to strike while the iron was hot. But the iron was not so hot as he thought. However, the King consented.

Accompanied by as large a troop of supporters as he could gather, William of Saint-Calais repaired again to the church. The meek prelate was awaiting him. In a minute the sacred edifice was filled. Evening was closing in, and

the gloom seemed to give intensity to the interest with which every ear was strained to catch to the full each word that should now be spoken. Eadmer must have heard his own heart beat, so profound was the silence from porch to altar.

‘Hear,’ cried the orator, ‘hear the King’s complaint against you. He says that you have done your all to strip him of sovereignty (*‘dignitas’*), for you are making Odo, Bishop of Ostia, Pope in his England without the authorisation of his command. Nor is this all. Not satisfied with robbing him of his sovereign rights, you now ask him to give you a truce, that you may justify the robbery by your quirks and quibbles. Have the goodness to re-invest him with his due imperial dignity (*‘debitâ imperii sui dignitate’*), and, then, but not before, treat for truce. Otherwise I would have you know that he has invoked upon his head the hatred of Almighty God, and that we his faithful subjects approve and applaud the imprecation, if he gives you one single hour of the truce you crave, truce of a night though it be.’ Having thus assumed what he knew to be false, that Anselm, in defining the scope of his subjection to Pope and his duty to King, had placed his civil allegiance at the mercy of another, the transported rhetorician, drunk with his own verbosity, continued :—

‘Now, therefore, give instant answer to the message of our lord ; otherwise you will make immediate acquaintance with the sentence which your presumption has provoked. The issue at stake is no trifle. Do not think it. No, no. We are urged by the stings of a great resentment. And no wonder ; for that which your lord and ours holds chiefest in his whole domain of sovereignty, that whereby he is certain that he transcends all other kings, that, so far as in you lies, you iniquitously take away from him, and in doing so pollute the oath you once took to him, and thus involve all us his true subjects (*‘amicos’*) in the shame of a great confusion.’

Never had Primate of England been assailed with such

portentous magniloquence ; never had the northern orator made a bolder harangue. The effect on the crowd must have been appalling. They were breathless from terror and suspense. The Archbishop sat motionless and unmoved.

Keeping silence for a little space, he at last replied, ‘ He who, because I refuse to renounce obedience to the chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman Church, would thence prove that I violate the sworn faith which I owe the Sovereign, let him show himself, and he will find me ready to give him an answer as I ought and when I ought.’

Durham looked at his friends, and they at him. Never was completer discomfiture ; never had a falser step been taken. He had thundered out his bluster in absolute confidence of crushing his feeble and exhausted victim, and lo ! the answer is a defiance !

Durham looked at his friends in the uncertain twilight and they at him. Chagrin and consternation was on every face, for the Primate’s words could have only one meaning. He had challenged them to oblige him to appeal to Rome.

As the discomfited prelate and his adherents left the church, one general sigh escaped the crowd in the nave. There are no grander things in this world of ours than the unconscious and inarticulate murmur of a great assembly, the omen of their victory. It was the sign of returning life and returning hope to an audience who had till now been quelled into terror at the prospect of an irremediable woe ; and was presently followed by here a word, there a word, and soon a confused hubbub as of men whose patience has been too long tried. They were the untitled gentlemen of England ; they had the right to be there ; they had the right to speak. But none of them had as yet claimed his right ; so had the tyrant quelled them. Yet they were burning to speak, for they were unanimous on the side of the weak against the strong, of the injured against the injurer ; above all, of truth against falsehood, and of Catholic tradition and national usage

against heretical innovation and schemes for destroying the ancient check on tyranny. Their Christian instincts and their English hearts informed them past mistake that the patient Churchman who sat there before them, scarcely discernible in the deepening gloom but by the long white rochet that enveloped him, was their only safeguard against political annihilation. And whilst they were thus musing the fire kindled; and at last one of them—an English thane, no doubt; Eadmer calls him a knight—stept forward, and advancing towards the altar, knelt down before the Archbishop and said with a loud voice, ‘My lord Archbishop and Father in God, your suppliant children beg you, through me their spokesman, not to let your heart be troubled at the words you have just heard. Remember how Job on his dunghill vanquished the devil, and so avenged Adam’s wrong, who fell in a garden;’ meaning to say, no doubt, that in adversity there is safety, but that prosperity is our greatest danger. Anselm smiled benignly on him; for though he had caught the meaning of the words, he was scarcely Englishman and North Countryman enough to answer in the vernacular. But the quaint speech had done its work; it had assured him that the laity of England were with him. ‘And we,’ says the historian, ‘took courage and were tranquillised, feeling sure that, as it is written, the voice of the laity is the voice of God.’¹

¹ ‘Gavisi ergo exinde sumus et animæquiores effecti confidentes, juxta scripturam. Vox populi vox Dei.’ This *juxta scripturam* is very curious. In his Life, too, of St. Oswald Eadmer says, ‘Vir ascitus advenit, sed . . . non statim annuit. Intonat vox populi, ut dubio procul attestareris scripturæ, Vocem populi vocem esse Dei’ (clix. 777A).

William of Malmesbury, however, describing the election of Archbishop Odo, calls it a proverb, ‘Cum regie voluntati episcoporum omnium assensus accederet . . . in communem perrexit sententiam recogitans illud proverbium, Vox populi vox Dei.’

We should, I think, be rash in thinking that Eadmer believed the proverb to have a place in the inspired volume. By *scriptura* he meant, I imagine, nothing more than *writing*. We speak of such and such a *saying*, not necessarily biblical. Why should not he have spoken in a like general sense of such and such a *writing*?

It was with a crestfallen air that the baffled rhetorician presented himself before the King. Ten minutes ago he had left that very room turgid, confident, and labouring to deliver a magniloquent harangue. He now came back to say that he had been foiled. He had quite forgotten, while converting the Council into a court, to take into account the fact that they were none of them competent to pass sentence upon an Archbishop of Canterbury; it was a fact and a constitutional principle which he had completely overlooked; the most surprising thing was that Anselm should have been aware of it; indeed, it was Anselm himself who had recalled it to his memory. He had refused to be judged by them, and they were incompetent to sit in judgment on him against his will.

As, when smitten by some swift, sharp stroke, the sufferer gasps breathless, and after an awful interval laboriously resumes, so now the King. He was for a time as one choked, and then comprising the trembling episcopate in one terror-striking glance as he slowly recovered himself, cried out at last, 'What is the meaning of this? Did you not say that you would handle him to the top of my bent, and judge him and condemn him?'

That the word *scriptura* thus employed had its proper general meaning, and was not restricted to the sacred text, is, I think, rendered evident from the following passage in Matthew Paris (*H. A.*): 'Non recolens scripturæ, Omnia sunt principis tuitione non depopulatione,' a written adage which I cannot find in the Bible.

The episcopal allocution pronounced on the elevation of Edward III. was based on these words, 'vox populi, vox Dei.'

A perusal of the old lectionaries would, I dare say, result in the discovery of the origin of the adage. Perhaps some account of the election of St. Ambrose to the episcopate might give it.

Similarly, Abbot Helgaud of Fleury, in his *Life of King Robert*, says, 'Legimus in divinis voluminibus quod "servire Deo regnare est"'—a liturgical, not a scriptural allusion (cxlj. 923 A). And St. Odo of Cluny says of Fleury, the resting-place of the body of St. Benedict after its removal from Monte Cassino in the seventh century, 'Quò videlicet in loco . . . tam mira miracula et in scripturâ referuntur gesta, et sub oculis patrata dignoscuntur ut ipsorum fulgor etiam quosque remotos ad ejus reverentiam excitare potuerit' (cxxxij. 722 c); where by 'scriptura' is meant, not the inspired volume, but the pages of ecclesiastical history.

William of Saint-Calais had lost his head ; and, unnerved by disappointment and apprehension, stammered out a few incoherent, half-audible words, and, in hopeless hope of some aid from a few hours' respite, finished by saying, 'It is quite dark. Let him be sent back to his lodging ; and we, now that we know what he means, will sit up all night thinking for you.'

The Council, now no longer a council, but a court, and yet not a court, for it had no jurisdiction, adjourned a second time.

On the following morning—the morning of Tuesday, the 13th of March—the Archbishop was not slow in repairing to the church, but must have been kept waiting there for some hours before the bishops came to apprise him of a resolution which they and the sovereign had taken in his regard. To understand this we must repair in imagination to the royal closet.

The prince began the day's work by desiring his advisers to propose some expedient for compassing the fall of Anselm, but they had nothing to suggest that could be strained into conformity with law or precedent, and were by this time not unwilling to leave the full odium of the task to those of their number who had undertaken it. Turning, therefore, to the Bishop of Durham, William demanded the result of his cogitations during the night. Yes, indeed ; the poor prelate had spent the night in anxious thought, and had come to the conclusion that the Archbishop's position was not to be turned by argument ; 'particularly,' he added, 'as that position rests upon the very words of God Himself and the prerogatives of St. Peter. But I think that he should be crushed by force. That is to say, if he refuses to bend to the King's will, take his ring and crosier from him and banish him the kingdom.'

'No, no ; we cannot agree to that,' cried the temporal peers the moment the proposal was communicated to them.

‘What, then,’ rejoined the King, ‘do you agree to if not to that?’¹ While I live I will not have an equal in my kingdom. And if you knew that he had such a strong case, why did you let me begin the process against him? Get away with you, get away with you, and consult among yourselves; for, by the Face of God, if you don’t cast him to please me, I will cast you to please myself.’ This was going an inch too far, as his trusty adviser, Count Robert, intimated by the diplomatic remark, ‘I confess I cannot say much for our own consultations. Whilst we are spending the entire day in spinning out our consultations into shape, and weaving them first into this shape and then into that, so as to get them into something like a decent shape, he, on his side, planning no harm at all, goes to sleep, and then when we set our schemes before him, lo! with one blow from his lips he sends them flying like so many broken cobwebs.’

The King saw the diplomatist’s meaning, and took the hint. Turning, therefore, to the spiritual lords, he enquired, ‘And you, my bishops, what say you?’ ‘We grieve,’ said they, shamed by signs of mirth in the laity, ‘we grieve to say, sire, that it is not in our power to satisfy your wishes. He is Primate not only of this kingdom, but of Scotland and Ireland and the adjacent islands, and we are his suffragans. Clearly, therefore, we cannot in reason sit in judgment on him or condemn him, even if any fault could be proved in him, which at present cannot.’

‘Well, but what? If you cannot sit in judgment on him, cannot you at least refuse him all faithful obedience and brotherly friendship?’ ‘Yes, we can do that, since you require it.’ ‘Then bestir yourselves, and do not talk, but do; and do it in double quick time, that when he sees himself scorned and deserted by all of you he may feel ashamed and

¹ ‘Quid placet si hæc non placent.’ The phrase, familiar to some of us, ‘non placet;’ or, rather, its Norman equivalent, would seem to have been in use in the King’s council-chamber.

bewail his folly in neglecting me, his proper lord ('domino suo'¹), to go after Urban. And to back you up, look you, I begin. In the first place, I utterly take from him all security within my empire ('imperio'), and all faith and support; and, in the next place, I refuse to trust in him or in anything he says or does, be the case what it may; nor will I hold him for Archbishop or Father in God.'

They now repaired to the Primate, and after trying, but to no purpose, to bend him from his resolution, repeated the King's speech, following it up with their own renunciation of fealty and friendship.

'I hear what you say,' he replied, 'but you do ill, since I hold me by my subjection and fealty to St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, in refusing me the subjection, faith, and friendship which you owe to your Primate and Father in God. Yet far be it from me to do the like by you. I will show you a father's and a brother's love, and will try, if you refuse not to bear with me, to turn you from this rash mistake into which you have slipped, you the brothers and sons of the Holy Mother Church of Canterbury, and by the power given me by the Lord to lead you back into the way of rectitude. To the King, who takes from me all security within his kingdom' ('regno'; the King had said 'imperio'), and says that he refuses henceforth to have me for Archbishop or Father in God, I promise him, for my part, all security and faithful service;² and, as a father should, will love him and care for his soul, if he will deign to let me, I continuing to maintain the service of God and the power, name, and office of the archbishopric of Canterbury, whatever be the trouble that chances to vex its exterior accidents.'

When this was reported to the King, he cried, 'What he says is not at all to my liking. Whoso chooses to be his

¹ *Domino suo*. Here again comes out the territorial claim. The King was *dominus*; the Archbishop was his *homo*.

² 'Omnem cum fidei servitio securitatem.'

shall not be mine. So then,' he continued, turning to the barons, 'do you, who are the princes of my kingdom, refuse him all faith and friendship, as the bishops have done, that we may see what he will gain by the faith which he keeps to the Apostolic See in spite of my will and pleasure.' This was too much for them. They had come to Rockingham to discuss a grave constitutional question; and the King, finding that it could not be answered as he wanted, had bidden them and the prelates sit in judgment. Now, however, that he finds it to be *ultra vires* for them to judge the Primate, he invites them to avenge their impotence by personal insult. This was too much for them as men of honour, too much for them as Christians; and they replied, 'We were never his men ('homines'), and we cannot abjure a fealty which we never swore. But he is our Archbishop. The religious interests of England are entrusted to his keeping; and so long as we live in England the very fact that we are Christians makes it impossible for us to slip the bridle, particularly as there is not a stain of reproach upon him that can bind us to treat him otherwise than we do.'

This was explicit, and the King, who had enough of the animal about him to feel that it meant mischief, was fain to stomach resentment, whilst the bishops hung down their heads in hope of escaping the scorn of men whose statesmanship, whose theology, and whose manhood made them ashamed of themselves. But in vain. One of them was on the spot dubbed Judas,¹ another Pilate, a third Herod, and so on, by the scornful and indignant peers. Nor did the King omit to derive a certain grim solace from the discomfiture of the spaniel crew.

After a few moments of moody abstraction he began

¹ I suspect that William of Saint-Calais was the episcopal Judas. He had probably received the nickname in 1088; for the Saxon Chronicle says of him, under that date, 'So well had the King done by this bishop that all England were after his counsel, and so as he would; and he thought to do by him Judas Iscariot did by our Lord.'

asking them one by one what was the sense in which they had just renounced the Archbishop. Had they thrown him over completely and unconditionally, or had they only refused him the subjection and obedience which he might claim as representative of the Papal authority? Each of them in his turn had to choose one or other horn of this exquisite dilemma. When each had given his answer, the gloating tormentor, with an air of omnipotent condescension, bade the unconditional abjurers come and be seated near him, and then sent the others packing like a set of naughty boys into the corner of the room, to await there the sentence which he meant to pass on them for their perfidy and disloyalty. Yes, they were to go and stand in a corner of the room, and await sentence; and away they went into their corner, frightened out of their five senses and 'covered with confusion upon confusion.' Their turn had come. But no. Ere yet the terrible sentence had time to fall—for the King was in a mighty passion—they bethought themselves of their old and oft-tried saving plan, and, '*datâ copiosâ pecuniâ*,' let him 'hear' why they should be spared.

Scarcely was this transaction completed when there came a message from the forlorn and discarded Primate—forlorn, because his suffragans had revoked their canonical obedience; discarded, because the King had withdrawn his protection from him—a request for a safe-conduct for himself and his attendants to one of the ports, that, as he had intimated in the winter, he might absent himself from the kingdom until it should please God to restore peace. On hearing this, the brute strength of the prince, whose mortification and rage had already been provoked to their culminating point by the conduct of the barons, collapsed. It was too much for him. He turned faint and sick; for of all conceivable disasters none would be worse than that Anselm should leave the kingdom, and leave it at this moment.

For two reasons:—

The King had, it is true, revoked that promise of personal defence and protection which he as lord had made to his vassal the Archbishop ; but their territorial relations still subsisted, for Anselm's tenure of the temporal accidents of his office was absolutely undisturbed ; and so did their political relations as King and Primate. If, then, the Archbishop were to go abroad seised of the archbishopric, as he was possessed of the archiepiscopate, how was he ever to be disseised of the former, except as the natural consequence of a resignation of the latter ? And how would this ever be brought about ?

The other reason will appear in the sequel. But the two considerations together broke the courage of the King, who turning his baffled brute eye from the pliant but unuseful bishops to the very barons whose ugly refusal to let him attempt violence had cost him all this day of mortification and chagrin, entreated them to help him. They counselled him to control himself, and above all things not on any account to let his predicament get wind in the castle, but to send the Archbishop a civil message, begging him not to wait any longer in the chapel and promising him an answer in the morning. All this was very wisely managed ; for the general idea outside the royal closet was that the Archbishop was really going to leave the country, never perhaps to return, but still that he would be allowed to leave it in peace and safety.¹

Gentlemen in waiting, ushers, men-at-arms were moved to tears as the Primate of All Britain, with his accustomed tranquil and easy majesty, and with a face whose exquisite serenity nothing could disturb, and which now was lighted up as though the soul within were entranced with some fair, hopeful vision, descended to the portcullis of the castle and rode away. They had good reason for tears, he for joy ; they as deeming that England would soon be left naked to

¹ Curiously enough, this is precisely what was to happen some years later.

the tyrant, he as hailing the prospect of deliverance from the cares of State and of retirement into some still, sequestered cloister, where he might pass the residue of his time in meditation, study, and prayer.

But in the morning this attractive vision was invaded and replaced by another. In obedience to a courteously worded message from the King, delivered by some of the barons, he and his attendants mounted horse, rode up the hill, and were soon in their accustomed places in the church of Rockingham Castle. They had not waited long when the *proceres regni*, accompanied by some of the bishops, entered and made a speech, which, however painful to him in its purport, contrasted favourably with the episcopal utterances of Sunday, Monday, and the previous day. 'Our long friendship with you compels us to regret exceedingly that this disagreement should have arisen between our lord the King and you. We would fain bring you together on the same friendly terms as once you were, and have thought that it would be a good thing in this emergency for a truce to be concluded between you, and that both of you should promise to keep the peace from this moment until some specified date, you engaging to do nothing to him or his, and he engaging to do nothing to you or yours, which may transgress the bounds of concord. We have hit upon this as a serviceable expedient, and should like you to tell us if you are disposed to gratify our wishes in this regard.'

He replied, 'Peace and concord I do not reject ; but, if I am not mistaken, I see what the peace means which you offer. Still, lest I should be thought to prefer trusting my own conviction rather than that of others in this matter, I promise to agree to whatever our lord the King and you may be pleased to appoint according to God ('*secundum Deum*') for the keeping of this peace, saving always the reverence and obedience which I owe to our lord Urban, the occupant of the Apostolic See.'

The approving auditors now repaired to the King, and a truce was concluded, which was to last until the 20th of May, the Sunday after Pentecost, the prince observing, 'If perfect and entire peace shall not have appeased our controversy within the appointed period, then on the day upon which the truce determines it shall be revived precisely as it has been left to-day.'

'This being done,' says Eadmer, 'and leave received from the King, Anselm returned to his see, foreseeing within himself that the peace and the truce were a mere flimsy and momentary veil to the royal hatred and to the tyrannous oppression which was soon to break forth. Nor had he long to wait. Not many days had elapsed when the King, on account of the late disagreement, banished Baldwin from the kingdom (Baldwin, I scarcely need repeat, had been Anselm's chief legal adviser), and also two clerks in attendance on the prelate; and, by so doing, inflicted on him the cruellest of wounds. And I might tell of other things—how his chamberlain was arrested in his chamber before his very eyes, and other his dependents condemned by unjust judgment, stripped of their goods, and afflicted with countless ills. And all this did the royal faith and the royal loyalty do within the period of the truce and the peace concluded at Rockingham. During that interval the Church of Canterbury was, in all her dependencies and belongings, visited with such a cruel storm of persecution that it was agreed, with but few exceptions, that she had been better off in the old days without a pastor than now under a pastor reduced to such straits as these. I might describe that terrible storm, but I refrain, and, for fear of wearying the reader, close the present division of my work without further delay.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHITSUNTIDE OF 1095.

IN the course of the following week, which was Holy Week, two of the King's chaplains, just landed on the coast of Kent, rode hastily and surreptitiously through the city of Canterbury. They were accompanied by a stranger, a circumstance which excited some curiosity. Had they halted in the city, some slightest chance might have betrayed part at least of their secret, for a secret they had. The mysterious companion was an Italian; they were bringing him to the King; they had themselves been in Italy, and the King had sent them there in the previous autumn, in anticipation of the Archbishop's second request for permission to go *ad limina apostolorum*.

It seems curious, though, that the mysterious stranger should make his appearance so soon after the council at Rockingham; and the question at once occurs, Can the King have so arranged for the council at Rockingham as that it should be over before the landing of the Italian on our shores, or was the Italian past his time? I suspect that he was, if anything, rather before than after it.

The truth, however, or rather part of it, found its way in due course to Canterbury, and, as I should imagine, about the time that the order for Dom Baldwin's banishment was received, and when the Christ Church monks were already learning from the cries of discontent, of misery, and of despair which reached them from all quarters with what sort of loyalty it was that the King was keeping his truce with the Archbishop.

The King's first object in sending the two chaplains to Rome had been to ascertain the state of things in that city, and to learn who really was Pope—Odo or Wibert, Urban or Clement—for the English bishops, constrained by the royal *consuetudo*, had obtained no official information on this subject; and the King, if for no other reason, yet not improbably from resentment against Urban, who had announced his election to Lanfranc and not to himself, had for six years suspended all intercourse with the Holy See. His envoys, however, can scarcely have entered Italy before they learnt that the imperial faction in the peninsula was all but crushed, and if they really went, as Eadmer says they did, to Rome, they must have hurried back to Lombardy, where they saw the Pope and recognised him in the name of their master.

The news, therefore, that the King had recognised the lawful Pope, coming to the Christ Church monks at a time when the vials of the King's hatred were pouring forth again upon their Archbishop, filled them with dismay and indignation; the more so as they now knew that the mysterious stranger was a bishop and a cardinal, and of all cardinals the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, first of the seven who stood nearest to the pontifical throne. That Anselm, who had endured so much in the Pope's behalf, should be thus treated, now that Pope and King were reconciled, was an inexplicable contradiction and an intolerable scandal. 'What are we to say,' they asked, 'if Rome sets gold and silver before justice? What help, what counsel, what encouragement will people who have nothing to give for the gaining of their right ever henceforth find in their misery?' It was a pardonable grumble. Their rude English craft was no match for the subtler skill of the Italian.

Meanwhile the King's purpled visitor remained at Court, and took no notice whatever of the Archbishop, who waited all in vain for some syllable of sympathy from the representative of the Pontiff. Meanwhile, too, the King was so charmed with

a prelate who seemed to have no other wish than to humour his caprices, and who even appeared ready to formulate some of them into a personal and lifelong privilege, as graciously to issue orders that Urban be taken for Pope in all his *imperium*—by which we are perhaps to understand all Britain, Ireland, and the adjacent islands—and in whatsoever concerned the Christian religion be obeyed as the Vicar of St. Peter.

And now that William Rufus had done this grace to the Sovereign Pontiff, he lost no time and spared no effort in pressing a request which, such was his visitor's complaisance, he felt sure would be granted him. Would the Cardinal oblige him by deposing Anselm from the episcopal office in the name and by the authority of the Holy See? He would lend him the whole of his royal support, and would evince his gratitude by the payment of a handsome yearly pension to him and a handsome yearly tribute, or whatever the word may have been—Eadmer calls the two payments one—to the Roman Church.

The bland and dignified prelate, who seems to have had a somewhat unreceptive pupil, was put to no little pains in explaining that such a thing was out of the question; and the royal huckster, when he at last comprehended that he had attempted an impossibility, fell into one of those fits of despondency which seem to have been as familiar to him as his accesses of fury and his sallies of frivolity, having for his cud of reflection the bitter thought that nothing had been gained out of his recognition of the Pontiff. But what was done could not be undone, and all that he might at present propose to himself was, as his friends advised him, to save his matchless dignity ('*servatâ singulari celsitudinis suæ dignitate*') by so far consulting appearances as to make feint of receiving back into favour the man whom he was resolved henceforth to hate more cruelly than ever.

The Primate did not appear at Court on Whit Sunday, the 13th of May, but in the course of the week a message

came to him from the King, begging him to move to the archiepiscopal manor of Hayes, which, as being at no great distance from Windsor, was more conveniently situated for the interchange of messages than Mortlake, where he was keeping the festival.

On the morrow of Anselm's removal to Hayes the bishops, or rather the greater part of them—'pæne omnes episcopi Angliæ'—came to wait upon him. They opened their visit with an apology, and then began to ply him with a series of questions¹ in hope of ascertaining whether he could by any means be induced, crushed as he now was by a load of troubles, not the least of which was the apparent indifference of the Holy See, to conciliate the royal favour by a pecuniary present. But it was a hopeless hope, and they proceeded as follows: 'If, then, you really will not, for procuring such a boon as the King's favour, give him anything you have, say in a word what do you want?' 'I have told you,' was the answer, 'that I will never do such despite to my lord the King as to prove by act of mine that his favour is to be had for money. But if he will do his duty by me as his father in God, and allow me to live in England as Archbishop of Canterbury under obedience to Pope Urban, I shall only be too glad to receive the overture, and, possessed of peace and security, give him faithful and true service² as my lord and king. If he will not, our agreement terminates to-day, as you know; let him give me safe-conduct to the coast, and I will then do what I know to be my duty.'

It can scarcely be necessary to observe that the bishops say nothing here about the great question raised at Rockingham, but simply revert to the old vulgar topic of money which was discussed fifteen months ago at Hastings; whereas Anselm resumes his relations with the King at the point where they had been suspended at Rockingham, and repeats his request for a safe-conduct to the coast.

¹ 'Pedetentim explorare aggressi sunt.'—Eadmer.

² 'Fideliter et opportunè deserviam.'

For already the vision that once came so near and seemed so fair, and then eluded him, what time, no longer abbot and not yet bishop, he hoped he might now disappear from view of men; the vision that filled his entranced soul when, the night before the truce, he came majestically forth from the castle at Rockingham; the vision that has never since wholly faded from his view—that sweetest vision of seclusion and oblivion and peace is once again close, close to his embrace, and the reality will soon be his if his baffled soul can but escape once for all from the snare of the fowler.

‘Let him give me safe conduct to the coast, and I will then do what I know I should.’

‘Have you nothing more to say?’

‘On this matter nothing.’

Now, then, out comes the murder.

‘Pope Urban has, at the request of our lord the King, sent you the archiepiscopal stole by the hands of the bishop who has lately arrived from Rome. It will, therefore, be yours to consider what suitable acknowledgment you can make the King for such a benefit.’

Anselm was aghast with grief and amazement. The pallium, then, was here, here at Windsor; sent to the King, the very king who had been urging, and provoking, and threatening, and cajoling him to apostatise. The pallium was here, and he was now to be made to wear it. And on what conditions wear it? What! Had Rome thrown him over? Had Rome been false to herself? Had light made a covenant with darkness? Woe upon woe! Woe upon woe! Whither, whither should he turn? The rest of their speech was lost upon him. ‘Yes, the pallium, which you could not have procured yourself without many dangers and great toil and cost, is, if you be not too stiffly obstinate, now your own.’

‘Oh!’ he cried, ‘benefit! benefit! God, who reads my conscience, knows what store I set upon the benefit.’

‘Well, whether or not the way in which the thing has been managed suits your fancy, we strongly recommend you to give the King the bare sum you would have had to spend in going to Rome.’

Oh! great soul! Oh! little souls! Great soul, rapt in the contemplation of a thickening woe! Little souls, fit emissaries of a paltry prince!

‘No,’ he replied, ‘I will not; not even for the pallium will I give aught or do aught. You talk in vain. Leave me to myself.’

Let us now turn our thoughts to William Rufus. He, upon finding that Cardinal Walter really could not depose the Archbishop, took counsel, as we have seen, of his most valued advisers—no doubt Robert of Meulan was one of them—who recommended him to drop the question of the compatibility of the two obediences, receive Anselm into favour without the desired solace of a bribe, and, revoking the revocation made at Rockingham, give him leave, as spiritual father of the realm and Archbishop of Canterbury, to exercise the duties of his office without restriction throughout England. He accepted the advice and threw up the game, and things were now as they were at first, except, of course—and the exceptions are important—that, his favours having no pecuniary value in Anselm’s eyes, he must devise fresh means for getting money from him; and that he must soon take further action about the pallium. But these considerations, as well as his real feelings towards the Primate, had their proper place in the recesses of his own bosom, and the formal reconciliation must be his next business.

Nevertheless the nature of the King’s defeat and the extent of his mortification cannot be appreciated until we shall have taken into account two circumstances, the proper moment for discussing which has now arrived. The first of them relates to his dismay and physical collapse at Rockingham on receiving the Primate’s request for a safe-

conduct to the coast ; the second relates to the like dismay and physical collapse here at Windsor on discovering that the Cardinal would not, because absolutely he could not, depose the Primate.

I. We have seen that if, on the dissolution of the council at Rockingham, Anselm had left England as he was—seised, that is to say, of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, albeit repudiated in his capacity of *pater patriæ* and disowned as the sovereign's vassal—no successor would have been appointed during his lifetime, or, at any rate, until he should have resigned the primacy. For so long as Anselm was seised of the archbishopric there could be no fresh archbishop, inasmuch as the barons were, if only in their own interest, far too sensible of the legal value of actual possession to let the King play any such trick as that of disseising, untried and uncondemned, the first and foremost of his subjects.

But this was not all. Had Anselm on the Tuesday of Passion Week received a safe-conduct to the coast, he might, and probably would, have encountered the Pope's legate, either at Wissant or at some other spot on the road to Lyons. But the legate, as William believed, and correctly believed, had the archiepiscopal pallium in his baggage ; and the very air would be alive with whispers telling him who and what the traveller from England was. And so Anselm and the legate would both have started off together to the Pope, and the pallium would never have found its way to Windsor.

Now it was this upon which the King's heart was set during the whole course of the Rockingham council ; it was this upon which it had been already set for five or six months before that event ; it was this upon which it had been set ere ever he sent his chaplains to Rome to learn who was Pope. To William Pope and antipope were as six and half a dozen, or as half a dozen and six ; and he cared nothing for its own sake for the canonicity of Urban's position or the

uncanonicity of Wibert's; but what was of utmost importance to him was, first to get a pallium, a real Popish pallium, in his possession, and then with his own hands place it round the neck and over the shoulders of the sort of primate which the Bishop of Durham's zeal had promised him. Not until we thoroughly realise this can we hope to understand and measure his confusion and dismay on the 13th of March at the thought of Anselm's leaving England with the archbishopric still his own.

The plan had been most carefully arranged. The two royal chaplains had, on starting for Italy, been instructed, first of all to ascertain who was Pope, and then, by means of the most alluring promises most solemnly urged, to induce the Pope to send their master 'the Archbishop of Canterbury's pallium.' That was the phrase; not 'Anselm's pallium,' but 'the Archbishop of Canterbury's.' Meanwhile, but not too soon, Anselm was to be reduced to the desired level of servility, or else deposed and replaced by some sufficiently ductile Churchman; and then, by the moment of the envoy's arrival, there should be in the person of some mere creature of the Crown an 'Archbishop of Canterbury' owning no authority save the King's, and waiting for the 'Archbishop of Canterbury's pallium.'

But all these schemes and all these hopes would have been foiled and frustrated had Anselm left our shores and landed at Wissant before the legate's departure from that port. Hence, I say, the King's dismay and collapse at Rockingham. There is no exaggerating them—'*gravi cordis molestiâ elanguit.*'

II. And as to the like thing at Windsor. 'He was completely prostrated (*'deficiebat animo'*), for he saw that he had done himself no good in acknowledging the Roman Pontiff.' Anselm was not to be unfrocked, and the pallium might not be given to whom the King would. And so now, now as Whitsuntide drew nigh, now after nearly a year of most

careful management and more than a year of most eager hope, the hope vanished into air, and the management dropped asunder like a rope of sand.

He threw up the game, therefore, with the best grace he could, and by-gones were to be by-gones.

The Primate now repaired to Windsor Castle, where, in the presence of an edified and admiring Court, he entertained the prince with all that exquisite felicity of thorough breeding which was so peculiarly his own. Whilst they were still engaged in conversation Cardinal Walter entered the room, and said with a smile as he approached them, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity,' and, seating himself, went on to speak from the Gospel about peace, and to congratulate King and Primate on the restoration of a harmony which he feared he had himself borne only too slight a share in effecting.

This was all very agreeable and very nice.

It was probably during this interview that, the pallium being mentioned, some one, by way of gaining favour with the King, proposed to Anselm that, to do honour to the royal *majestas* ('pro regiæ majestatis honorificentia'), he should receive it at the King's hands; but he replied by adducing reasons¹ which proved that an ornament symbolical of the plenitude of the *sacerdotium* by no means appertained to royalty ('non ad regiam dignitatem'), but to the sole and incommunicable authority of St. Peter as represented by his Vicar ('sed ad singularem B. Petri auctoritatem'). The last forlorn effort of the King's flatterers being thus disappointed, it was arranged that the Cardinal should carry the pallium to Canterbury, and lay it upon the high altar of the cathedral, whence the Archbishop should take it *quasi de manu beati Petri* and put it on.

As Anselm left Windsor Castle he was followed by two of his suffragans, Robert of Lorraine, Bishop of Hereford, and

¹ 'Rationabiliter ostendens.'—Eadmer.

Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, who begged him to forgive them their denial of him at Rockingham. Compassionating their distress, he halted at the nearest wayside church and there gave them absolution. The Bishop of Hereford died in the course of a few weeks, and was succeeded by Gerard, one of the royal chaplains who had so efficaciously transacted the King's business in Italy.

On the whole, however, the reader can scarcely fail to observe, upon reviewing the story of this pacification, that, regard being had to the complexity of the King's plan and the keenness of his disappointment at its failure, he desisted from kicking any longer against the goads with a spontaneity scarcely in keeping with his temperament. The truth is that he was at this moment threatened by a dynastic peril sufficient to account for any such irreluctance.

Not least amongst the *primores regni* stood Robert de Moubrai, Earl of Northumberland, whose office of guardian of the northern border from Scottish invasion raised his advantages of birth, fortune, and matrimonial alliance¹ to such a pitch of importance as made him at once the most valuable and the most dangerous member of the peerage. Nor was this all. As recently as the previous November he had made William Rufus his debtor by the surprise, capture, and assassination of Malcolm, King of Scotland, the prince whom his master had befooled and insulted at Gloucester in the August of 1093.

I cannot tell if he took part in the council of Rockingham ; but if he did it must have been in the austere and gloomy brow, in the keen and restless eye, in the reticent and guileful mouth of this dark, rough, gaunt, and scowling Moubrai that Robert of Meulan read the resolution of the barons of England not lightly to let the King fling to the winds the

¹ He was nephew of the princely Geoffrey de Moubrai, Bishop of Coutances, and had within the last two years not only succeeded to that prelate's enormous estates, but married a niece of the Earl of Chester.

sanctions of all law, both human and Divine. When, however, Easter dawned on Winchester, a day or two after the King's return from Rockingham, of all the barons in the kingdom who should have been there to greet the sovereign with the customary Paschal salutation, Robert de Moubrai, Earl of Northumberland, had not made his appearance. The King suspected mischief, and sent him a peremptory message, insisting on his coming to Windsor by Whit Sunday, and letting him know that if he did not he should suffer for it. And now Whit Sunday had come and gone, Whitsun Week had come and gone, and there was no Earl of Northumberland at Court; while trustworthy rumour averred that the gaunt vassal had not only rebelled against his sovereign and defied him, but that he meant to dethrone him and give the crown to the King's cousin Stephen of Aumale, a son of Eudes, Count of Champagne and Lord of Holderness, by his wife, Adelaide, the sister of William the Conqueror.¹

So grave a prospect, then, may well have induced the Red King to ensure, if he might, the fidelity of such of his barons as still surrounded him by reconciling himself with Anselm, whose cause they had now more than once espoused in critical moments.

And it is more than probable that the whispers of superstition were in the King's heart of hearts blended with the counsels of prudence. For if it be true that by the autumn of 1092 he had learnt to believe that his own destiny was interwoven with that of Anselm, he now in this critical danger can scarcely have shaken himself free from the spell, and must surely have avowed that his only earnest of triumph over the conspirators lay in reconciliation with the man whom, if he hated much, he perhaps feared more than he hated.

Sunday, the 10th of June,² was the day, and the high altar

¹ If my account of Anselm's pedigree be correct, Count Eudes of Champagne was his second cousin.

² The fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

of Canterbury Cathedral the spot, appointed for the Primate's assumption of the pallium.¹ The procession of the Christ Church monks to the gate of the city by which Cardinal Walter was to enter was preceded by a long array of secular clergy and by the monks of the convent of St. Peter and St. Paul, or, as it was subsequently called, of St. Augustine, and followed by the thin, ascetic Primate with bishops on either side of him. He was arrayed in all the sacred ornaments of his rank, with the sole exception of the sandals, which from reverence he refused to wear. Thus marshalled, the Cardinal, who carried the sacred stole in a casket of silver, entered city, precinct, and nave, and finally deposited his burden on the high altar of Lanfranc's basilica.

The high altar of Lanfranc's basilica stood on the chord of the semicircular apse which terminated the eastern limb of the building; and at the extremity of the apse, and elevated upon a flight of stone steps, rose, in severe dignity, the ancient monolithic chair of St. Augustine.

Trembling with emotion—for if he must needs rejoice that the sacred ornament within that gleaming casket of silver

¹ I fear that a dissertation on the pallium would from its inevitable length be out of place in this connexion; but I will ask the reader to add to my note in the previous volume (p. 181) on 'summus pontifex' the following from Alcuin, 'De Divinis Officiis,' cap. 38:—'Pro rationali nunc summi pontifices, quos archiepiscopus dicimus, pallio utuntur, quod a sanctâ Romanâ sede, apostolico dante, suscipiunt.'

And if there be a sense in which any archbishop with metropolitan authority may be termed 'summus pontifex,' so there are many personages to whom the appellation 'vicarius Christi' may be given besides the Pope, who, of course, bears it in a peculiar and incommunicable sense. Thus St. Anselm writes (Ep. iii. 39) to the monks of Le Bec, 'Necesse est ut . . . prælato vestro obediatis. Ubi enim subditi prælati judices fiunt . . . ubi verò prælatus cum veneratione tanquam Christus suscipitur. . . . Quantò enim subditi se *vicario ejus* subjiciunt securiùs tantò ille prælato et subditis cuncta procurat benigniùs.' So that an abbot is 'vicarius Christi' to his monks.

In St. Anselm's day, although an archbishop might consecrate churches and give ordination before he had received the pallium, he might not cause his cross to be carried before him in travelling from place to place. Thus our saint, writing (Ep. iii. 72) to the Bishop of Dublin, says, 'Audi vi quia facis portare crucem ante te in viâ. Quod si verum est, mando tibi ne ampliùs hoc facias, quia non pertinet nisi ad archiepiscopum a Romano pontifice pallio confirmatum.'

had escaped the profane handling of a tyrant who once dreamed of buying the right to convert it into a badge of servitude to the Crown, the recollection that it was the emblem of a spiritual charge which, once assumed, might not lightly be laid aside filled him with a thousand fears—trembling with emotion, the pale Primate went up to the altar, opened the silver case, and gazed at what lay in it. It was such a pallium as he had seen on Lanfranc, such a pallium as generations of Englishmen had, during five slow centuries, seen on first one, then another of Lanfranc's predecessors, from Augustine down to Robert of Jumièges ; a long fillet, woven of whitest wool, wool of the fleece of the lambs of St. Agnes, and it had lain during its night of mystical consecration on the very tomb of the Prince of the Apostles ; a long woven fillet of whitest wool, but fashioned at its middle part into a circular form, so as to rest on the shoulder of the wearer, and thus resting symbolise the lamb which the good shepherd tends even at the risk of his own life ; a circular band and two depending fillets of even breadth throughout, and all of the whitest wool, save only that many purple crosses had been worked into the texture. And what meant they ? In this instance who knows ? The ends fall heavily down as he lifts it out ; but sacred hands are ready to adjust it round his neck—his form is so worn with fasting that the good people at Rome might well have made it smaller—and pin it by means of three golden brooches to his chasuble. And now they are leading him to his throne, and he sits down ; and first the Cardinal, then the bishops in their order, then the lower clergy, advance to him, one by one, kneel at his feet, and kiss the sacred ornament. It was a picturesque ceremony, but it was more and it was better ; it was in the highest sense dramatic, for it was a symbolical and solemn profession of the submission of each to the supreme authority of Peter.

Then the mass began, and the bystanders indulged their

pleased hearts, and were tranquilly thankful that so many dangers in the past had been happily surmounted or as happily avoided, when the Archbishop stood up mitreless to hear the Gospel, and the deacon's voice was heard singing—ah, what could be their meaning?—the very words of the old awful prophecy, 'A certain man made a great supper and invited many. And he sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were invited that they should come, for now all things are ready. And they began all at once to make excuse.'

'Oh!' thought he, as he listened to the offertory, 'oh that I were down there, a poor little chorister trembling before the choir-master rather than here, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All Britain.' And when the *Sanctus* was finished, and he descended from his throne to the altar to begin the canon of the mass, his newly-won pallium was wet with his tears.

CHAPTER IX.

A PROSPECT OF FRESH TROUBLE.

AND now that Cardinal Walter had fulfilled this mission there was nothing more for him to do than to receive the Primate's embrace and pay a formal valedictory visit to the King. Whilst he was engaged in the latter task Anselm wrote two letters and sent them after him. One of them was as follows, and can leave, I should imagine, but little doubt in the mind of my readers that he had hoped, whilst obeying the law of the Church which required him to apply in person for the pallium, to unbosom himself to the common father of Christendom and to ask his advice in the anxieties which beset him. What those anxieties were we are not informed, but can easily surmise. Our present business, however, is with his letter to the Cardinal :—

‘It is with entire confidence in your Eminence’s charity that I beg you will do me the favour of assuring our lord the Pope of the fealty and the reverential affection which I bear him, and which I have opened my heart to disclose to you ; and I venture to engage your sympathy to tell him how I labour under the burden of the archbishopric as freely as I have myself unbosomed all my grief to you, that so, his fatherly compassion taking pity on the complaints of his son and servant, he may, from time to time, condescend to give me a thought in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ and His holy apostle St. Peter, and that the bowels of his compassion may not be shut on me

should I ever fly to him in my anxieties.¹ The little offering I send him is, however small, proportioned to my power. May I trust to your kindness so to recommend it to his acceptance as that your recommendation may more than supply its defect in quantity? Farewell, my lord Cardinal; and may Almighty God send you His good angel to bear you company and speed you happily on your way. I beg you to pray for me.'²

The other was addressed to the Pope himself, and deserves our special attention, not only on that account, but because it gives us Anselm's view of his position in the second year of his primacy:—

'I thank your Holiness for the bounty which prompted you to send worthy envoys of the Apostolic See, and to order that the pallium be presented me.

'From the day on which I accepted the episcopal office³ I have most earnestly desired to visit your Holiness and offer your person the homage of the veneration due to it; not only because propriety required that I should do so, but because I longed to have the benefit of advice to be had from an interview with you, as hoping that in your prudence you would instruct me in my quest of direction upon necessary matters both public and private, and give me the support only to be had from your authority. But I pray your Holiness not to take it ill if I have not yet given effect to this desire, and not to ascribe the omission either to negligence or to insubordination in me. . . . The din of war surrounds us on all sides; we are in perpetual fear of hostile invasion and of the treachery of foes, and

¹ This passage is worthy of special notice. I shall have to refer to it in a subsequent chapter.

² *Ep.* iv. 115.

³ This part of the letter (*Ep.* iii. 37) must have been overlooked by some of my predecessors.

hence our lord the King has not as yet allowed me to leave the kingdom, nor has he thus far consented to contemplate the possibility of my doing so.¹ And besides, even if other causes did not concur to prevent my seeing your face at this moment . . . it is enough that age, ill health, and physical weakness render me impatient of a protracted and roundabout journey (*'prolixi itineris'*) and the exceeding roughness of the roads. But, all this notwithstanding, such is the toil and such the anxiety which oppress me that I would try to undertake the journey were it the will of God to appease wars in the kingdom of the English, and to give such peace to the kingdoms and provinces that must be traversed in coming to you as that I should be free to achieve the journey as would be right and expedient. But so long as this cannot be, so long does the impossibility keep me where I am. . . . And since it is not permitted me to come before you to pour forth in your hearing the daily recurring woes of my unhappy condition, I am even fain to weary your Holiness's ear with a few of my troubles by setting them down in writing. Holy Father, it grieves me that I am what I am ; it grieves me that I am not what I was. It grieves me that I am a bishop, because, my sins preventing me, I do not play a bishop's part. In a humbler sphere I seemed to do something ; set in high places, I bend under a burden too great for me, and am fruitless to myself and useless to others. I give way under the burden, because I lack more than seems credible, the strength, the moral gifts, the unwearying vigour, the skill proper to an office like this. The care I carry is too much for me ; I long to fly from it. The burden is too heavy ; I long to set it down. And yet, on

¹ I need scarcely draw the reader's attention to the extreme caution with which all this is worded. The Pope was to learn through other channels that because the Archbishop of Canterbury was the 'man' of the King of the English the King of the English had charged that prelate with treason for mentioning the Pope's name.

the other hand, I fear to offend God. The fear of God constrained me to undertake it; the same fear constrains me not to let it go. If, between my fear and my wishes, I could only ascertain the will of God, sure I am that I would do my utmost to conform my will and my actions to it. But as it is the will of God is hidden from me. I know not what to do. I grope in the dark, and sigh, and know not what end to put to the trouble. Therefore I entreat your Holiness, for the sake of God and by the charity with which you cease not to succour and help the Church, to have pity on me and stretch forth your hand to me in my helplessness and lack of resource, and sustain me with the charity of your prayers, lest, tossed on the billows of anxieties like these, I either sink or fail of my end. And I also pray, and from the bottom of my heart humbly appeal to you, as to a father who knows how to pity his children, that if ever, set as I am in danger of shipwreck, if ever, buffeted as I am by the blasts, I should be compelled in my distress to run for the haven of Mother Church, that then for His sake who shed His blood for us I may find in you a kind and ready help and sympathy.'

In other words: The King will not let me come to you, and I am wanted here; but I do not therefore suppose that if England were at peace with Normandy, Scotland, Northumberland, Wales, and the world, I should get permission to pay you a visit. At present I cannot come; of that there is no question; that I ever shall get leave to do so is more than I dare to hope. Still I shall ask for leave when opportunity offers, and, should I be driven to such a course, may even come without it. Such were Anselm's thoughts in the middle of the June of 1095.

CHAPTER X.

THE LATTER HALF OF 1095.

LET us now take a cursory view of the proceedings of the King, of Cardinal Walter, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, finally, of the Pope during the latter half of the year 1095.

I. The rendezvous for the royal and baronial troops had been fixed at Nottingham, and within a few weeks of the events just recorded, the Archbishop repaired to that place to give his blessing to the King and the King's enterprise. That blessing was not given in vain.

The sovereign set forth attended by the barons, who had charge of their respective contingents, and followed by his mercenary troops. Close to his royal person were the Archbishop of York and some other prelates. He economised the long solstitial days by pushing his way farther and farther north with all possible speed towards Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and nothing occurred to intercept the progress or vary the monotony of the march of his troops until, when they were already very far on their distant road and close to the border of the Northumbrian earldom, Gilbert of Tunbridge called him aside, and, falling on his face at his feet, exclaimed, 'Forgive me, sire, forgive me, I implore you, and I will tell you that which it much concerns your safety to know.'

William was for several moments lost in blank astonishment, and even when he had so far collected his senses as to hazard a guess as to the Earl's meaning and purpose, remained speechless. He was too bewildered to know his

own mind, and dared not trust words to his lips. At last he broke silence, accorded the forgiveness begged of him, and invited with greedy ear the promised communication. 'Stop, sire,' continued the other, 'stop, and do not enter the wood that stretches there before us. Concealed in that wood are armed assassins lying in wait for you, and set upon taking your life. The guilt is ours. We are the conspirators. We have sworn together to compass your destruction.' The King, in whom the keen caution of a nature alive to all the wild joys of adventure was never at fault, and whose instincts taught him when it was safe and when unsafe to give the rein to passion, looked the other in the face, required of him the number and the names of the conspirators, and after a moment's pause gave the word of command to march on skirting the wood.

He arrived safely at Newcastle, and in due time made himself master of that stronghold. He then marched upon Tynemouth, which he besieged and stormed. The Earl's brother and some of the Earl's best men were now in his hands, but not the Earl himself. He therefore pushed his way still farther north, to where, within a few hours' walk of Berwick, the stern keep of Bamborough frowns from the wild height, with the sullen sea beyond. Bamborough was a tremendous stronghold; and as it was well supplied with provisions, and boasted an inexhaustible well of the best and purest water, the gaunt black Earl, now that the year was verging to the equinox, foresaw a winter of dreary, deadly work to his besiegers there on the bleak cliff, all open to the biting north. Bamborough Castle was not to be stormed by such a force as that, and as to reinforcements, they were not to be thought of at such a distance from the King's proper England, and in such a season; for already, thanks to torrents of rain which had recently drenched the woodlands and marshes of Northumbria, half the country between the Tweed and the Trent was low under water.

But the Red King was equal to the emergency, and designed his famous malveisin over against Bamborough. The malveisin was to be a well-fortified and well-victualled garrison, within whose sheltering walls his troops, undaunted by shortening days and lengthening nights, by hard frosts and keen hurricanes, would keep themselves alive during the winter, relieving at short intervals night and day continually the successive picquets told off to guard the approaches to Earl Robert's stronghold. In the construction of this malveisin no slight share was assigned to the late conspirators, who, half dead with fright on perceiving their plot was discovered, had thenceforward most officiously exerted themselves in the grim prince's service; and Orderic draws a delightful picture of William waiting at the head of his mercenaries all ready for battle, whilst the first of his barons, poor gentlemen, and their retainers, bluff Englishmen who till now had contemned the foreign hirelings to their own hearts' delight, were set to work like galley slaves with spade and pick, and had to build him his garrison. But this was not all. Our genial historian goes on to relate how the mortified Earl, who commanded a full view of these engineering operations from one of the outworks of his castle, stationed himself at an opening in the wall and shouted out to his several accomplices in the late conspiracy, calling on them by name and conjuring them to keep their oath to him and not to behave like that; and how the King with a group of friends stood by and heard it all, and laughed his loudest laugh and gloated over the spectacle of the alarm and confusion of his culprits.

At Michaelmas, and when the works were sufficiently advanced to admit of his departure, William, whose energy no labours could exhaust, entrusted the siege of Bamborough to his officers, and hurried south to lead an expedition against the Welsh. This was less successful than the other, for the united forces, on reaching Snowdon about the beginning of November, found the season and the elements engaged to

protect the barbarians of that mountainous region, and few were the inglorious laurels which they gathered.

But, if baffled in Wales, the Red King was bent upon success in Northumberland; and returning thither, caused the Earl, who had meanwhile escaped from Bamborough and, after various adventures, taken asylum in a monastery, to be dragged from his sanctuary. The horror of the Countess of Northumberland may easily be imagined when she one day saw her gallant lord carried captive to the walls of the castle, and heard the King, the vindictive and terrible King, declare that unless she opened the gates his eyes should be put out. She surrendered. Thus the siege of Bamborough was, after all, a short one, and the King spent his Christmas at Windsor.

Not the least important item of business at this Christmas Court was the trial of no other personage than the chief instigator of the King's late designs, and the chief adjutant of the King's late enterprises, against the creed and the religious convictions of England. What may have been the specific fault of the unhappy William of Saint-Calais, Bishop of Durham, we know not, nor need we care to know. He had elaborated a cunning plan, and nursed a mean ambition; and it was enough for the King and enough for the poetry of retribution that the plan should have fallen to pieces and the ambition ignominiously failed. When summoned to appear before the sovereign, the broken, undone, and contemned creature sent word to say that he was ill and could not appear. 'By the face at Lucca,' cried the tyrant, 'he is shamming!' But it was no sham. The poor man was not only ill, but dying. On the 2nd of January he appeared before the Judge of all to give an account of his stewardship.¹

In the course of a few days the King moved to Salisbury, where the Earl of Northumberland was condemned

¹ Had he lived one day longer he would have completed the fifteenth year of his episcopate, for he was consecrated on the 3rd of January, 1081.

to perpetual imprisonment in Windsor Castle. William of Eu, another of the conspirators, whom the King had in 1094 decoyed from his allegiance to the Duke of Normandy, was shamefully mutilated and deprived of his eyes. The Earl of Shrewsbury bought his freedom for three thousand pounds. The Count of Champagne,¹ the pretender's father, forfeited his lands in Yorkshire, and was thrown into prison.

As to the other conspirators, it would perhaps be a fruitless task to inquire how many there were, and what were their names; for the cautious annalists refuse to tell us more than that, besides those who suffered, and whose names they might therefore publish with propriety and with safety, there were 'many others.' But why so many? How so many? That in 1088 some or even most of them should have attempted, on discovering the impossibility of keeping their new allegiance to the King without violating their older allegiance to the Duke, to cut a knot which galled their honour and their conscience, need neither surprise nor scandalise us. But this attempt in 1095 is of a very different character. That was an effort to suppress a disturbing element and consolidate a dynasty; this is an effort to give the crown to a prince whose *jus hæreditarium* is slight and inconsiderable. That was an open rebellion; this is a conspiracy to murder in cold blood. Why, then, this bloody conspiracy to slay the sovereign and transfer the succession to a female branch of the Norman house? Was it that Stephen of Aumale was so much loved, or that the Red King was so much hated? And why after a reign of more than seven years should the Red King have been hated to the death if he had not been hateful? It may, indeed, be said that chivalry must have been debased ere sworn liegemen could hire cutthroats to slay their sovereign. But then, who had debased the chivalry? We cannot comprehend the contest

¹ I need scarcely say that this prince, Odo, or Eudes, of Champagne, had married the Conqueror's uterine sister Adelaide.

between the King and the Archbishop unless we know the character of the first as well as that of the second, and the King's character receives appalling illustration from this bloody plot. The truth is that it was not the spiritual order alone, but the temporal, against which he had now more than seven years played the tyrant; and if early in his reign he learnt how to swell his exchequer by confiscating the revenues of vacant ecclesiastical benefices, by prolonging the vacancy and by selling the succession, the time must surely now have come at which analogous *consuetudines* had been applied to secular fiefs. One such *consuetudo* was that when a tenant-in-chief died the fief reverted to the sovereign, and the heir was compelled to redeem it of him; another was that if the heir was not of age he must wait till his majority before he might buy back his lands; and these were meanwhile ravaged and laid waste, just as the lands of St. Alban's Abbey or of the see of Canterbury during a like interval.

And hence, however magnanimous we may believe them to have been in the autumn of 1092, when they urged the tyrant to fill up the vacant primacy; or in the summer of 1093, when, after his probationary interval of suspense, they compelled him to desist from harrying the Canterbury estates; or in the spring of 1095, when, after a year of respite given them by his absence in Normandy, they seized their first opportunity of holding back his mailed hand from crushing the Archbishop—we should be worse than blind did we not perceive that the barons felt that their own order was in danger. And if they withstood him at Rockingham, shall we believe that they said nothing to each other of their own danger when once out of his hearing, or that they kept their words under such control as to confide nothing to each other of their apprehensions of a common ruin? When, then, can the conspiracy have been hatched with the Earl of Northumberland? When, I ask, was it that Robert of Moubrai undertook to send assassins to slaughter the King,

the rest engaging to join the King's standard and feign a friendship they had forsworn? He was away in the far north at Whitsuntide, away in the far north at Easter. When, then, was the conspiracy hatched? I suspect the thing was done at Rockingham out of sheer disgust and despair; disgust at the King's treatment of a prelate whose office and whose character might well have awed any other man than William Rufus, and despair of any legitimate escape when their own turn should come.

But I have too long digressed from our proper subject. One circumstance, however, must be noticed before resuming it. The man who, as the King approached the wood fraught with death, fell at his feet and implored him to avoid it, was Gilbert of Tunbridge, a son of Anselm's friend Richard Fitzgilbert. May it not have been the memory of the lessons of manly faith, of high-souled honour, and of Christian truth taught him whilst he was yet a boy in his father's castle at Tunbridge by the saintly Abbot of Le Bec that prompted this interposition? Who shall say? It is, in any case, worthy of note that the man to repent of the treachery, to save his accomplices from the guilt of blood, and to reassert in himself the character of Christian knight, was the son of Anselm's earliest benefactor amongst the barons of England.

Thus much, then, for the King's doings during the latter half of 1095. Let us now turn our thoughts to Cardinal Walter and the Archbishop.

II. Before setting forth from Nottingham the King charged the Archbishop to remain at Canterbury, and hold himself ready, the moment signal of alarm from the southern coast should reach him, to call the whole remaining effective military force of the kingdom to arms, both horse and foot, and send them to meet the foe.

This injunction gave him no surprise, for there were many precedents in its favour; but what must have greatly

astonished him was to find that Cardinal Walter was still with the King. Had the Cardinal asked for his passport and been refused? And if so, why? Now, however, that he had received it, or was at any rate believed to have done so, he must surely be on the point of quitting our shores.

The two prelates would seem to have left Nottingham at the same time. How long they travelled together, or where they parted, it would be useless to inquire; but when they exchanged adieux the Archbishop took his way to Canterbury, and the Cardinal, it would appear, towards the southern coast.

The Archbishop had not long regained the tranquillity of his cloister when there came letters from the King, sealed with his seal, and repeating categorically the verbal instructions given at Nottingham. This may or may not have surprised him; but what some days later caused him infinite amazement was to receive a communication from the Cardinal, and that a communication sent with the declared intention of remaining in the island for some considerable time longer. What was the meaning of all this? Surely the envoy could not be thus lingering here without the King's concurrence. Was it he that had solicited, or was it the King that had urged, this longer stay? And when had it been arranged, and, above all, why had it been arranged that he should thus linger here?

The purport of the communication from the Cardinal was that they two should meet in conference, and take measures for the correction of abuses. Who, then, was the author of this most mischievous proposal of the Cardinal's? Can he have been the same person with the author of his prolonged stay within our shores?

The Archbishop, in whom the prince could never understand how the wisdom of the serpent should be blended with the simplicity of the dove, was not to be entrapped, and wrote back to the Cardinal, telling him that his wish was worthy of

all praise, but that unfortunately the right moment had not come for giving it actual form. He then went on to tell his correspondent that he, the Cardinal, had no need to be informed that they two could do no effectual work, unless the programme of their consultations should have been set them by the King; for otherwise they must not count upon the royal assent to their conclusions, or the royal assistance in their efforts to render those conclusions operative; and, after adding that the King's orders obliged him to remain at Canterbury, or at any rate not to leave that city but for some spot on the way to the threatened seaboard, continued thus:—

‘I therefore appeal to your Eminence’s penetration, and beg you to accept my apology. . . . Pray understand that I am quite of a mind with you that the things which need correction should receive it; but I am waiting for the return of my lord the King, and of the bishops and barons who are with him, that we may set before him in a proper and reasonable way the topics on which action should be taken, and thus with his assent and aid bring our wishes to a practical issue.’¹

The letter concludes with a sentence which would seem to imply that its writer had no wish for further missives of the kind from the Cardinal, and that he wanted the King to be apprised of what had taken place.

‘In vain is the net spread in the sight of the bird.’ In vain had William Rufus made a tool of the Cardinal to decoy Anselm into a senseless and useless defiance of him on one of the *consuetudines* to which he was known to attach so much importance.

The King had woven his rude toils to no purpose, and the King was now in the far north. But there were those

¹ *Ep.* iii. 35. I believe this to be an exquisite hint to the Cardinal to mind his own business, the ‘we’ meaning not ‘you and I,’ but ‘the bishops, barons, and I.’

about the Cardinal whose instincts prompted them to contrive less manifest mischief, and they did it. Who they were I cannot tell ; but I suspect that the Bishop of Winchester was the chief culprit. So there came a second communication from the Cardinal. That he sympathised with the wretched quibblers I will not readily believe. He was a man of well-tryed and acknowledged prudence, and of well-tryed and acknowledged integrity, and I suspect that he meant to give Anselm a very serviceable proof of these qualities in writing to him as he did. Alas, though, that his letter should have perished ! The Archbishop's charity has once more cheated us of particulars concerning individual people which would have been of highest interest. Undoubtedly the object of these people, as they hung about the Cardinal, making him the vehicle of their pettiness, was first to tease and then to compromise their Primate with the King, if they could ; or, if they failed of that, then to compromise him with the Pope. The Cardinal, they complained, was a barren tree, and a helpless and unadvised stranger in a strange land, and the fault was Anselm's. The bishops, they added, who had denied and deserted their Primate at Rockingham, had not come back to him doing penance. Whose fault was it that they had not done so ? Again, Anselm had left a Catholic Church in Normandy to receive promotion amongst schismatics, and accept consecration at their hands, if, added the Cardinal, such a thing can be. Then, again, he had received investiture from a schismatical king, and done fealty and homage to him, knowing him to be, like the bishops, a schismatic, because severed from the Church and its head, Pope Urban. All these quibbles were very contemptible ; but I cannot help giving Anselm's answer to the last of them.

‘Our lord the Pope knew that I had been consecrated ; he knew who my consecrators were, and to what king I had done what I did. And yet he sent me the customary

pallium, and you were kind enough to bring it to me. He sent it to me, not as to a schismatic, but as to an accepted child ; not as rejecting, but as approving me, and so set the seal of his authority on what had been done. And the person who advised him to do this was Dom Walter, Bishop of Albano, and cardinal, a prelate who himself knew all the circumstances. If, then, you, my lord Cardinal, think this calumny worth your notice, why did you hold your peace before giving me the pallium? If you do not thus think, I leave you to judge of the propriety of making yourself its vehicle. I might say more if I wished to silence the malice of those who weave their wordy web *ad excusandas excusationes in peccatis*; but you are too wise to need reply upon reply when the whole thing is manifest.'

It would be like slaying the slain to quote more of this letter ; but the document to which it was a reply must have instructed the Archbishop past all doubt what was yet in store for him.

The Cardinal left England in the course of the autumn, carrying with him some of the arrears of Peter pence, a tribute which had not been paid since the King's accession ; and seems to have taken part in the Council of Clermont, which assembled in the autumn. That august gathering was not graced with the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent his excuses to the Pope by the hands of Dom Boso, the learned and pious monk of Le Bec whose acquaintance we have made in a previous chapter. Dom Boso had been summoned to Canterbury soon after his master's consecration, and seems by this time to have taken Maurice's place as that master's intellectual confidant. We shall meet him again.

Thus much for Cardinal Walter and the Archbishop. Now for the Pope.

III. The Pope kept the feast of the Assumption at Le Puy en Velay, and travelled then in slow and solemn pro-

gress to Valence, to Chaise-Dieu, to Nîmes, to Tarascon, to Avignon, to Macon, to Cluny, to Souvigny, and finally, on the 14th or 15th of November, to Clermont. He must by this time have received the Cardinal's report of his embassy to England; but that report was not in every way so good as might have been hoped. The legate had secured the Red King's recognition of the Vicar of St. Peter, an inestimable gain, no doubt, but had meanwhile betrayed a complaisance scarcely in keeping with the dignity of the Holy See, or his own good name. Bishoprics and abbeys, now for some time vacant,¹ were vacant still, and large numbers of the secular clergy who had long lived scandalously were living scandalously still. What had he done to remedy the one evil or the other? Nothing. This was bad. Great as may have been the praise due to him, it was, after all, little more than the negative praise of not having sold the sacredest of symbols to a royal barbarian.

And when the Pope read the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter, the first sentence must have raised a suspicion that his correspondent was far from satisfied with the results of Cardinal Walter's embassy. Nor could he find anything in the sequel to qualify that suspicion. On the contrary, he saw much to confirm it. Only once is the envoy mentioned in it, and then without a name, and in that most suggestive plural number which Anselm and his contemporaries employed when it was their purpose to mention with an implied disapproval. The excuses about the difficulty of travelling meant what like excuses had meant in Lanfranc's time, that the King was keeping him in England; the complaints of incapacity for the burden of the primacy meant that the King was altogether unmanageable, or, at any rate, beyond management by the writer; the hint about flying to the bosom of Mother

¹ Worcester at least had been vacant since the 19th of January, and Hereford, vacant since the 26th of June, was as likely as the other see to remain without a pastor pending the mere pleasure of the King.

Church meant that the time might come when, in despair of ever getting leave to quit the country, the writer would be compelled to quit it without leave, as knowing of no other way of putting the Sovereign Pontiff in possession of information which sooner or later it would be his duty to communicate to him ; and the document as a whole made it abundantly clear that he was in want of advice which he had taken care not to ask of Cardinal Walter.

If we suppose the Cardinal to have left England about the middle of August, this letter was in the Pope's hands before Michaelmas. In the course, however, of some two months Dom Boso came to Clermont from the Archbishop, and must have confided to the Pope particulars concerning the Cardinal's embassy, which, while elucidating that prelate's account of his stewardship, convinced the Pontiff that, besides its errors of defect, it had been in two respects positively disastrous.

CHAPTER XI.

ABBOT JARENTON : PRIVATE LIFE OF ST. ANSELM.

I MUST now say what were the two particulars in which Cardinal Walter's embassy to England in the year 1095 had been positively mischievous.

I. The first was that, uninstructed by the trickery which shortly before Easter introduced him into England in unworthy and questionable secrecy, he had promised the King that henceforth no legate should be sent hither from the Holy See save at the royal instance, and perhaps even upon the royal nomination.

It may, indeed, be urged that the Primate being *ex officio* legate of the Holy See in England, no envoy from the Pope would have occasion to enter the kingdom in discharge of legatine functions. Certainly not in ordinarily peaceful times. But suppose that Anselm should some day be disseised of the archbishopric in favour of an intruder—the very thing which the King had attempted whilst Cardinal Walter was already on his way to England—and that a papal envoy should some weeks later land at Dover with commission to investigate the scandal; it would never do for the King to have it in his power to send back his visitor, on the plea that the Pope had tied his own hands by this pact on the part of an indiscreet representative. In ordinary times, in times of peace, in times when the two steers drew the plough in concert, there would be no need for legates extraordinary; but just as, during the nineteen years which followed the deposition of Archbishop Robert and the promotion of Stigand, five pontiffs in suc-

cession had sent such representatives to England,¹ so might it at any moment be necessary for Pope Urban to intervene in Archbishop Anselm's behalf by a special commissioner; and what the King wanted was to have it in his power, on the occurrence of such emergency, to render papal intervention ineffectual; for now that the estates of the realm had refused to authorise him to cut England off from the unity of Christendom, and from the Divinely appointed embodiment and representative of that unity, the best, and perhaps the only alternative left him was to compass by the instrumentality of papal privilege that immunity from papal interference which he had failed to receive by the medium of constitutional legislation.

Clearly, then, the Pope could not ratify this unauthorised folly of Cardinal Walter's; and the only excuse which can be made for the imprudence must, I imagine, be that, whilst the King was resolved to interpret the terms of the engagement as applicable to any envoy of the Holy See, on whatever mission sent, the Cardinal supposed them to refer only to emissaries like himself, such as the bearer of a pallium or the receiver of Peter pence.

II. The Cardinal's second piece of mismanagement was so bad that it has provoked Hugh of Flavigny into a description of it which would seem to be considerably overdrawn; for whilst, on the one hand, we can scarcely believe that Walter inserted into the Primate's canonical oath any such clause as '*salvâ fidelitate domini mei Willelmi regis Anglorum*,' since, had he done so, we should assuredly have heard something of it in the sequel, there can, on the other hand, be no doubt that even if what he did were no more than what I believe it to have been, he did what was only too likely, sooner or later,

¹ Remigius, Bishop of Dorchester, in his profession to Archbishop Lanfranc (Cotton, *Cleopatra*, E. i.), says, speaking of Stigand: '*Ipse tamen decem et novem annis in sui cordis obstinatione permansit. Quô tanti temporis intervallo præfatæ Romanæ ecclesiæ pontifices, Leo, Victor, Stephanus, Nicholaus, Alexander, legatos suos suis quisque temporibus in Angliam transmiserunt.*'

to involve Anselm in as grave a difference with the King as would have been ensured by such an act as that for which Hugh of Flavigny gives him credit.

What, then, was the precise nature of the Cardinal's second indiscretion? I imagine that, coming to England at a moment when the Red King was chafing under the alleged grievance that the old traditional prerogative of the Archbishops of Canterbury had given Anselm the right to express official approval or disapproval of such personal caprices, pretensions, or enactments of his as he in his quality of sovereign lord of England now claimed the right of imposing upon his vassals, in contradistinction to those laws which, with the advice of his council, of whom the Primate was chief, he might promulgate in his quality of King of the English—coming, I imagine, to our country at such a moment, Cardinal Walter, in order to convince William Rufus that the superimposition of the new doctrine of territorial lordship upon the old doctrine of national kingship had not rendered Anselm's two obediences irreconcilable the one with the other, either consented or volunteered to induce the Primate to make a specific engagement that, so far as he might do so without sin, he would observe the royal *consuetudines*.

Now, if we needed any proof of the Cardinal's folly in eliciting such a promise from the Archbishop, we have it in the fact that when, five years later, the King died, the lay vassals of the Crown refused to accept Henry Beauclerc as his successor till he had solemnly promised to cancel certain *consuetudines* which were grievous to them. But if a lay peer might look forward to the King's death as his release from this or that *mala consuetudo*, and meanwhile bide his time, a conscientious Archbishop of Canterbury could scarcely exercise a like expectant forbearance; for the interests he was bound to guard were not temporal and were not his own.

But enough of this for the present. The subject will recur before long.

Our last chapter carried on the narrative to the opening of the Council of Clermont. At its close Dom Boso set forth for England. That he was charged with a letter from the Pope to Anselm none can tell; nor do we know more about his return than that his movements were delayed by illness. But he was due in England by the middle of January; and it was enough for the King's purpose to know that when he did come he might possibly hand the Primate a letter from the Pontiff. By the middle of January, therefore, the King had already warned the Primate that, should such letter be delivered, he was by no means to open it.

We have seen that there were four *consuetudines* which William Rufus was employing in order to counteract that check against the tyranny of the Crown which had been provided by the ancient political traditions of our country, and irremediably to weaken, if not to break, the bonds which had hitherto united England with the rest of Christendom; four claims with which the old Dukes of Normandy—more, perhaps, out of barbarous display of domestic omnipotence than from any graver purpose—had trammelled the due freedom of the spiritual power, but which, thanks first to the Conqueror and then to himself, were by this time improved into engines of incalculable mischief. One related to the operation of ecclesiastical synods, another to the excommunication of tenants in chief, the third to the recognition of the Pope, and the fourth to the receipt of the Pope's letters. It is this last with which we are now more particularly concerned; for as in the spring of 1095 the Red King had urged the third of them on the Great Council of the realm, in hope of extorting a verdict of treason against the Primate, on the ground that in naming the name of Urban he had violated his oath of fealty, so now in the following winter did he declare that, should the Primate infringe the last of them by opening the Pope's letters without royal orders, he would thereby not only violate it, but violate it past all hope of escape, inasmuch as the scope of

his obedience to the Pope had been narrowed by the promise made, at Cardinal Walter's instance, on his restoration to favour in the interval.

If, then, the barons of England had by their memorable action at Rockingham rendered it impossible, or in the highest degree unlikely, that the King should ever again construe the Primate's acknowledgment of the Pope into treason, this affair of the Primate's supplementary promise gave, for that very reason, if for no other, infinite concern to the Pontiff, and prompted him to make every possible exertion to counteract the mischief with which it was fraught. Now, Urban had made arrangements for appointing an envoy to investigate, and if possible compose, the unnatural quarrel that still raged between King William and the Duke of Normandy; and he resolved to impose upon his representative the further charge of neutralising the consequences of Cardinal Walter's imprudence. That representative was Jarenton, Abbot of St. Benignus at Dijon. Jarenton had received the religious habit at Chaise-Dieu more than twenty years before at the hands of Abbot Durand—the Abbot Durand who was so touched by the perusal of Anselm's prayers, and especially the *Terret me*, as to write to thank him for them, and tell him how they had edified him and his—and after a priorate of three years, during which he must often and often have read the devotions so dear to Durand, had, in or about 1078, been promoted to St. William's abbatial crosier in the capital of Burgundy.

On reaching England, the iron-souled monk—for unquestionably he was a man of strong and commanding character—exposed to the King those offences against the Christian law which had made the reign a scandal to Christendom: first, the protracted vacancy of bishoprics and abbeys; secondly, the confiscation of their revenues and the oppression of their poor (Worcester, Hereford, and Durham were now without bishops, and were in the King's hand); thirdly, the sale, the

shameless sale, from the highest to the lowest, of ecclesiastical preferments and the cure of souls ; fourthly, the incontinence of the clergy, which, so far from helping to suppress, he had encouraged ; fifthly, his pact with Cardinal Walter about the nomination of legates ; and sixthly, the promise he had required from the Archbishop of Canterbury in the preceding summer. There was that about the inflexible and incorruptible Jarenton which so alarmed a prince who feared when he dared not browbeat, and had now good reason to pause and reflect before putting the patience of his barons to fresh proof, that the offender listened with abashed and deferential respect to his remonstrances and his threats, and promptly undertook to fill up the vacant sees of Hereford and Worcester, perhaps also that of Durham. Men wondered at his altered demeanour ; and, discerning in it some faint and shadowy repetition of a previous compunction, told the happy news far and wide. The general Paschal joy—for the change took place at Easter—was gilded with hopes all the brighter from their suddenness, and these first promises of amendment seemed to justify the most sanguine auguries of new life and restored glory to the Bride of our risen Lord.

Will it be believed ? Before anything could be done about papal legates to King or papal letters to Primate, a messenger was announced from the Pope—the disgusted historian refuses to say whether he was the Pope's nephew or his valet, or rather asserts that he was the former and hints that he was the latter—with promise of a truce till Christmas on condition of the King's transmitting part of the arrears of Peter pence still remaining after the instalment paid to Cardinal Walter in the preceding year.

When people set eyes on the messenger—Hugh of Flavigny cannot find words for his contempt of him—a man without rank, without position, without education, not even a petty clerk ; a mere lackey—they felt sure that the Pope had not instructed a creature like that to recall his legate, and to

recall him by a verbal message. What sovereign ever sent a groom to tell his ambassador to come home again? The ridiculous imposition, however, served the purpose of the King, who, beside himself with delight at the success of his tricks and hypocrisy, sent to Jarenton to inform him on the Pope's authority that there was no more for him to do in England, and desired his bewildered peers to go about their business. They went.¹

The disheartened legate left England, and, after landing on the shores of Normandy, half dead from mental and physical exhaustion—for he had had a terrible passage—set to work to carry out the original object of his embassy. It is to Abbot Jarenton that we are to attribute the famous bargain by which, in return for the sum of ten thousand marks of silver, Robert Courthose allowed his royal brother the enjoyment of the Duchy of Normandy during his absence on the Crusade.²

On Whit Sunday, the 1st of June, the Court, according to custom, met at Westminster; and before the assembly broke up one of the promises made by the King at Easter was brought to at least partial issue by the consecration, on the octave of Pentecost, of Samson, a brother of the Archbishop of York, and of Gerard, one of the royal chaplains who had brought Cardinal Walter to England, to the sees respectively of Worcester and Hereford,³ as also by the

¹ It is singular that none of the facts I have just recorded find a place in Eadmer's narrative. The right explanation of the historian's reticence would seem to be that the plan of his work did not require him to touch otherwise than cursorily on the interval which elapsed between Anselm's reception of the pallium and the renewal two years later of the request for permission to go to Rome.

Radulf de Diceto alludes to the transaction in these terms: '*Walterus episcopus . . . Papam Urbanum et Regem quibus tamen conditionibus edisserat pro certo qui novit*' (*Abbreviatio Chronicorum*, s.a. 1096).

² I hope to say something on this subject in the Appendix.

³ The Archbishop had on Saturday, the 9th of June, ordained Samson to the diaconate and the priesthood, and Gerard to the priesthood, in the Bishop of Rochester's chapel at Lambeth. The assisting prelates in the consecration at St. Paul's were the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, of Thetford and Norwich, and of Rochester.

appointment on the following Wednesday, *ex reverendissimi Anselmi archiepiscopi consilio*, of Prior Henry of Christ Church to the pastoral care of Battle Abbey.

The chief topic of discussion at this Whitsuntide Court was the King's compact with his brother. Jarenton, I should add, had not yet heard from the Pope, who, leaving Tours in the middle of March, was at or near Bordeaux by the time of his lackey's arrival in England at Easter, and spent the 11th of June in the still more distant Carcassone.

The King wanted ten thousand marks, or somewhat more than six thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds ; and, not being disposed to drain his exchequer, resolved to raise the sum by aids and imposts. The Archbishop, still embarrassed by the debts he had been obliged to contract in 1093, contributed such sum as he was able to obtain from his tenantry, together with two hundred marks in gold and silver, which, at the instance of the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester and of other advisers, he borrowed from the Christ Church treasury, giving his monks in return for the accommodation a seven years' enjoyment of his manor at Peckham ;¹ and if we be not mistaken in estimating the total amount of his contribution at two hundred and fifty pounds—at half, that is to say, of what would have been deemed a very liberal offering—the general incidence of the burden was, probably enough, little, if anything, in excess of

¹ The annual revenue from the Peckham property amounted to about thirty pounds. In the course, then, of seven years the Christ Church monks might expect to receive two hundred and ten pounds, or three hundred and fifteen marks ; that is to say, their principal of two hundred marks and, in addition to it, interest amounting in the aggregate to nearly sixty per cent.

It was at the same time, apparently, that Anselm transferred, or rather restored, to the Christ Church monks certain pecuniary rights which seem to have been absorbed into the archiepiscopal estates during the tenure by his *antecessores*—the possessors, that is to say, of that estate during the vacancy of the see. This addition to their means, together with the seven years' revenue from the property at Peckham, enabled their prior, Ernulf, to exercise his genius and his skill in the construction of that glorious choir which, if it bore Ernulf's name, owed its origin to Anselm, and was the architectural boast of England until the luckless day in 1174 when, amid tears and grief, it fell in fire.

previous charges of the kind. There were circumstances, however, which rendered it an oppressive burden, for everybody's purse had been freely drained for the expedition of 1094, and the coming harvest gave the gloomiest of promises. Before, then, many days had elapsed after the close of the Whitsuntide session the Court was besieged by bishops and abbots, who protested their inability to raise the expected moneys. 'You have no such things, then,' was the only answer vouchsafed them, 'as wooden chests overlaid with gold and silver and filled with dead men's bones?' This must have been said by our old friend the Firebrand. There was no help for it. The cruel hint was taken, and presently shrines were laid bare, Gospel books stripped of the crucifixes and other ornaments with which the binding was enriched, altars rifled of their chalices, and the sacred theft melted down to fill the coffers of a prince who laughed pity and piety alike to scorn.

The King wanted ten thousand marks, and he got them, and, landing in Normandy early in September, handed over to his brother a treasure gleaned in great part from the spoils of the royal and princely piety of ancient England.

It was probably not until Duke Robert was far on his way to the Holy Land that Jarenton, now once more at Dijon, learnt the secret of the collapse of his efforts to repair Cardinal Walter's indiscretion. When the Red King heard, at the beginning of the year, that he was on his way to England, he suspected that he might be intending to call him to order, and, influenced partly by knowledge of the uncompromising temper of his visitor, partly by consciousness of his own inferior strength, and partly, it may be, by fear of the courage which his barons might derive from the one and from the other, despatched a messenger to the Pope, 'and in his hand ten marks of tried and purest gold.' The bribe never reached the Pope, nor was it meant for him. Had it reached him it would have gone a stage too far for success ;

but it got as far as the *Papæ vernaculus seu nepotulus*, who at once resolved to earn the right to keep it. He succeeded, as we have seen.

I have nothing more to add concerning the public life of Anselm during the year 1096, unless it be to note that in his character of Primate of the Britains he on Low Sunday, the 20th of April, consecrated Samuel O'Haingly, a monk of St. Alban's, to the see of Dublin, and on the 28th of December Malchus to that of Waterford, at the request in each instance of the local sovereign, his bishops and principal laymen. He spent his Christmas at Canterbury, for the King remained in Normandy till late in the following spring. Let us, then, take advantage of the interval for supplying the defect of information concerning Anselm which characterises this chapter, by endeavouring to form some faint and general notion of his private life.

For the Church committed to him there was little that he could do but suffer, pray, hope, and by the voiceless rhetoric of a gentle demeanour, an unruffled patience, and a soul illuminated by the light of heaven, teach, scarce conscious that he taught, teach all who had eyes to see and hearts to understand that the love which passeth knowledge is a blessing no trials can exhaust. Of active work there was little he dared attempt. The King hated him with an intenser and yet intenser hatred, a bitterer and yet bitterer hatred than ever ; and all hope of convening a council for the reformation of morals and the extirpation of abuses was even more forlorn than in the day when, now nearly three years ago, he was driven in despite and scorn from the castle at Hastings. The kingdom, thanks to the vices and the tyranny of the sovereign and his abettors, was now one vast scene of physical woe, of moral degradation, and of social chaos—a picture as sad and as appalling as the panorama which had nearly severed soul from body on the day of his election. But, thank God, there were round about him a sacred inner circle of tried and trusted

friends, in whose society he could from time to time enjoy an hour's oblivion of sorrow, as he expatiated with them now on the infinite love of God, now on the mysteries in which that love had found its divinest exhibition. There was the faithful Gundulf, who now nearly six-and-thirty years ago, in the lowly, half-lighted cloister of Le Bec, had wept tears of consolation at the thrilling words spoken by the young Aostan, and who was one soul with him to the end. There was Baldwin of Tournay, whose knowledge of law, of precedent, and of privilege, whose experience of life, and whose fertility of resource were ever at the service of his master. There was Eadmer, affectionate, loyal, and true, more and more beloved by his master as weeks, months, years rolled on. There was Boso, the typical Benedictine; ascetic, theologian, and philosopher—the reflex of his master's mind. But how time has flown! When we first saw Gundulf he was some thirty-seven years of age; he is growing old now, for he is well advanced in his eighth decade. And yet his relations to his friend are much as they used to be. Six-and-thirty years ago he was wont to sharpen his blade at Anselm's whetstone; now he lights his torch at Anselm's fire. 'One in their love of the home beyond the stars, they were now reunited in familiar converse, and, although they had long been severed by intervening tracts of land and sea, resumed those sweet colloquies upon the life eternal with which, in the old days when they were cloistered monks together, it was their wont to kindle each the other's heart. The two venerable prelates often managed to meet—now in one place, now in another--and revive their mutual fire of the love of God. But it more generally came to pass that the Archbishop's words lighted the blaze and the Bishop sat by and warmed himself.'

These meetings with his friend took place sometimes at Rochester, sometimes at Lambeth, sometimes in one or other of his own manors.

These latter he used to visit at stated intervals, in accord-

ance with a custom established by his predecessors and perpetuated by himself on account of its many attendant advantages. His own temporary residence at one or other of his country houses afforded his humbler dependents in the neighbourhood opportunities of redressing grievances which might otherwise have eluded his notice until they had grown intolerable and possibly irremediable ; and that of his retinue gave a stimulus to local commerce ; whilst his tenants were spared the labour, the loss of time, and the expense of transporting their tithes to Canterbury.¹

On these occasions he was entirely at the service of the monks, the clerks, the laymen that sought his gates. One of these visitors had a theological perplexity for him to unravel ; a second had a Biblical obscurity for him to elucidate ; a third had some trivial distress which none could so well assuage as he ; whilst a crowd of others had all sorts of temporal griefs to which it was impossible that a heart like his should steel itself. So long as they were with him, whatever their rank or their condition, he was all sympathy and all attention. But no sooner were they gone than he returned to the place in which he had established himself at the end of his room, and there, the light falling full on the page which his darkened sight found scarcely legible, resumed those glorious toils which, in the midst of whatever avocations or of whatever troubles, were now the supreme solace, as hitherto they had been the favourite employment, of his leisure moments.

As to merely secular affairs, his aversion to them was unconquerable. He had courted retirement from very childhood, and had formed himself to habits of seclusion and study

¹ The same thing is recorded of Gundulf in Bishop Ernulf's *Collectanea*. 'Gundulfus episcopus, quia ipsum manerium (Frakenham) longinquis regionibus à Hrovecetrâ nimis erat remotum, in suâ ac suorum omnium retinuit manu successorum, atque pro illo. . . . Wideham monachis æternaliter dedit, malens quidem sese ac suos successores annuis laboribus equitando victum ibi tam longè quæritare, quàm monachos vel ejusdem villæ pauperes homines singulis annis in annonam deportando fatigare' (clxiii. 1453).

long before the cloister of Le Bec shrouded him in its tranquil shade ; and there is little need to be told that if between his forty-fifth and his sixtieth year he had as far as might be deputed the secular duties of his abbey to the skill and industry of others, it was unlikely that he could gird his loins to so utterly uncongenial an enterprise as the management of the Canterbury estates, now that his strength was impaired by an overwhelming trial and the encroachment of age. His invaluable friend Baldwin of Tournay spared him much of this labour ; much, but not all. Occasions there were on which he was condemned to listen to the disputes, the wranglings, and the recriminations of his tenants ; and then, if he could not appease the tumult, his only means for avoiding a fit of illness was to retire from the scene. Eadmer and the others learnt to note the symptoms of nervous prostration which these scenes induced, and, leading him aside, would divert his thoughts by proposing to him ‘some question out of the sacred page, and thus, as by a salutary antidote, restore mind and body to their normal condition.’ He was once asked how it had come about that he was so weak and spiritless when confronted with secular concerns. ‘Long ago,’ replied the gentle denizen of the convent, ‘did I put from me all love and craving for worldly concerns. How can I now find strength and aptitude for these contentions ? I tell you the truth, and no falsehood. When these ruthless and inevitable disputes force themselves on me it seems as if my mind were thrown into convulsion from dread of them ; I am like a child when some horrible mask is held up in its face. And I feel just as much pleasure in composing these contests as a child whom his mother wishes to wean feels in feeding at a breast besmeared with some bitter lotion.’

This singular inability to encounter the rough uses of the world was accompanied by a childlike guilelessness which exposed him to the duplicity he was incapable of suspecting, and only when tutored by long and sad experience could he

bring himself to believe that his own dependents, and that friends who had seemed thoroughly to value his friendship and confidence, were capable of playing him false. The gentleness, the meekness, the simplicity of the man seemed to tempt people who had been reared in a very different school, and were now demoralised by the royal tyranny, to try how far, in rude compensation for their losses, they could go in overreaching and defrauding him; and once, when Baldwin and some other friends took him to task for his 'excessive simplicity and too little prudence,' he looked at them with surprise and said, 'What? Are they not Christians? And if they are Christians is it to be thought that they would knowingly lie for the sake of some little profit? No, no. When they speak to me they express themselves with evident care, and pledge their oath so explicitly to the truth of what they say that I might well be charged with refusing to trust where trust is due did I not believe that what they assert is based on truth.' Dear, guileless soul! That which his conscience told him he would never wish to do to another he thought nobody would think of doing to him; and on being informed that all were not 'of his sort,' would calmly close the conversation with these words: 'I confess I would rather be deceived into thinking well of them even if they are bad, I not knowing them to be so, than be my own deceiver in thinking ill of them before I have had certain proof that they are not good.' And, indeed, so hard did he find it to think that Christian should deliberately sin against Christian, so alien to his character was the disposition to contemplate sin at all, that it would really seem as though he laboured under an incapacity for discerning what was ill in others. He shrank from the thought that others would do wrong with only less horror than he shrank from sin itself; and when people had deceived and wronged him, so unlikely did he think it that they should ever again violate conscience by like offences that his very leniency and gentleness exposed him to fresh deceit

and fresh injury. There was nothing in all creation that he dreaded as he dreaded sin, and he used to say that if he could see with bodily eye here sin with all its horribleness arrayed before him, and there hell with all its pain, and were to know that he must be plunged into the one gulf or the other, he would make choice of hell. And he was wont to say another wonderful thing—that he would rather be uncontaminated and pure of sin in the bottomless pit than stained with sin in heaven.

The declaration surprised some of his hearers, and since his day men have not been wanting to take scandal at it; but it was easily explained. As there is no doubt that the torments of hell touch only the wicked, and that none but the good are blest in heaven; so is it evident that, could the good enter hell, they could not suffer the penalty due to the sins of wicked men, and that were the wicked by some strange chance to find themselves in heaven, they could never enjoy the bliss of the good.

But this unworldliness, this guilelessness, this rare holiness, whilst disinclining him to encounter those whose hearts were not in sympathy with his own, attracted and attached to him a small group of men who knew how to appreciate his exalted ideal. Eadmer tells us now on the testimony of his own experience what he told us at an earlier date on information received from others, that the saint never spoke but of Christ or holiness, or something that should tend to strengthen the true life's life of his hearers. Hence the relaxation from severer studies which he found in the edification of his visitors, his guests, and the monks and clerks in immediate attendance on him. When they were assembled at table he would sometimes bid the reader of the lesson stop, that he might discourse to them on what they had just heard. Sometimes rather than eat he would dispense with the lesson, and instead of it give them a short instruction; sometimes he would choose the opportunity for

answering some question which had been proposed to him. Eadmer has preserved us some of these discourses in his collection of Anselm's *similitudines*. One of the most curious of them, in a style of exposition then much in fashion, is an account of the panoply of the *miles Christi*, suggested by a knight's accoutrement, an account in which all the details of a warrior's armour, from helmet to spurs, his lance, his sword, his coat of mail, his shield, and, besides these, his charger, bit, bridle, saddle, have their own distinct metaphorical value. Another such discourse is one in which he compares a monk to some patient who finds himself put to pain by the remedy which, at his own request, has been administered to him. 'The doctors tell the sufferer to take such and such a drug, and he may be cured; he buys the drug, or has it given him for nothing. But when the strong dose works its way through his body, courses through his limbs, gathers together the unhealthy humours, takes away his strength, unhinges the whole system, prostrates him on the earth, excites in him a great desire to drink, to sleep, to go out into the air, and the doctor forbids his doing any such thing, warning him that he will die if he does, "Ah me," cries the sick man, "why did I take the dose? It went ill with me before, but now it goes worse. Had I but known this I would never have taken it." So he complains while the discomfort lasts; but when the evil humours have passed away, and little by little his system gathers vigour, he is rejoiced at having resorted to a remedy which he feels is restoring him to health again, and blesses the people who recommended him to do so. It often happens that a man on contemplating his soul's sickness seeks for a spiritual cure that shall set him free from his malady. A spiritual person tells him that he may be saved by the monastic life; he gives all he has to be taken into a monastery, or he is allowed to enter empty-handed. But when the unrelaxing rule compels him to stay awake when he would like to be asleep, to fast when he would like to eat, to remain

thirsty when he would like to drink, to read or sing when he would rather keep quiet, to sit when he would like to stand or walk, or to stand or walk when he would like to be seated, to bear numerous annoyances and absolutely relinquish his own will, "Poor me!" he cries, "why did I assume this habit? I was bad enough before, but now I am very much worse; so many things and such hard ones are set me to do which I really cannot achieve that I scarcely succeed in doing any good thing, and the little good I do I do against the grain. What next? Poor me! poor me! Why did I believe the people who advised me to come here? I thought all these people were saints!" So soliloquises the novice on his introduction to the grave life of the cloister; but when he has had time to think, and to reflect that while he is steadily enduring all this his sins may be washed out and his soul's health be in a fair way to recovery, all that seemed hard to bear grows by degrees light and easy, and he soon begins to feel as if nothing were the matter with him. He thanks God that the grace has been given him to undertake the monastic life, and blesses all that advised him to do so.'

One is inclined to inquire what the disease can have been that required such an awful cure as that the operation of which has been so vividly described; but the medical methods then in vogue were rough, and, were it not that mankind for the curing of their bodily ills were quite accustomed to a system of dosing and bleeding and cupping and cutting, we should think that St. Anselm had done the novice-masters of his time a grave injustice in setting them in comparison with the physicians. In another place he compares the professed monk who resents the needful severity of his spiritual guides to a patient whose only chance of cure lies in vigorous lancing. To be thoroughly cleansed of the bad humours in his system, he first of all has himself tied up, and he lays strict injunctions to the operators not to untie him till he has been 'perfectly' well lanced. The *similitudo* then describes

the plunging of the lancets, the cries of the patient, his protestations that nothing is the matter with him, and his threats that he will murder the operators, who in their turn pay no attention to him, for they know that there is no malice in his threats and that he only cries out because he is hurt. We, who have fallen on other times, can afford to smile at this ; but, save to the very robust, existence can have been no joke eight centuries ago. Well, then, just as people in earnest for the recovery of their health deliberately invited pain and even torture, so for the saving of their souls did they willingly encounter a discipline that they knew must be hard to bear. And if the age was rude in its experimental science, it was as heroic in its capacities of spiritual effort. Men burdened with many sins, but persuaded that salvation in the world was impossible, broke with the world, stripped themselves of everything, forsook all, flew to the cloister, and deliberately vowed that they would endure no matter what hardships and severities if so be the distemper of their soul might thus be driven off. And even when a monk thus converted, not only from the world to seclusion, but from a life of sin to one of penance, might have the misfortune to sin again after his conversion, his contrition for his fault would be brightened with a peculiar hopefulness ; for he was in the position of a vassal who had promised fealty to a feudal master, since, though the oath of fealty imposed a special obligation, he who had taken it might well plead thus to his offended lord : ‘ My lord, I confess that I have done very wrong, and that I am bound by my promise of fealty ; but, now that I am sorry for the wrong, must I fare worse than those who have refused you their fealty and have offended you besides. The reason why I wanted to be your vassal was that, should I ever offend, you might, instead of judging me as a stranger and another’s, correct me as your own.’

There is a singularly tender thoughtfulness in all these efforts to encourage his newly-professed monks to think

hopefully of themselves, and it all affords an illustration as graphic as it is touching of his singular aversion—an aversion carefully emphasised by Eadmer—against the *rigorisme* which in that age made but scant allowance for the infirmities of those who by their very antecedents must needs be weak.

But we must not forget that, besides these, there was another category of religious ; monks, I mean, who had lived in the cloister from their childhood ; and if it was only natural that *nutriti* like Eadmer and *conversi* like Baldwin should canvas the respective merits of the two classes, the kindly Archbishop had a way all his own of settling the dispute.

'Nothing is more common than to find a certain rivalry between *nutriti* and *conversi*. The former maintain that they have committed no grievous sins, that they have never been stained by converse with the world, that theirs has been a pure life from their infancy, and that they have always laboured in the Lord's service ; and considering the very different kind of life led by the others, they look upon them as their inferiors. The *conversi*, on the other hand, since, from their practical knowledge of the outer world, they administer the affairs of the monastery with discretion, provide things which even *nutriti* could not do without, are generally the more fervent class ; and remarking that the others are not good for much in these respects, deem themselves as a body superior to the rest. . . . Now, if they were all of them truly monks, the difference between them would be much like that between saints and angels. Angels are a sort of *nutriti*, saints a sort of *conversi*. But angels do not look down upon saints because they have sometimes given way under temptation ; neither do saints despise angels because they have never had temptation to overcome. If St. Michael were to say to St. Peter, "You denied your Lord," the Apostle might very well reply, "Perfectly true ; but you never got a slap on the face for your Lord's sake." Saints and angels do not talk together

like this. Of course not; but still they agree as if there were none but angels, or as if there were none but men among them.'

Thus would he entertain and edify his monks. 'But some one will ask, When did he eat? He used to eat as he talked, but so sparingly that you would have wondered how he lived on so little. Still he used to say, and we know it to have been so, that when he was engrossed in some longer discourse than usual he would eat more than his wont without being aware of it; for we who sat near him would every now and then slip a piece of bread on the table close to his hand upon the sly. But when there were no visitors, and he dined *en famille*, he would just taste something—it could hardly be called eating—and then stop and listen to the reading till the rest of us had finished. And if he saw any hurrying over their dinner because he was waiting, or perhaps leaving some of it untouched, he would chide them, and affectionately beg them to make themselves at their ease and take their time. But when he saw that any of them relished their food, he would bend a pleased and speaking glance on them, and from very gladness of heart slightly raise his hand and bless them, saying, 'Benefaciat vobis.'

People used to complain that he was too much of a cloistered monk to be primate of a kingdom. It was his own estimate of himself; but then there can scarcely be a doubt that if he had been less of a monk, less unworldly and less unearthly, he would have been permitted to dwell all the days of his life away in the little valley of Le Bec. He was a monk through and through; and in humility and patience, in self-denial and charity, in love of study and love of prayer, a model of the virtues proper to the Benedictine ideal.

Only when he could forget his prelacy could he be happy, at ease, himself; only in the cloister of the Christ Church monks could he breathe again. Once, when presiding over a chapter, he took occasion at the close of his address to tell

them, in the humorous, half-playful style of some of his *similitudines*, and with a conscious smile at his own expense, what a pleasure it was to be among them again. 'Just as an owl, when snugly ensconced in its hole with its young brood about it, feels contented and fares well enough after its own quaint fashion, but when it gets amongst crows or daws or other birds is set upon and pecked and fares miserably, so it is with me. So long as I am with you I fare well: it is the joy and the only consolation of my life. But when I am away from you, and get thrown amongst seculars, and worried by distractions on this side and distractions on that, and completely worn out by worldly business which I do not love, ah! then it goes ill indeed with me, and I tremble with alarm lest my being so beset should bring about some great loss to my soul.' Thus far he had sustained his humorous tone and manner; but he could keep it up no longer, and burst into tears, saying between his sobs, 'But do you have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.'

The King, who had landed in Normandy with his ten thousand marks in the September of 1096, remained in the duchy till the close of the following Lent, when he set sail for England, making for Portsmouth, or such other port on the southern coast as lay within easy distance of Winchester, the usual Easter rendezvous of the Court. But the elements were adverse, and kept him beating about the Channel until Easter Eve, when he ran ashore under the walls of Arundel Castle, some twenty miles from his proper place of debarkation. He therefore pushed on to Windsor.

After Easter he started for a fresh excursion against the rebellious Welsh. The campaign, if campaign it may be called, was short and brilliant, and Wales was now, if only for a season, yet for a season subdued. Neither in Scotland, nor in Northumberland, nor in Wales, nor in Normandy, nor in the states that fringed the duchy was there employment

for the martial prowess of the prince, who could now say that if but for a moment, still for a moment he was without a war on hand.

When the Archbishop heard this he took courage. For a moment, if but for a moment, there was a gleam of sunshine, and hope wove her luminous bow in the cloud.

This was in the spring of 1097.

CHAPTER XII.

A PROSPECT OF FRESH TROUBLE.

BEFORE continuing the narrative I must beg permission of the reader to advert to a few facts illustrative of the relations between King and Primate which took place during the reign of William the Conqueror and the pontificate of Lanfranc.

Archbishop Lanfranc, then, went to Rome for his pallium in the year 1071. While he was there the Pontiff, Alexander II., invited him to pay him another visit about Christmas in the following year, and spend a few months with him. Lanfranc, writing to him in the spring 1073, referred to that invitation in the following terms:—

‘When I was in Rome, and by the Divine favour had the privilege of seeing and conversing with you, you begged me to come in the following year about Christmas and spend three months or more with you at the Lateran. I regret to say that it has been impossible I should do so without serious public and personal inconvenience (*‘sine magnâ rerum corporumque incommoditate’*). God is my Witness, His angels are my witnesses, that this impossibility is the result of causes both numerous and various, the exposition of which would scarcely be compatible with the brevity of statement proper to a letter. But should it please God to give me life, health, and strength, together with convenience of circumstance (*‘cum rerum commoditate’*), it is my earnest wish to visit the holy Apostles, you, and the holy Roman Church. That this

wish may be gratified I pray that the Divine mercy may give my lord the King of the English long life, and peace over all his enemies, and grant that his heart be inspired with love of Him, and evermore stirred with devotion to Holy Church. So long as he lives we have peace, such as it is ; when he has gone we can neither hope for peace nor any other good.'

In other words, the future is very black, but the present is dark enough. The welfare of the Church here depends entirely on the good dispositions of the sovereign. Should those good dispositions last, I may hope to see you before the King dies ; but not for some time to come, and not until all his enemies—and he has enemies in Maine, Brittany, Normandy, and our own island—have been subdued. Meanwhile my position is beset by difficulties so numerous and so complex that I abstain from committing them to writing, and can only live on in the hope of some day telling you all about them ; but as to doing so just now, God knows that more harm than good would come of it.

Now when Lanfranc wrote this letter he was acting as viceroy over England, the King being abroad in Normandy ; and it is worthy of very special note that he says nothing to the Pope about this viceregal tie. But why not ? Why does he not simply explain that he cannot quit the charge entrusted to him until he shall have been relieved of it by the King's return, and that the date of the King's return is uncertain ?

Alexander II. died soon after this letter was addressed to him. Then came the pontificate of Gregory. During the first year or two of that pontificate no letters would appear to have been exchanged upon the subject of a visit to Rome ; and, unless Orderic has committed a most extraordinary blunder, Lanfranc went there in 1076 or 1077. But in the spring of 1079 the Pope wrote charging him with neglect, and attributing the fault to one of two causes : either he was

afraid of the King or the blame was all his own ; either, that is to say, his dread of a temporal prince's anger was greater than his appreciation of the Pope's smile, or his attachment to Alexander had put him out of conceit with Alexander's successor. Unless, indeed, continues the letter, the fault was entirely the King's, and the Church's favourite son was lifting up his head in arrogance against her ; in which case it would be the Archbishop's duty to bring him to a better mind.

It will be observed that this letter was written in the year of the memorable visit of the newly consecrated Abbot of Le Bec to Archbishop Lanfranc ; and it is in a high degree probable that it reached Canterbury before that visit came to an end. In which case the ancient prelate must have included it amongst the subjects on which he consulted his friend ; and I am much mistaken if that friend did not give him advice of which he was himself eighteen years later to reap the benefit. Of the Pope's three alternative surmises we may dismiss that which alludes to a *superstitiosus amor*. But if either of the others be true, which is it ? If neither be true, what can have been, after all, the reason of Lanfranc's prolonged delay in visiting Rome ?

Lanfranc, in his reply to the Pope, declared :—

‘I cannot understand, and conscience is my witness, how absence, or distance, or such little honour as I bear here in this distant country can serve as a bar to my submitting myself to you altogether and in all things, according to the requirements of the canons ; and, should God ever set it in my power to speak to you face to face, I should show you, not by words only, but by facts, that my attachment to you has increased, but that, on the other hand, yours to me—forgive me for saying it—has in some sort abated from its old fervour. In company with your legate I have, to the best of my power, communicated to my lord the King the message with which you had charged him. I did much, but not enough (*‘suasi sed non persuasi’*).

The royal reasons for not entirely acquiescing in your wish your legate will communicate to you by word of mouth as well as by letter.'

Here again to his old friend St. Gregory, as before to his old friend Alexander II., he hints what he cannot say.

Clearly, the obstacle to the desired visit was not of his own making, and, as clearly, it was one which even the Papal legate could not entrust in all its fulness of detail to the hazard of an epistolary exposition. But, whatever it may have been, Lanfranc, unless by some unrecorded accident the Conqueror happened to be in England in the summer or autumn of 1079, crossed the strait to confer with him upon the subject, and to persuade him, if persuade he might, to do that which should render the desired visit possible; possible, that is to say, *sine magnâ rerum corporumque incommoditate*.

It may, indeed, be asked, Why, if the only reason against Lanfranc's going to Rome was his political duty of acting as the sovereign's viceroy in England, did he not say so? A reference to St. Anselm's letter in 1095 to Urban II. will help us to answer this question. In the summer of 1095 William Rufus, first by verbal request and then by written order under the great seal, desired Anselm to remain in or near Canterbury, so as to protect the Kentish coast from invasion from Normandy; and yet, explicit as was this request, Anselm said nothing about it in his letter to the Pope, although that letter was full of reasons to account for his not going to see him.

Now, then, if Anselm in 1095 saw good reason for a reticence like this, we can scarcely be wrong in supposing that Lanfranc's reticence upon the very same subject, at a time at which Anselm's familiar acquaintance with him was most familiar, is to be assigned to the very same cause. And the whole tenor of Lanfranc's letters lends favour to the conclusion at which I am arriving, and which the reader has

by this time anticipated ; namely, that so long as Lanfranc was acting in England as the Conqueror's viceroy, so long did the Conqueror refuse to allow him to forsake his post, on the ground that the viceregal duties were of paramount obligation, and not to be relaxed even in favour of the Pope himself.

It seems to have been one of the inseparable accidents of the dignity of an Archbishop of Canterbury that in the absence of the sovereign he should rule the kingdom, experience having long ago approved the promptings of right reason and right feeling in selecting for viceroy a personage whose rank placed him beyond the jealousy of the subject, and his office beyond the suspicion of the Crown ; and Milo Crispin states categorically not only that in the Conqueror's absence from England was Lanfranc 'princeps et custos Angliæ,' but that he was 'princeps et custos Angliæ' 'secundum leges patriæ.'

I suspect, then, that the Conqueror maintained that Lanfranc's viceregal duties were of such importance and obligation as to discharge him from the payment of a visit to the Pope, which, right and in the highest degree right though it might be to pay it, since the Pope desired it, was, after all, not required by canon law ; but that Lanfranc was too wise to set anything of the kind down in writing, and thus force the Pope to take notice of it, as knowing that, had the Papal and the royal pretensions on his obedience been both of them displayed, the latter would provoke troubles which a little caution and a little patience might avert ; a little caution in writing little and saying little, a little patience in waiting till the restoration of peace or the detachment of the ducal coronet from the Crown of England should free him from the recurrence of frequent and prolonged periods of viceregal responsibility.

It was already the Conqueror's *consuetudo* that he should see and allow some if not all of the Pope's letters to the

Primate before they could be read ; and it would have been in the last degree disastrous if Lanfranc, instead of waiting till victory should bring the Conqueror back to England, or death separate the realm and the duchy, had provoked him to establish another *consuetudo*, meant to control for all time the visits of Archbishops of Canterbury to Rome.

Lanfranc's prudence then, and Lanfranc's prudence alone, averted, as I suspect, the imposition of a disastrous *consuetudo* superadded to the ancient English law. The law prohibited absence from England during periods of viceroyalty ; the *consuetudo* might have forbidden approach to the Pope at any time except by special and specific leave, and under restrictions such as would have rendered the approach worse than useless. Lanfranc's prudence, I suspect, averted this in the year 1079 ; and, whether or not his prudence had been inspired by Anselm's counsel, Anselm was now in the year 1097 to reap benefit from it.

How he did so, we shall see on resuming the history. But first let us briefly recapitulate the series of events from the date of his consecration.

From the memorable day in 1094 when the King vowed undying hatred against the Primate, King and Primate had seen but little of each other. Anselm left Hastings, and the King saw nothing of him till the January of 1095. Then came the truce. Then the council at Rockingham, when the two met but once, and then not to hold converse. Then came a second truce. At the Whitsuntide of 1095 they met at Windsor, but the meeting was brief. They met a few weeks later at Nottingham, but the occasion was not fit for the discussion of subjects near to the heart of either. On the following Christmas they met again, but expectation of the Papal legate imposed a mutual reticence. Then, in the spring of 1096, came Jarenton's abortive mission ; and the fictitious truce which brought that mission to a close imposed silence until Christmas, when the King was away in Nor-

mandy ; and there is no evidence that they met at the following Easter.

And now I resume the narrative, taking up my story at the moment when, late in the April or early in the May of 1097, hope wove her luminous bow in the cloud as the King returned from Wales without a foe to give him trouble.

Whitsuntide was at hand, and with Whitsuntide the first not altogether unpropitious moment, so Anselm deemed, for entreating the King to inaugurate those measures for the public good which had been ineffectually suggested as far back as the spring of 1094. 'Anselm was by this time only too well assured,' such is Eadmer's account, 'that during the King's lifetime he was not likely to bring forth any abundant fruit for his Divine Master ; but remembering, on the other hand, that William, when asked to help the cause of Christian faith and morals, had more than once replied that he could not bring his mind to the subject so long as he was molested with foes on every side, thought that now in this interval of peace the proper moment had come for trying to coax him as best he might into giving his consent to his doing at any rate some little good.'

But the King, who was by no means disposed to convoke synods for the extinction of a licentiousness that now infected the manhood as well as the youth of England, or to appoint abbots to the monasteries he was ruining, would have been untrue to his own character had he allowed himself to be forestalled by the pious zeal of the Archbishop. Resolving, therefore, upon Anselm's first word about the convocation of synods or the appointment of prelates, to push his old claims concerning the Canterbury estates one stage further, and with them his demands for money and his charges of treason, he made it his business to let it be known that any resumption of the efforts which lay so near to the Primate's conscience would be interpreted as a provocation of the royal displeasure. The hint was conveyed by means

of a letter which informed the surprised Archbishop that the King had but sorry thanks to give him for his contingent to the recent expedition into Wales. The knights, it explained, whom he had sent to take part in it, had—in contrast, no doubt, to those knights of the King who were on some of the Canterbury estates—joined the royal standard improperly equipped, and, indeed, were not made of the right stuff for such an enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury must, therefore, it continued, hold himself ready to do the King right according to the judgment delivered by the King's Court whensoever it should please the King to summon him to receive it.

When the Archbishop scanned the missive, in which he no doubt recognised the style of the Firebrand, he at once detected all that lay between the lines, and, saying to himself, 'We have looked for peace, and there is no good ; and for the time of healing, and behold trouble,' sent the messenger back without an answer.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WHITSUNTIDE OF 1097.

THE rainbow had disappeared, and the few days which elapsed before the arrival of the Primate at Windsor, the rendezvous of the Whitsuntide Court of 1097, were days of deep and inscrutable gloom.

Hitherto the King had pleaded the engrossing preoccupations of warfare in excuse of his neglect of the higher interests of his people ; but this letter of his left little room to doubt that he was preparing to amuse an interval of comparative tranquillity by a resumption of those attempts upon the Archbishop which the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland had two years previously induced him to suspend. His plan seems to have been to summon the Archbishop to his Court, and dismissing, upon the ground that the action was not that of King *versus* Primate, but of lord *versus* vassal, the plea of privilege which had been so successfully urged at Rockingham, to condemn the illustrious defendant to a heavy pecuniary fine ; which done, and having him at his mercy, he would then work his will on him. Whatever might be the issue of such a crisis—and it surely was one which none but the Red King and Renouf the Firebrand, out of all who were to compose the committee of preliminary inquiry, could contemplate without alarm—the proposed trial afforded the prospect of a very considerable incidental advantage to the King in establishing his claim to put tenants into the Canterbury estates, on the ground that those estates were burdened with military service to him ; and, further, in setting the pre-

tension which he had asserted at Hastings—namely, that Church lands were his own—fairly on the way to conversion into a principle, maxim, or fiction of law, the archbishopric of Canterbury being meanwhile reputed a fief of the Crown held on military tenure.

Whilst, however, the King was preparing to resume the bold and hazardous enterprise so congenial to instincts which had found their indulgence and their development in the chase and the battle-field, his gentle antagonist reverted to the resolution which he had on his side formed upon the conclusion of the peaceless peace of 1095—the resolution of betaking himself to the common father of Christendom what time he should discover that the King's unwillingness to give efficacy to schemes for the national good was likely to render his primacy barren and profitless.

Hence, then, it was that, whilst the King was meditating a ruinous and disastrous prosecution, the Primate's thoughts were set upon the remedy of evils greater and graver than it ; and that, whilst the tyrant believed his victim to be busily engaged in concerting plans for the protection of money, lands, and dignity, the victim was meditating the only course likely to lie open to him for rendering possible the performance of those primary and proper spiritual functions to which money, lands, and dignity, however sacred an heirloom in themselves, were, after all, merely accessory.

The account of this interval which Eadmer gives in his '*Historia Novorum*' is to the following effect :—

'He clearly saw the King's purpose in the letter, and not only so ; for seeing as clearly that all the judgments of the King's Court depended on the mere will of the King, and being absolutely certain that in those judgments no account was made of anything but that will, he deemed it an unbecoming thing, on the provocation of a mere word of complaint, to wrangle after the fashion of pleaders, and offer his case, good as that case was, to the examination of a tribunal in

which law, equity, and reason all alike went for nothing. He therefore held his peace, and sent back no answer by the messenger, considering that a missive like this was merely one of a large class of annoyances to which he had more than once been subjected. All he did was with a lowly and humble heart to pray that God would put a stop to them.

‘More than all this, however. Seeing as he did that the stripping churches and monasteries of their property, both within and without their proper precincts, and the stamping out of religion from them, was now become a thing of course ; seeing, too, that secular persons without distinction, high as well as low, had traced out and were holding on by courses of life utterly corrupt ; and that wrong was done here, there, everywhere ; and that that wrong, thanks to the stop put upon discipline, was day by day multiplying and strengthening itself, he feared lest all these things should be set to his account in the judgment of God, should he not set to work to counteract them all by whatever means he could. But then he further saw that to counteract them was impossible ; the fact was open and acknowledged that the prince of the whole realm either did all that wrong himself or encouraged and upheld those who did. It, therefore, became clear to him that the authority and sentence of the Holy See upon these things should be sought.’

In the ‘*Vita*,’ where, for reasons which will presently appear, it was unnecessary to make any allusion to the threatened suit, our guide gives a more succinct but equally instructive account of the Primate’s reflections as the Whitsuntide of 1097 drew nigh ; and the reader will be interested to note that that account corroborates what I said at the beginning of this chapter, that the temper and purpose of the King, as displayed in his vexatious complaint about the Archbishop’s contingent to the Welsh expedition in the spring of 1097, made it manifest that the state of things was not a whit more hopeful now than when, in the summer of 1095, Anselm had

expressed his fears to the Pontiff that he might some day be compelled to repair to him for counsel ; and that the Primate turned his thoughts towards Rome, not as intending to appeal from the threatened prosecution, but because the threatened prosecution left him without doubt that the King was resolved to render his pontificate barren and profitless. This, then, is Eadmer's later and more brief account :—

‘After this, however, the King (in 1095) took Urban for Pope, making the recognition to Walter, Bishop of Albano, who brought Anselm his pallium from Rome to Canterbury, and, prompted by the advice of his peers, received Anselm into his friendship. But the King, when, after some time (the real interval was two years), he returned from Wales covered with victory, renewed his anger against him, on the false pretext trumped up by ill-disposed people that he had sent his knights to the expedition ill-equipped, and was in high dudgeon. Then, therefore, it was that Anselm, reflecting that charges of this kind might at any and every moment crop up without the slightest provocation, and he, wasting his time upon them, find his hands for ever tied and rendered incapable of doing proper pontifical work, came to the conclusion that he must go to Rome and seek advice on the subject from the see of St. Peter.’

During the *dies festivores* of Whitsuntide, by which we are perhaps to understand the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of the Pentecostal week, the Primate turned to account such opportunities for observation as were afforded by the King's demeanour and conversation at table, and on other occasions ; and being assured that the poor man was by this time the embodiment not only of despotism without gleam of mercy, but of licentiousness past reach of shame, abstained—such, at least, is the most probable inference I can draw—from making any categorical request for the convocation of an ecclesiastical synod. But as soon as those *dies festivores* were over, the King, resuming those tactics of persecution which had 'been

suspended in the Lent of 1095, went without delay into committee with his advisers, intending to concert means for so managing the threatened prosecution as either to make the Primate pay a fine heavy enough to satisfy the greed which had been baulked, first of three times five hundred pounds, and then of the cost of an archbishop's journey to Rome and back, or else to bend him to a humiliation too degrading for him ever to lift up his head again.

To extort from the Primate a sum of money, and pretend that at least a portion of it had been owing for more than three years as the price due to the Crown for the appointment to the archbishopric, that the archbishopric was the property of the Crown, that Anselm held it of the Crown on military tenure, and that Anselm was the King's liege vassal, was part, but, after all, only part, of the royal scheme. William held that scheme even dearer to himself than the pecuniary profit which was to be the first outcome of the prosecution; and, in order that the prosecution might succeed, he must make it his business that the indictment should be so worded as not to run risk of rejection by the lords of the Council. Can any of these latter have caught a glimpse of his ambition? I think it more than probable; for whilst he was even now engaged in wording a draft of the indictment, one or two of them, friends of the Archbishop's and defenders of their own order, entered the room where he was seated with his confidants about him, and, addressing him, said that the Archbishop of Canterbury had desired them to inform him that it was his intention, with his leave, to go to Rome, whither he found himself bound to resort under pressure of a supreme necessity.

The stupefied monarch gave them an answer so little in keeping with the emotions which mastered him that I suspect it to have been, like many of his utterances, the product of another intelligence than his. 'By no means,' so it ran. 'We do not believe that he has committed any sin from which

none but the Pope can absolve him ; nor do we believe him to be so hard put to it as not to be much more competent to advise the Pope than the Pope could ever be to advise him.'

The implied compliment to the Primate—a fine touch not in any way after the manner of the Red King—was not the least clever part of the reply. But if that reply evaded, it recognised, a very grave difficulty, the public and solemn discussion of which would not have been likely to end in favour of the King.

William Rufus had been very prettily foiled. Not another word was breathed at Windsor about the proposed suit of King *versus* Primate.

When the King's reply was given to the Archbishop, the latter said with characteristic imperturbability, 'He has the power in his hand ; he speaks according to his bent. But, at any rate, if he will not give me leave now, perhaps he will another time. I will multiply my prayers.'

And so the scheme of a prosecution in the King's Court collapsed, and, whilst William set his thoughts to work in another direction, the tranquil but pensive Primate took his departure from Windsor Castle and set out for the archiepiscopal manor of Hayes.

In the course of the ride the pages in his train, who were lagging behind in quest of amusement, saw a hare on the road, and set their dogs at it. The hunted animal, to everyone's amazement, ran and took shelter between the legs of the Archbishop's horse. Anselm stopped. There sat the poor hare quite contentedly between the horse's legs, and under his protection. It was not frightened now ; and when the dogs came up they began to lick it ; and there it sat looking about with its little bright eyes, placidly refusing to stir ; neither could the dogs hurt it had they wished.

The Archbishop, who was much interested at so touching an incident, observed, as he surveyed his retinue, that some of them were chuckling with delight at the sport they had

encountered. He burst into tears. 'You laugh,' he said. 'This poor little thing has had sorry amusement and sorry sport enough. Her enemies are round about her, and to save her life she flies to us, craving protection. This is the human soul. When it departs from the body, those malignant spirits which, when it dwelt in the body, left nothing untried to chase it over all the rough places of vice, bear down upon it, ready to seize and throw it into sudden death ; and then the poor soul looks here, there, everywhere, and longs with ineffable desire for some helping hand to save and defend it. And the devils laugh and rejoice greatly if they see that there is none to help it.' He said, and, forbidding the dogs to chase the hare any more, resumed his journey. The poor little thing looked about her for a moment, and then, bounding off, regained her native glade.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COURT AT WINCHESTER, OCTOBER 1097.

AT Midsummer the King set out for another expedition against the Welsh, and returned in the month of August with but indifferent success and many losses to report to his Council ; for he had convoked his lords to confer with him on the state of the realm. At the close of the session, and as they were preparing to depart, the Archbishop presented his request again ; but to no purpose. But when, in the month of October, he, in answer to a royal summons, met the King at Winchester, he pressed his petition with new importunity and persuaded some of his friends to act as intercessors for him. The favour they sought of the King was that he would be good enough to concede a request which the situation in which the Primate found himself obliged that prelate to urge for now the third time. William was angry and fretful. 'He worries me,' he cried. 'I have made up my mind that what he wants must never be. He is teasing me to death with his importunity. I therefore command him to desist instantly from these entreaties, and, since he has already annoyed me more than once about this matter, to pay me the fine that shall be laid upon him.' That is to say, the pecuniary peace-offering for having annoyed the sovereign is not to be, as hitherto and from the bishops, a present, but a fine. By this time, then, the King's passion for pecuniary solace would seem to have been reduced to a system, and the propitiatory fines he was in the habit of exacting to have been classed as *regiæ consuetudines*.

The Primate replied as follows, saying nothing about the money: 'Rather let him know that I am ready to give reasonable proof that my petition is a just one, and that he has no legal right to thwart me in this matter' ('quid ipse mihi in his non debeat justè¹ contradicere').

'I refuse to listen to his reasons; but let him know that if he goes I shall take the entire archiepiscopate into my seignury, and that I will never again have him back as Archbishop.'

Here again, then, things are at a dead lock. The Primate claims it as his legal right that he should go to Rome, no reasonable cause preventing him, and, thanks to his prudent counsel to Lanfranc eighteen years ago, the right is not questioned. The right, I repeat, of an Archbishop of Canterbury to go to Rome is not questioned. He is informed, however, that if he goes the revenues of the see will be confiscated, and nothing left him to enjoy but an empty title. Things are at a dead lock; law and tyranny, right and might, face to face.

Opinions were now divided in the King's council chamber. High words were exchanged, and the excitement rose to such a pitch that some of the cooler heads advised an adjournment. Law and right had now a strong party in the Council, as they had not at the time of the Rockingham meeting; and even the King's party now was less pliant than the King's party then. Unfortunately for us, however, Gundulf was not present, and no record has been preserved of the arguments employed on either side—on the one side the King, Robert de Meulan, the Firebrand, and, probably, the four bishops present; on the other the greater part of the barons. It was a stormy discussion, but none of its details are recorded; all that we can gather is that, as a nett result, it left unimpaired the right of the Primate to go to Rome, no constitutional bar

¹ We have already met with 'justè' in this sense of *by law, by legal right*, and the like, in his letter to Archbishop Hugh (*Ep.* iii. 24).

opposing, and at the same time left intact the King's claim to confiscate the Primate's revenues should he go to Rome against his will or without his permission. — In other words, the King as king had no legal right to refuse permission; but should the Primate go without it, then the Primate's temporalities escheated to the King as his *dominus terrenus*.

But this nett result—a result singularly illustrative of the conflict between the old political law of England and the new feudal law set up by the Conqueror—was not attained without plenty of storming on either side. Still, there were some present who hoped that, even so, a *modus vivendi* might be concerted during the night; and, at their solicitation, the debate was adjourned till the next day, Thursday, the 15th of October.

If Wednesday, the 14th of October, at Winchester in the year 1097 was in some sort a repetition of Tuesday, the 13th of March in the year 1095 at Rockingham, the morrow was to prove in some sort a repetition of the last of the three sessions of the earlier assembly. When the Archbishop had made his appearance at the royal abode and taken his place, four prelates, the chief of whom was Vauquelin, the bishop of the diocese, and some of the barons came to him and asked what was the result of his reflections since the previous day's session. 'I did not agree to the adjournment,' he said, 'as not knowing what answer I should make to-day; but lest I should seem to have such confidence in myself as not to deign to allow others a night for conference. Be it known, then, that my resolution is unchanged. I therefore pray my lord the King to give me willingly and cheerfully the leave I ask, as knowing past all question that I intend to go in the interest of my own salvation, in the interest of our holy religion, and, if he will but believe it, in the highest interest of his own honour and profit.'

Precisely so. He was not going, as some have fancied, on an appeal from the King's court to that of the Pope, for the

King's court had given no judgment against him, and the suit once contemplated had been relinquished for now nearly four months. The truth is that the King's objection sprang from a far deeper root than jealousy of his rights as a temporal prince—rights which were in no danger of invasion; and that the ground on which he now took his stand was that on which he had stood at Gillingham.

‘If you have anything else to say,’ said the suffragans to their Primate, ‘let us hear it. In talking about leave to go you talk to no purpose. He will not give it.’

‘If he will not give it,’ replied the Primate, ‘I will take it for myself, for it is written, “We ought to obey God rather than men.”’

Hereupon the Bishop of Winchester looked him full in the face and said—but first let the reader recall the strange hint thrown out at Rockingham about renouncing obedience to the Pope, about shaking off the yoke of subjection to Rome, about being ‘free as became an Archbishop of Canterbury,’ about doing the royal will and awaiting the royal command in all things—the Bishop of Winchester looked him full in the face and said, ‘Well, my lord, the King and his chief men (‘*proceres*’) believe you to be one of those characters who are not easily moved from a deliberate resolve. But in such a matter as going to Rome, regardless of the prestige and the interests of such a pontificate as yours, it is not easy to believe that you mean to stand out any longer.’

Quite so. Anselm was *apostolicus alterius orbis*; what the Pope was to the Emperor of the West, that was he to the imperial King of England, with all that Prince's claim of sovereignty over the islands of the north; and if it be better to reign in hell than serve in heaven, how proud a lot would it be to be pope in plenitude of jurisdiction where now only by mere compliment he was sometimes flattered with the empty title of *apostolicus*, and was not even patriarch save by a transparent economy of phrase. Anselm well knew

the meaning of Vauquelin's hint, 'It is scarcely credible that, heedless of the prestige and the interest of a pontificate like yours, you should stand out any longer.' He well knew its meaning, its inspiration, and its ultimate aim ; and, retaining in mind the words 'stand out,' riveted the poor prelate with one piercing glance, as, his face kindling with amazement, indignation, and pity, he replied, 'I shall stand out indeed.' Vauquelin quailed before him, said nothing, and withdrew.

And now, as before at Rockingham, he was left a long time alone. The King in his closet was busy weaving wordy cobwebs meant to entrap him ; he was waiting here, deserted by his proper advisers, the bishops. Bethinking himself, however, that the proper place for the bishops was with him, he sent for his four brethren, who returned and sat down on either side of him. They were Vauquelin, once a Court chaplain, now Bishop of Winchester ; Robert, once a Court chaplain, now Bishop of Lincoln ; Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, a man of unquestioned learning and piety, but a confirmed invalid ; and John, once a Court chaplain, now Bishop of Bath.

'My brethren,' he said, 'I have made you come to me because it appertains to your office to handle, to order, and to guard the things that are God's. You are bishops. You are in high places in God's Church. If, therefore, you will join me¹ in examining and upholding the right and justice that are of God with the same fidelity and accuracy that you display in investigating and upholding the laws and usages of a mortal man, and promise me that you will do so, I will explain to you, as faithful brethren and as sons of God, the drift and purport of my present intention, and then hear and follow the advice which in your fidelity and zeal for God you have to give me.'

¹ 'Si vultis *in meâ parte* considerare.' 'In meâ parte' probably means 'in the chamber over which I preside.' The King and the barons were in one chamber, the Primate and the spiritual peers in another.

The intention was to resort to that great pontiff, who was at once his immediate spiritual superior and the head under Christ of the Church, for advice in as grave a difficulty as had ever beset Christian bishop since the foundation of Christianity; that difficulty being this, that William refused, as he had from the first refused, to allow him to take effectual measures for the rehabilitation of religion and the reformation of morals in England, and was resolved to treat as treason any attempt of his to act otherwise than simply and nakedly as his lieutenant, and that William still maintained that a Primate of the Britains had, upon becoming the man of the King of the English, then and there contracted a paramount obligation before which every thing, no matter what, must yield.

This, I say, was the Primate's intention; and upon it the Primate now asked of his suffragans such advice as they in their zeal and fidelity to God had to offer him.

Somewhat disconcerted by an invitation so little to their taste, they replied, 'We will confer together, if you please, and when we have agreed on an answer will communicate it to you.' So saying they rose, and, after conversing apart for a few moments, deputed the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln to go to the sovereign, learn his wishes, and receive his orders.

On the return of the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln from the King's closet, the four prelates approached the Archbishop and addressed him in these astounding words: 'My lord and father in God, we know you to be a religious and holy man; we know that your conversation is in heaven. We, on the other hand, are hampered by kinsmen who depend on us for subsistence, and by a multitude of secular interests, which, to say the truth, we love. We cannot, therefore, rise to your heights; we cannot afford to despise the world as you do. But if you will deign to come down to our poor level and go with us along the way which we have

chosen, we will advise you as if you were one of ourselves ; and, whatever be the business that concerns you, will, if need be, forward it as if it were our own. If, however, you simply choose to hold to your God as you have hitherto done, you will be alone in the future as you have been alone in the past, so far at least as we are concerned. We shall not transgress the fealty which we owe the King.'

'You have well spoken,' he replied. 'Betake you, then, to your lord ; I will hold to my God.'

They obeyed ; and again the Archbishop was alone, save that his few attendants were seated here and there about the room. He spoke not, neither did they ; all were praying.

After some little time the bishops returned and said, 'The King sends to tell you that on several occasions you have troubled, teased, tormented him with all sorts of complaints. After the termination of the process had against you at Rockingham before the assembled estates of the realm' (the word is '*placitum*;' let us mark it well. The assembly at Rockingham had been convened not as a court to try a plea, but as a national council to investigate the scope of established laws) 'you at last had the good sense to beg that he, as your lord (*'sicut dominum tuum*,' not *'sicut regem*'), would be reconciled to you, and, thanks to the good deserts and earnest entreaties of numerous intercessors, you got what you asked. You promised him that you would evermore thenceforward observe his usages and laws (*'usus ac leges*'), and that you would against all men henceforth faithfully defend them. He took you at your word, and hoped to be allowed to live in peace. And yet here you are, openly and deliberately transgressing your word and promise, and threatening to go to Rome without waiting for his leave.¹ It is a thing unheard of in his realm, and an utter violation

¹ Here again we see the chicanery of these people. The Primate had not refused to wait for the King's leave ; he had asked till he might well be tired, and the King had persistently refused to give it.

of his usages ('usibus,' not 'consuetudinibus'), that any of his peers ('principes'), and especially you, should take such a liberty. Now, then, in order to prevent all further annoyance, whether from you or from anyone else who may be inclined when he has a grievance to follow your example, it is the King's will and commandment that you do one of two things. You either bind yourself on oath never more to resort to the see of St. Peter or to his Vicar upon any matter that may affect you, or you retire without delay from the King's territory.¹ If you would rather remain, giving the guarantee of such an oath, than go, the King in that case requires you to pay a fine, to be amerced by his court, for having so often presumed to disturb his peace about a thing in which you were not sure to persevere.' The conclusion of the speech, however monstrous, was unimportant after what had gone before. He was to do what Christian bishop had never yet done, and Archbishop of Canterbury never yet dreamt of doing—take an oath to the sovereign never more to carry his troubles to their proper depository. To think that, after such a speech, the episcopal slaves waited for his answer would be to think them capable of an impossibility. They at once retired.

But they had delivered a carefully-worded ultimatum, and he must reply to it.

The issue was simple. He must either, by implication at

¹ William of Malmesbury's account should be read concurrently with the present chapter. What Eadmer here gives as a message he puts into the form of a speech by the King. 'Intelligo enim, aiebat rex. . . . Insolitum est quippe mihi ut quisquam procerum meorum eat Romam nisi meo potissimum missu' (a noteworthy word as distinguished from *licentia*). 'Ideo vel juret mihi se nunquam deinceps pro qualibet oppressione sedem apostolicam appellaturum, vel evacuet regnum.'

I translate the words 'quòd nunquam sedem Sancti Petri *appelles*,' 'will never resort to the see of St. Peter,' by way of avoiding the equivocal word 'appeal.' A literal rendering of the Latin conveys the impression to unsuspecting readers that the word 'appellare' is to be understood in a forensic sense. If it be objected that the word is sometimes thus used, I reply, Of course it is; and for that very reason did the King now employ it.

least, forswear that which at Gillingham he had been required to disown explicitly—all connection with the centre, and all dependence on the head, of Christendom—or, as his only alternative, expose England to the brute tyranny of the King.

The Primate conferred with his friends for a few minutes, and then said, ‘He is lord (*dominus*’). He says what he will. But, knowing to what I have been called, and what is the charge I have undertaken, I do not hesitate to say that it would be an unworthy thing in me, in view of no matter what passing inconvenience, to neglect to do what I trust may in future time be by God’s mercy of advantage to His Church.’ Whereupon, with the same unruffled calm as ever, he rose and left the room, followed by Eadmer and two other attendants, and, repairing to the King’s apartment, took his place, according to custom, at the right hand of the sovereign. Having ascertained that William’s message had been correctly delivered, he addressed him as follows :—

‘You say that I promised to keep your usages and customs’ (*usus et consuetudines*;) the Bishops had said ‘*usus et leges*,’ a very important difference), ‘and that I would faithfully uphold them against all men. I would willingly grant the truth of what you say, did you only, in quoting my promise about usages and *consuetudines*, note and set forth the restrictive distinction which I well remember to have been made at the same time with the promise upon which you base your present action. I am absolutely certain that I promised to keep, “according to God,” those *consuetudines*—the terms were categorical—those *consuetudines* of which you were in your realm possessed by right and according to God, and that I would to the utmost of my power defend them according to justice against all men.’

‘*Promitto usus et consuetudines quas per rectitudinem et secundum Deum in regno tuo possides me secundum Deum servaturum, &c.*’

Such had been Anselm's promise in the summer of 1095, not 'Promitto me usus ac leges tuas servaturum et eas contra omnes homines fideliter defensurum.' An unguarded and unqualified promise such as this would have been in the highest degree foolish, and in the highest degree immoral; and the contention that Anselm had given such promise can be no unfair specimen of the chicanery of the Norman *coutumiers* that hung about the prince. An unguarded and unqualified engagement to keep the King's *consuetudines* would have been a simpleton's promise to respect any pretension, however monstrous, which the King might at any moment choose to advance. For the word *consuetudines* did not mean, and was known not to mean, as of necessity, a custom or usage, as the words 'custom' and 'usage' are ordinarily employed by us; and the wildest caprice an hour old, provided only that the King meant to convert it into a precedent, was called *consuetudo*. An immemorial custom was a *consuetudo*; an established precedent was a *consuetudo*; a precedent not yet established was a *consuetudo*; an allowed claim was a *consuetudo*; an unallowed claim was a *consuetudo*; claims which, so far from being as yet enforced, had not even been propounded, were *consuetudines*. And, so far from the King's memory having betrayed him, it was simply inconceivable that the Primate should have made the fatuous engagement attributed to him.

When, therefore, the King heard the Archbishop recite the promise *verbatim et litteratim* as it had been made, he had no alternative—for he was resolved to be baulked no longer—save that of such men as he when they find themselves in such a plight. He gave the Archbishop the lie; and his friends, apprehensive of what might happen next, were the ferocious despot any longer foiled, followed his lead, and swore as he swore that no such words as 'God' and 'right' had occurred in Anselm's promise.

It was now Anselm's turn to speak. 'Well, well,' he said,

‘even if, as you say, there was no mention of God and of right, what then? Far be it from any and from every Christian to hold or uphold anything, whether it be law or custom (‘*leges vel consuetudines*’), which is known to be opposed to God and to right.’

A turbulent hum of inarticulate dissent, accompanied by a general shaking of heads, was the only answer to this; for the truth is that nobody quite knew what had best be said; and he proceeded, addressing the King, ‘Do you really mean to aver that it does not square with your *consuetudo* that I, in the interest of my soul, in the interest of the government entrusted to me and of the Church of God, should refer to St. Peter and his Vicar? I maintain that such a *consuetudo* as this is directly counter to God and to right; and I declare that every servant of God should disown and renounce it. And if anyone shall say that he will prove that I, by these my words, violate the faith which I owe you, he will find that I am ready to demonstrate, as and when I ought, that I herein show you a truer faith (that I am more truly your *fidelis*) than if I did otherwise. But I am not at present set upon that. It is acknowledged that all the faith which is by legal formula promised to any man derives its strength from the faith reposed in God. Man promises to man in these words: “By the faith which I owe to God I will be faithful to you.” Since, then, the faith accorded to man derives its strength from our faith towards God, it is evident that that human faith is vitiated and rendered worthless the moment it tolerates anything inconsistent with our faith towards God. But the present is not the moment for this discussion; and, to be brief, the faith and the service which I owe to God oblige me to resort to the Pope, the head of Christendom, and to ask of him advice most necessary for the Church of God and for myself; and I fail to see how any man who fears God can think of preventing me. You, sire, would not be pleased if some powerful and distinguished vassal were to

hinder one of his men from practising the fealty and the service he owes you by hampering him with threats and terrors, so as to prevent his furthering your interests. You would inflict on such a vassal a punishment proportionate to his guilt in violating the faith he owes you.'

'Oh! oh!' cried the King and the Count of Meulan, cutting short the characteristic speech, 'he is preaching a sermon. No man of sense will say that it has anything to do with the present question.' The words were greeted with noisy approval, and the man who of all others had the right to preach even to a king, and than whom no one could have said with greater delicacy what it was after all his duty to say about the moral responsibility even of a king, was for some moments silenced by round after round of uproarious applause.

And yet, unless Anselm's friends had by this time left the room, some of these brawlers, and they the more important if not the more numerous portion of the assembly, must have meant kindly by the Primate in thus rendering his words inaudible. They had upheld, and not ineffectually, his right to go to Rome; and, appropriate and apposite as his 'sermon' might be, their next purpose was to help him out of the country as soon as possible. His person, at any rate, was thus far free; why, then, run into needless danger? I think, too, that he took the hint; for, sitting with downcast eyes and countenance that now as ever retained all its supernatural serenity, he waited till the noise should cease, and then resumed his speech, but upon another subject. 'You command,' he continued, 'that, as your security for the future, I promise never again on any account to make appeal in England to St. Peter or his Vicar. I say that no such command as this should by any means come from you, who are a Christian. To swear thus were to forswear Peter; and there can be no doubt that he who forswears Peter forswears Christ, who set Peter as chief over His Church. When, then,

sire, I shall at your bidding deny Christ, then will I not be slow to expiate at the judgment of your court the offence which I have committed in asking leave to go.'

The King said nothing, but the Count of Meulan cried, 'Eh! eh! to Peter and to Pope will you go and show yourself, and we—we shall not tell you what we shall do.'

Here, again, I cannot help thinking that there was kindness in the interruption, and that the far-seeing Count was now managing his master as he so well knew how to do. The two parties in the Council had, as I believe, effected a compromise, which was that the Primate should be banished, but should not be forbidden, when in banishment, to go to Rome; or rather, perhaps—for this would seem to be the way in which the thing was formulated—that the King should give him leave to quit the country, and upon finding that he was bound for Rome should then convert his absence into banishment by confiscating his revenues and not allowing him to return; and to that compromise the King, no doubt at the Count's instance, had given his consent.¹ But the message embodying the issue of the deliberations had not been very clearly delivered to the Archbishop, who, until enlightened by this remark of the Count's, would seem to have been unaware that when once out of the King's land he might go where he would—unaware, that is to say, that he was to have the advantage of an arrangement which

¹ Hence, I apprehend, it is that the Waverley annalist describes the Archbishop as receiving an unwilling leave, but still as receiving leave, from the King to quit the country. 'Postea verò Archiepiscopus Anselmus licentiâ acceptâ a Rege (licet Regi displicuisset, ut homines aiebant) mare transivit, quia parum recta aut justa doctrina sua in hâc terrâ fiebat.'

And Ralph de Diceto [*Abbreviatio Chronicorum*, s.a. 1097] states the case thus:—'Quid autem, accepto pallio, rursus ad petendam licentiam visitandi papam Urbanum secundò tertiòve cogeret archiepiscopum, satis innuit indulta licentia sed non licentiosa. Nam si cœpto desisteret, si, propositis evangeliis repromitteret se nec apostolorum limina visitaturum, nec pro negotio quovis Romanæ sedis audientiam appellaturum, tunc poterat et suis et rebus suorum cum omni tranquillitate prospicere, poterat et regni majoribus in omni dominatione præesse; *sin autem poterat transfretare, sed inconsultius et sine spe revertendi recedere.*'

allowed the King to persist in refusing to sanction the proposed visit to Rome, but obliged him to accord the desired permission for leaving England.

‘God knows,’ replied the confessor of His Church’s unity, ‘what is in store for you.’ Sad and prophetic words. ‘He knows, too, how to help me on even to the threshold of the Apostles, if it be His will I should get there.’

So saying he left the room.

Scarcely had he gone when a messenger overtook him and said, ‘So, then, you are going. Please, however, to understand that our lord will not suffer you, when you go, to take with you anything of his.’ A sufficient hint that, from the moment of his embarkation, everything that belonged to him would be in the King’s lordship.

‘I have equipage, clothes, and accoutrements ; will it be said that they are his ? If he will not let me have them, let him know that I would rather go on foot and in undress than desist from my undertaking.’

William was ashamed of himself when the answer was taken back. ‘I did not say that he should go on foot and in undress. But for all that I bid him be at the port and ready to embark ten days hence. There a messenger from me shall meet him, who will let him know what he and the companions of his journey have my permission to take with them.’

The Archbishop made no answer, and, as there was nothing more to do, his attendants were preparing to escort him to his lodging, when he repaired again to the King, his countenance lighted up with an expression of equanimity, almost of gaiety. He took his seat and said, ‘Sire, I am going. Had it pleased you that I should go with your good will, it would have been at once much more becoming to you and much more agreeable to all good men. But things have taken another turn. For your sake, I am sorry for it ; for myself, I will endeavour to bear it with even mind,

and, by God's blessing, will never on that account give up the tender interest I take in your soul's welfare. Now, therefore, as I know not when I shall see you again, I commend you to God ; and as a father in God to his dearly beloved son, as Archbishop of Canterbury to King of England, I wish to give you God's blessing before I leave, and my own if you will not refuse it.'

The prince was abashed and said, 'I do not refuse your blessing.' The prelate rose, and as William Rufus bent his head made the sign of the cross over him. Before the bystanders could recover from their astonishment he was out of the room.

The inspired words which Anselm spoke at Gloucester on the day of his election were now to be fulfilled. 'The Church you are raising from her widowhood will fall into widowhood again, with her pastor still alive.'

BOOK VI.

ST. ANSELM'S FIRST EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY TO LYONS.

SATURDAY, the 24th of October, was the day fixed for the Archbishop's departure from our shores.

The legend on the seal of Urban II. was '*Magnus Dominus noster et magna virtus ejus,*' and this seems to have suggested the oft-recurring strain of the consolatory address which Anselm delivered to his monks before taking leave of them. Like the motive of a musical composition, now suggesting and now recapitulating its varied harmonies, the words '*magna est gloria Domini*' exhibited at once the motive and the aim of his proposed pilgrimage to Rome, and found suitable place in a homily which, while expounding the motive and the aim of the Christian's pilgrimage to the heavenly Jerusalem, was rich in allusive reference to the journey he was now to undertake towards that mysterious city which was to him what 'the Jerusalem that is' had under the old law been to God's chosen inheritance. He was about to leave them. The difference which, in the spring of 1094, had arisen between the King and himself upon the reforms which he had hoped to effect in the interests of religion and morality had reached a point at which he had no alternative but either to disobey God and violate honour, or else to quit the kingdom ;¹ and he set forth willingly, for he trusted that

¹ Here is a distinct avowal of his reason for going to Rome ; and here, as in other instances, there is not the slightest shadow of a suggestion that he was going there to lodge an appeal against a sentence of the King's court ; a tribunal which, so far from giving sentence, had not even sat in judgment on him.

God would be mercifully pleased to bless his journey to the liberty of the Church in times to come. Still, he would not conceal it from himself, or from them, that they must soon undergo troubles and distresses, shame and grief of no ordinary kind. In view, therefore, of the impending trial he reminded them of their vocation as monks, of the heavenly inheritance they were set upon regaining at all cost, and of the superiority of the true servant of God alike to ease and to adversity.

‘He treads the way of God’s commandments, however hard and rough the places over which the road lies ; and, inspired with the hope of reward, keeps his heart warm with the fire of an indefatigable charity, bears and forbears in all his troubles, and sings the cheerful song of the Psalmist, “Great is the glory of the Lord.” He has a foretaste of the glory as he travels on ; he meditates upon it as he goes, and from meditating longs for it ; and, whilst he yet longs for it, sights it from afar, and hails it with joy ; and, whatever perils beset him, lives on in hope of reaching it, and draws consolation from his hope, and cheers his journey with the song, “Great is the glory of the Lord.” Know well, then, that he will never be defrauded of his expectation, because the whole energy of his being is vowed to subserve the will of God, and set on winning the glory of the Lord. But it is time to stop. And, my brethren, if it be a trial to us to be separated now, keep travelling on, and we shall some day have a happy reunion in the presence of God. Live as those who are resolved to gain that blessed inheritance.’

The sentence was not finished ; the hearts of all were full to overflowing. But when the general emotion had somewhat subsided he broke it short by saying, ‘My dearest children, you know what I would have you be, and whither I would have you aspire. But time presses, and I cannot say more. I commend you to God Almighty, and to Peter, the most blessed Prince of the Apostles, that God may own

you as His own amongst His sheep, and Peter take you under his protection as the sheep entrusted to him by God. Give me leave to go, give me your blessing ; and may the God of love and peace remain with you.'

He rose from his place, and, having kissed each member of the community from Prior Ernulf down to the youngest of them, went into the cathedral, where a great crowd of people, monks, clerks, and laymen, were awaiting his entrance. He addressed them in a few words of comfort and exhortation suitable to the occasion, and then, without further delay, took the staff and scrip before the altar, and, commending them all to Christ, went forth from the precinct followed by tears and sighs. He was accompanied by Baldwin and Eadmer.

On reaching Dover the travellers found that their arrival had been forestalled by the King's agent, a clerk, William of Veraval,¹ who at once became the Archbishop's guest and remained at his side, going out and coming in with him, eating with him at his table, and sharing his refined and elevated converse for an entire fortnight, until the wind changed and word was brought that the ship's crew were in a hurry to set sail. The Archbishop was already on the beach when the reverend gentleman made an unexpected appearance on the scene, and, arresting him as if he were some runaway from justice, forbade him in the King's name to leave land till he had shown him his luggage. Insult must now be added to insult ; and, as though it was not enough that the *pater patriæ* and Primate of Britain should have been warned to take nothing of the King's property with him, he was now subjected to the affront of seeing his trunks and saddle-bags emptied and overhauled in insolent

¹ Monsieur Le Prévost says (*O. V.* iv. 142), ' Il devait être originaire d'un lieu nommé aujourd'hui Veraval, sur la commune de Hotot-le-Vatois, canton de Fauville. Au treizième siècle on disait Warawast (1219, 1224, 1281, 1284, 1289) ; on a dit aussi Werelwast (1220), Werewast (1221, 1282).'

fictitious quest of treasure.¹ The sight was witnessed by a crowd of amazed and disgusted spectators. But he had nothing the King could call his own ; indeed, nothing save a book or two, a few silver marks, some articles of under-clothing, and the episcopal *apparamenta*.

A brisk and favourable breeze had already carried him some way out to sea, when it was observed that the crew were grumbling amongst themselves as they shifted sails and cordage. It was of no use, they said at last ; the thing was out of the question ; the wind had shifted to a wrong quarter ; even though they should put out all their oars and pull with all their strength they would never make Wissant ; and, if the Archbishop did not wish them one and all to be lost in a watery grave, the sooner they turned back the better. 'If it be the inscrutable judgment of Almighty God that I go back to the old troubles, rather than escape them and attain the end I have desired, let Him order it, let Him arrange it ; I am ready to obey His will ; I am not my own, but His.' So he said as they made for the English coast, when suddenly the wind veered again and carried them straight to Wissant.

Scarcely had the Archbishop and his two companions disembarked when one of the crew called Baldwin aside to show him something. A strip of timber, two feet long, had detached itself from the ship's bottom. The acute Fleming at once examined the aperture. Somebody had been tampering with the ship, but had sawn the plank in such a way that so long as the ship was floating the pressure of the surrounding water would only tend to keep the loosened piece in its place. The miscreant who had meant to scuttle the ship should have so sloped his saw as that the piece should be staved in by external pressure. He had meant it to fall out.

¹ I am not sure that some of the books which give *manicis* for *manticis* may not be right, in which case the very sleeves of his habit were inspected by the King's agent.

Had he meant it to fall in he would not have laboured in vain. He must have been a landsman.

There stood the crew, and there stood Baldwin. They all looked one at another with amazement, and no wonder. But Baldwin strictly charged them to hush the thing up, and at the time very few people heard of it. 'Some time later,' continues Eadmer, 'I got an inkling of what had happened; and when, after a long lapse of time, I came to write out my rough notes, asked Dom Baldwin to tell me all about it. He assured me that my account was perfectly true, and that my imagination had not in any way misled me.'

They left Wissant on the following morning, and the first halting-place recorded by Eadmer is the monastery of St. Bertin, the site of which is familiar to all whom historical associations have attracted to the town of Saint-Omer. The Archbishop spent five days at St. Bertin, and during his sojourn not only consecrated an altar which the canons of the church on the hill had erected in honour of St. Laurence, but gave confirmation to children and to large crowds of adults who had hitherto been prevented from receiving that sacrament.

On leaving St. Bertin a journey lay before the exile which his companions scarcely hoped to achieve before nightfall, for the November days were growing short. I think they were bound for Arras.

Amongst the literary treasures of the monastery of St. Vedast at Arras, at the suppression of that house some ninety years ago, was a small parchment volume containing the 'Monologion,' the 'Proslogion,' and eighteen prayers or meditations, and bearing on the *verso* of the fifty-sixth leaf the following memorandum in handwriting of the fourteenth or fifteenth century: 'Iste liber vocatur liber Ancelmi.' Nor is there anything about the book to belie the interesting tradition recorded in these words. Not only are the character and ornamentation those of the eleventh century, they are those

of Normandy, and, above all, those, as I have good reason to believe, of Le Bec. Nor is this all. The *incipit* and *explicit* of the 'Monologion' call it simply 'liber Anselmi,' not 'liber Anselmi abbatis' or 'liber Anselmi archiepiscopi,' and of these the former has been carefully defaced; whilst the *incipit* of the 'Proslogion' styles this in its turn simply 'liber Anselmi.' The defacement in the first *incipit* is worthy of note; but still more so is the singular and, so far as my own experience goes, the unique fact that the prayers have neither title nor prologue. The fact is worthy of special note, for it seems to show that by the time the transcriber had gone thus far—as far, that is to say, as some eighty leaves—he was well aware that the book was to be used by the author himself. Nor is even this all. At the conclusion of the prayers to the saints a short space is left, and then the composition 'Pro amicis' begins, but begins without its usual title, and begins, further, with illuminated letters, as though it and its companion piece, the 'Pro inimicis,' which again has no title, were designed to rank as entirely distinct compositions, a peculiarity not to be found in any other copy that I know. On the whole, then, the codex exhibits characteristics which can scarcely have been noticed, still less studied, by those who, when it was already three centuries old, perpetuated in their memorandum the tradition that it had once belonged to Anselm; and I think I am by no means rash in believing it to be a copy of his devotional treatises written in the old happy and untroubled days in the retirement of his Norman valley, and carried thence to Canterbury. If so, how did it find its way from Canterbury to St. Vedast at Arras?

The Archbishop left England unprovided with means for a journey to Rome, but unwilling to be burdensome to those under whose roof he should lodge, or to receive their hospitality all for nothing. Curiously enough, however, he remained for no less than four nights at St. Bertin. He may, indeed,

have continued his sojourn there in hope of recruiting his strength ; but the delay can scarcely be explained thus, for he underwent great physical fatigue in one of the most trying of ecclesiastical ceremonies and in the confirmation of innumerable crowds of people. I think, then, that he must have waited at St. Bertin until he should see the way clear to borrowing money, and that he sent on a messenger to Arras for the purpose. Arras was at that time a flourishing town, inhabited by guilds of skilled artists in the precious metals, and thus by persons who would be likely to make gain by loans of money. There were money-coiners also there, who were no doubt industriously versed in all the mysteries of exchange. In short, I believe that our exile remained at St. Bertin till he had ascertained that the Arras money-lenders were disposed to accommodate his wants ; and that when he reached Arras, where he became the guest of the Bishop, he augmented his borrowed resources by selling the precious volume to the merchants, who in their turn sold it to the Abbot of St. Vedast.

That little book of three hundred pages held side by side within its two covers the sublimest efforts of pure reason and the most ardent rhapsodies of ascetic piety which Christendom had as yet known ; and Dom Baldwin, who negotiated the sale, could tell the purchasers that Abbot Odo of St. Martin's at Tournay—who seems to have been at once the ripest scholar, the most enthusiastic bibliopole, and the profoundest critic not only of Flanders, but of the whole of Gaul, and whom he knew all the better from having himself been *advocatus* of St. Martin's before he went to Le Bec—had already set his copyists to work upon the 'Monologion,' the 'Proslogion,' and the prayers, the original of which now lay in their hands, and had long ago pronounced their author the intellectual compeer of St. Jérôme, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Isidore.¹

¹ Herman, in his *Chronicle of St. Martin's, Tournay*, says of that monastery some years previously to the present events, 'Si claustrum ingredereris videres

Let me say a word here about the Archbishop's pecuniary circumstances subsequent to the 25th of September four years previously.

We have seen that between the 6th of March and the 25th of September in the year 1093 he lived on money lent him by the Abbot of St. Alban's. Upon his enthronement he not unnaturally supposed that at Michaelmas his rents would be his own. Nothing of the kind. It was the King's resolve to prolong their confiscation until Christmas. Being thus obliged to draw on the resources of the following quarter, it was not until the year 1096 that by careful management he had brought his expenditure abreast of his receipts; and meanwhile the burden of his debt to the Abbot, or rather to the Abbey, of St. Alban's—for Dom Paul died in the November of 1093—the excessive charges to which the King's tyranny put him in the equipment of his military contingents, his pecuniary aids to the King's expeditions, and the misery of his poor tenants had left him little indeed wherewith to pay the cost of a journey to Rome. But enough of this.

Of all the unpublished pieces attributed to St. Anselm there is none which has stronger claims to authenticity than a prayer entitled sometimes '*Ad Sanctum Vedastum*,' sometimes '*Ad Sanctum Adelardum*.' Corbie—which, lying at no great distance south of Arras, and on the road to Lyons, was no doubt one of his halting-places—cultivated a peculiar devotion to St. Adelard, as Arras did to St. Vedast; and I suspect that the prayer was composed at one or other of these places; as I believe the prayer to St. Laurence to have seen the light either in the vicinity of Saint-Omer, where he

plerumque (plures?) monachos juvenes in cathedris sedentes et super tabulas diligenter et artificiosè compositas cum silentio scribes. Unde omnes libros Jeronimi in explanatione prophetarum, omnesque libros beati Gregorii et quoscunque invenire potuit Sancti Augustinii, Ambrosii, Isidori . . . necnon etiam domni Anselmi tunc temporis Abbatis Beccensis . . . tam diligenter fecit describi ut vix in aliquâ vicinarum ecclesiarum similis inveniretur bibliotheca.

dedicated an altar to the saint, or at Vienne, where he some time subsequently lodged under his special protection.

These are indeed but fragmentary notices ; nevertheless they may yet find their proper and assured adjustment in the history of St. Anselm's life. Thus do the rescued *tesserae* of a shattered mosaic await the presence of their lost companions, taking meanwhile a provisional place in the design which the artist is endeavouring to reintegrate.

The Archbishop pushed his way with all speed through France, and coming to the frontier of that kingdom entered the duchy of Burgundy. But, quickly as he might travel, the news of his approach travelled quicker still ; and his journey through the territory of King Philip,¹ where he had been well known in the old days, evoked a general welcome, bannered processions of secular clergy marching forth to greet him with hymns of acclamation, amidst the applause of a sympathetic populace and the fervent excitement of legions of monks.

But as he travelled south into districts where his name and person were unfamiliar, the natural abatement of this enthusiasm allowed room for the invasion of other and less worthy sentiments. He was not known in Burgundy as in France, and people there were not all on the alert to contemplate that remarkable face on which science and sanctity had blended their severest and sweetest lines, transfiguring physical beauty to an expression of reverend grace and tranquil majesty, such as at once enchanted and subdued the beholder. To the Burgundians he was merely a great archbishop ; and they knew so little of the traveller as to think that he must be a rich one. One day, as he, Baldwin, and Eadmer were resting awhile a little off the highway, a troop of armed horsemen galloped up to them ; their leader shouting

¹ King Philip's son and future successor, Louis le Gros, was related to St. Anselm by his marriage with Adela, the daughter of St. Anselm's cousin Humbert II., Count of Maurienne and Aosta.

out to demand who and where was the Archbishop. This rude interrogator was the Duke of Burgundy himself, a great-grandson of King Robert the Pious ; and it was his gentlemanly purpose to rob the Churchman. But the moment he set eyes on Anselm, 'smitten with sudden shame, he hung down his head and blushed, and found nothing to say for himself.' Silence was broken by the Archbishop. 'My lord Duke,' he said, 'if you will allow me I will embrace you.' 'Here I am, my lord Archbishop,' was the gallant answer, 'ready to embrace you and entirely at your service. Right thankful am I to Him who has brought you here.' When the kisses had been exchanged, Anselm said, 'Prince, I have left England in the interests of our holy religion, and hope, if it please God, to go as far as Rome. It is a real pleasure to have met you ; for I have wished to make your acquaintance and enjoy your friendship, and also to procure security and peace for me and mine while crossing your duchy.' 'I am gratified, indeed,' said the soldier, 'to hear this from you, and am more than willing to oblige you. I commend myself to your prayers and to your blessing.' So saying he desired one of the principal persons in attendance to show the Archbishop the way through the duchy, and provide for his wants just as if he were a Duke of Burgundy ; and then, riding away, called down the curse of Heaven on those who had set him on waylaying such a saint. 'Why, to think of his face ! It is not a man's face, but an angel's. And people who mean ill by him, knowing what he is, may do well to know that God will smite them for it.'

On the 23rd of December he arrived at Cluny, where he was received with all possible respect. Abbot Hugh of Cluny and Archbishop Hugh of Lyons were the two men whose advice he most wished to seek ; and in the course of a few days a message from the latter, delivered by the chief gentlemen of his household, invited him to the primatial city. He had not gone far on the way when the Bishop of Macon met

him, to do him the honours in behalf of the great prelate ; and when he reached Lyons he was met by the Archbishop himself, who received him with all the pomp and pageantry proper to the court of a Churchman who was at once a sovereign prince and the primate of a continent.

And now, warned by the fatigues of his long journey and the dangers which he had good reason to fear would beset his route through northern Italy—for the Guibertines were already on the look-out for him—the exile took his host's advice, and, remaining at Lyons, despatched a messenger to Rome with a letter, in which, after detailing his troubles, he begged, in the first place, that the Pope would allow him to resign a charge into which he had been forced by physical violence and moral coercion, and for which he had always felt, and still felt, that, from temperament, from age, from ignorance of business, and from constitutional aversion to secular employments, he was eminently unfitted ; and, secondly, that he would exercise his prudence and apostolical authority for the redress of the wrongs under which the Church of England was labouring. The following are the most important passages :—

‘It seemed to me better to die out of England than to live in it so many were the evils which it would have been wrong in me to tolerate, but which I had not the power allowed me of correcting. (I.) The personal conduct of the King was far from what it should have been. (II.) He treated vacant churches in a manner the very opposite of right. (III.) He oppressed me and the Church of Canterbury in many ways—(1) by not restoring to me Canterbury lands which he had given to some of his knights whilst he had the archbishopric in his hand after Lanfranc's death ; (2) by giving away others after my institution according to his own caprice and without my will and consent ; (3) by requiring of me grievous services unknown

to my predecessors, and beyond the extent of my power and the reach of my duty. Nor is this all. (IV.) I saw that he was overthrowing the law of God and the enactments of canon law and Papal authority by certain arbitrary *consuetudines*.

'I spoke to him about all these things, but to no purpose; and, instead of simple right, I was confronted by arbitrary *consuetudines*. Seeing, therefore, that if I put up with all these wrongs I should be giving my sanction to an immoral pretension ('pravam consuetudinem confirmarem'), at the peril of my own salvation and at the expense of those who are to come after me, and being unable to plead my cause in the courts—for there was no one in the kingdom who dared give me either help or advice—I asked the King to grant me leave to apply to your Holiness, that I might unbosom my troubles to you, and by your advice and help do what was best for my own soul. He was very angry at this, and tried to make me (I.) (1) do him satisfaction for this request as though it had been some grievous injury, and (2) satisfy him (i.) that never hereafter would I on any account or in any emergency seek the Pope, nor (ii.) ever speak of such a thing; or else (II.) appeal to your Holiness at once if I ever meant to do so. Hence it is that, choosing the second of these alternatives,¹ I have crossed the sea to come to you.'

The various positions which the King had taken between the Christmas of 1093 and the Michaelmas of 1097 remind us of the successive patterns evolved in a child's game of cat's-cradle; the forms are diverse but the transitions easy, and the material always the same. In the spring of 1094 he forbade Anselm to ask for the pallium until he should himself, in virtue of his *consuetudo*, have recognised the Pope.

¹ The numeral marks introduced into the text are my own. I have inserted them for the sake of clearness and in the hope of elucidating Anselm's position. Nothing can be more valuable than this letter.

At their next interview, in the spring of 1095, he declared that the mere mention of the Pope's name without the royal authorisation or the royal permission was a breach of *consuetudo*, and further, that a breach of *consuetudo* was treason. Thirdly, and in the summer of 1097, taught by the lesson learnt at Rockingham that this was bad law, and that the nation would never tolerate it, he required the Primate to swear that never as long as he lived would he refer to that central chair of Christendom which had been established by the Divine Author of our religion, and pay a fine for his violation of *consuetudo* in ever having done so ; or else to leave the country at once, no time allowed for appealing to the estates of the realm, who had once too often proved to be an unpliant tribunal. This time, then, the King made it a violation of *consuetudo* for the Primate to invoke the national *jus*, which allowed appeals to the see of St. Peter ; and as the nation had not permitted England to be severed from the Church's unity, his best alternative was to get rid of the prelate who was the recognised link of connexion between England and the rest of Christendom, a plan which had the further advantage of allowing him once more to confiscate the Canterbury revenues.

Such, then, was the upshot of the meeting at Winchester in the autumn of 1097. Such was Anselm's exposition of the cause of his exile.

But, besides the direct and continuous sequence of the events which had led up to his exile, there was very much to tell the Pope, very much which the Pope might well hesitate to accept on the authority of any other informant than the Archbishop himself ; very much which only one of the three informants who had on as many occasions reported to him on the state of England during the last ten years would have been likely to communicate to him in a form at once true, consistent, and intelligible. Time was when William Rufus, King of the English, thought he might even venture to say

that he and no one else was to be Archbishop of Canterbury, the keeper of his own conscience, the arbiter of the moral destinies of the nation, the depositary of all spiritual jurisdictions over the Church in England. Then came a moment of vacillation, a moment of fear lest his barons should too strongly resent his attempts to suppress the only constitutional bulwark against tyranny, and of alarm at his impious dream. And when he next spoke on the subject there fell the crushing blow from God, the prospect of endless woe, the desperate remorse, the agony of appeal to Anselm to take the archbishopric from his soul and save him from the fires of hell. This was the first stage of the history.

Time was when, repenting of his repentance, he vowed himself the enemy of God, and although urged by unholy fear not again with his own hands to rob the Bride of Christ, ignobly resolved so to practise upon Anselm, the responsible guardian of her dowry, that, at the risk not only of his own soul but of Anselm's, first one, then another of her sacred ornaments should be filched from her and handed over to himself. Overawed, however, by his barons, he changed his game and resolved to promise lies. On the faith of that faithless pact Anselm was enthroned and consecrated. This is the second stage of the history.

Time was when, his lust for gold exasperated by the incorruptible magnanimity of the prelate whose unworldliness he had hoped to circumvent, he resumed the old ambition, conjuring away its terrors by the hope that the responsibility of the sin would be not his but the creature's who pandered to it, and adopted the device of William of Saint-Calais for breaking asunder the bonds of the Lord and of His Christ, for assuming into his person all authority, Divine as well as human, and for reigning in England as Head of the Church of God. But this pretension, buttressed though it was by a servile episcopate, was undermined by the Christian truth of the peers of England, and

overthrown by the glorious constancy of the prelate whom, all along misjudging, he had thought to inveigle by the bribe of independence of the Divine authority of the Rock upon which the Church is built. This is the third stage of the history.

Then came the fourth. The laity of England had refused to apostatise ; the fautor of his schemes was dead ; and then, then, as a last miserable alternative, he dropped from his ambitious height back into the foul slough of avarice, and plied all the arts of threat and of falsehood to reconfiscate the revenues of the see of Canterbury, and figured once more not as head of the Church, not as source of jurisdiction, not as lord of all, but merely as a crowned robber. The ambition of a Lucifer succeeded by the fall of a Judas. This is the fourth stage of the history.

The fifth stage has yet to be described. Meanwhile Anselm's presence at Rome was needed, that he might tell all that had passed. Meanwhile the avenging rod was withheld in answer to Anselm's prayers.

CHAPTER II.

ROME.

IT was on Saturday, the 20th of March, in the year 1098, that, as the sun sank westward over the vineyards of Savoy, three monks rode into a village situated on the spur of a subalpine mountain at an hour's ride from Chambéry, and now known as Apremont. There was an inn, or hospice, in the place ; but they preferred making proof of the hospitality of a religious community established there ; for, apart from the propriety of lodging in a monastery, they were anxious to participate in the office of the coming night and the peculiarly solemn function of the morrow, which was Palm Sunday. They received a hearty welcome, and as evening declined were questioned, not unnaturally, as to whence they had come. 'We have left France,' they said, 'and intend to go to Rome, if it be the will of God.' 'You are labouring in vain,' observed their hosts. 'No one dressed as a monk goes along the road that lies before you who is not captured and put to all sorts of rough handling. The Archbishop of Canterbury got information of this and acted wisely. He meant to go to Rome to plead a cause of his—so they say, at least—but when he reached Piacenza and heard of the dangers of the way he turned back. He is at Lyons at the present moment.' 'He has acted wisely,' replied the spokesman of the party ; 'we, however, are under the double obligation of Divine service and obedience to our spiritual father, and shall go as far as we can, with God for our Conductor. When we can go no further, saving our obedience,

we shall turn back.' 'May the good God guide your steps,' was the pious rejoinder.

On the morrow they pursued their journey, and, crossing Mont Cenis, found their way to Susa, where they paid their respects to the Abbot of St. Just. Whilst answering the usual questions about the whence and the whither, one of them, who had a Flemish accent, let it be known that he was a monk of Le Bec. 'Pray tell me, my brethren, is Abbot Anselm still living—a man tried and approved, the favourite of God and of men?' 'Abbot Anselm,' was the reply, 'has been taken away from Le Bec to be archbishop in another kingdom.' 'So I have heard,' said the Abbot; 'but how is he? Is he well?' 'I have not seen him at Le Bec since he became archbishop,' replied the Fleming, who of course was Dom Baldwin, 'but he is said to be quite well at present.' 'Long may he continue so,' prayed the catechiser. When the unsuspected subject of all this heard his own name, he prudently pulled forward his hood and hung down his head, saying nothing.

From Susa Anselm and his companions went down the valley to where the monastery of La Chiusa crowns the summit of the Pirichiano; a marvellous monument, in which inventive skill has excavated and terraced, chiselled and transfigured the live rock into perfect harmony with an elaborate architectural design. There they spent Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday, and shared in the Easter joys of their entertainers before setting forth to adventure the perils with which they feared their journey through Lombardy would now be beset. Those perils proved to be imaginary, for the Guibertines, deceived by the news of a dangerous illness of Anselm's when at Lyons, believed him to be still unable to travel, and were not on the watch for him.

But although the pilgrim's rank was impenetrably disguised, and no one knew whence he came, the cast of sanctity

in his countenance worked a strange attraction wherever he halted ; and along that very part of the route which he had feared would be the most dangerous men and women would steal into the hospice where he was resting to gaze at him, fall at his feet, and implore his blessing.

And so he travelled on, inspired with hope, inflamed with charity, and singing in his heart, 'Great is the glory of the Lord,' till he sighted the city of Rome from afar ; when, yet again, he cheered his fatigues with the song, 'Great is the glory of the Lord.'

The Pope, who, in reply to his letter, had required him to resume his journey without delay, no sooner heard of his arrival at the Lateran, where he was himself then sojourning, than he ordered a suite of rooms in the palace to be set at the visitor's disposal, and sent word begging him to pass the remainder of the day in repose and come to see him on the morrow.

On entering the chamber of audience, Anselm found the Pope surrounded by the Roman nobility. Close to the Pope's chair stood another, which was empty. Scarcely could he prostrate himself before Urban had made him rise and embraced him, bidding him be seated. The Pontiff then assured his abashed and speechless visitor of the pleasure both he and his Court felt at seeing him, and continued as follows : 'Yes, it is even so. And although, by reason of his profound learning, we take him for our teacher, and deem him in some sort a compeer, and worthy of veneration as pope¹ and patriarch of the new world, yet so signally incorruptible is his humility that neither the perils of the sea nor protracted journeys through strange lands have been able to deter him from coming here and throwing himself at the feet of St. Peter in my poor unworthy person, making it his

¹ The word employed is 'apostolicus.' The see of Canterbury was accounted a 'sedes apostolica' because it had been established by the direct emissary of a Pope. In like manner St. Augustine's at Canterbury was an 'ecclesia apostolica.'

business to seek the advice of me, who have much more need of his counsel than he can have of mine. Think, then, with what love and honour it is fitting that he be welcomed and embraced.' The poor Archbishop used to say that he felt himself blushing very red when he heard this description of himself, but 'he held his peace, thinking it more seemly to be silent than to speak in such a case.' The Pope then asked him to tell his story, which he did, much to the amazement of the Pontiff and the Court.

The Pope without delay wrote to the Red King, requiring him to respect Anselm's rights and property in England, and to restore him to full possession of them. The letter was accompanied by one from the Archbishop.

Meanwhile news of the Archbishop's arrival was travelling south from Rome, and reached an old disciple from Le Bec, the Dom John to whom we owe the 'De Incarnatione Verbi,' and whom the Pope had made Abbot of San Salvatore, a convent in or near the Samnian Telese. Abbot John was all impatience to see his old master, and sent to beg him to forsake the heats and fevers of the Campagna and take rest in a certain country house which he was anxious to set at his disposal. Anselm therefore, after a ten days' visit at the Lateran, set forth for Telese, where he was received with all ceremony. But Telese was as hot as Rome, perhaps hotter; and the Abbot of San Salvatore lost no time in conducting him to his *villeggiatura*.

CHAPTER III.

SCHIAVI.

IN the world but not of it, no sequestered retreat could be more sequestered than Abbot John's little *villa Sclavorum*. The abbey of Monte Cassino on the summit of a lofty hill, and Subiaco on its mountainous perch, are both of them far removed, it is true, from the din and hum of men; but the former looks down on meandering rivers and on widespread plains diversified with hives of human life and industry, whilst the latter is hemmed in and oppressed by sombre ridges of solitudinous gloom. But at Schiavi there is nothing to oppress, nothing to distract; and Schiavi, secure from intrusion by its lofty elevation, is as invariably forgetful of the world as the world of it, for the broad, smooth, circular summit on which it stands is girded round by a hilly rampart, which shuts out from view all else that is of this earth. No ocean island is more sequestered than this exquisite retreat; or it may even be that there is none so much so, for the islands must be few from whose centre that far horizon cannot be discerned where sea and sky kiss each other. But here there is no far horizon: the eye rests on the liminary wold, and then all beyond is trackless, untraversable air. What, then, could have been more to Anselm's taste, what more reposeful to his jaded energies, or more congenial and more inspiring to an intellect so unterrestrial in its chosen spheres of speculation, than this lofty and retired solitude? As he wound his way up the mountain his eye rested ever and anon on the distant pyramid of Vesuvius and its eternal

smoke, and in middle distance on Capua, with all its busy history ; when, just as the wide prospect was at its best and fairest, a turn in the bridle path brought him within the *enceinte*, and he was alone—alone, on a verdant plain vivid with clearest light, freshened with sweetest gales, and bathed in heaven.

Some half-mile from the point at which he entered on the plateau of Schiavi, and on the inner slope of its encircling parapet—the whole plateau is some two or three miles in diameter—lay Abbot John's country house, in charge of a lay brother from San Salvatore. That house has ceased to be ; but year after year, all through the tempered spring, the genial hours weave their sweet wreaths of wood anemones, violets, and hyacinths amongst the *débris* that occupy the spot where Anselm for a brief interval in his pontificate was able to forget that he was what he was. 'This is my rest,' he said as he entered ; 'here will I dwell.'

He fell at once and as if by a law of nature into his old ways, and, resuming the habits of that part of his career to which he ever reverted as the most blest to himself and others, lived again the life which had been interrupted when he became Abbot of Le Bec—the life of pious exercises, of sacred study, and of theological contemplation. The Pope had augured right when, on hearing of Abbot John's invitation, he said that, to keep His servant alive, God had sent that servant's son before him into a strange land, as of yore He sent Joseph into Egypt to make ready a home for Jacob.

But scarcely were his powers of mind and body recruited by the combined influences of repose, congenial occupation, and a deliciously-tempered climate, when he was called away to a busier scene.

The departure of the Duke of Normandy for the Holy Land in 1096 had, as we have seen, been postponed till the month of September ; and when he reached Bari he resolved, regard being had to the fury of the elements and to the diffi-

culty of chartering transports for the passage of the Adriatic, to postpone his embarkation until Easter, and spend the interval with Duke Roger of Apulia. Duke Roger had recently married a first cousin of his Norman guest, Adela, the Queen Dowager of Denmark, a princess who was, in her turn, an old friend of St. Anselm's. On occasion of her first marriage Anselm had presented her with a book of devotion, comprising a collection entitled, '*Flores Psalmorum*' and seven of his '*orationes meditativæ*;' and when she displayed its beauties of penmanship and drawing to her second husband she must more than once have paused to read him some of its more striking passages, and to descant on the strange holiness and the almost stranger fascination of their author. Two or three books were in those days sufficient even for the boudoir of a queen; and it is no unpardonable freak of fancy to picture to ourselves the pious Adela reading the '*Terret me*' to her husband and her crusader cousin during the Lent which the three spent together in 1097. But to resume the story of the following year.

Towards the end of May, and thus some four weeks after the Archbishop came to Schiavi, Duke Roger of Apulia and Richard of Aversa, accompanied by their illustrious kinsman the great Count of Sicily, appeared before the walls of Capua, the inhabitants of which had revolted from Count Richard's lordship, when the Duke, hearing, to his surprise and delight, of the near neighbourhood of the illustrious philosopher, theologian, and ascetic, whose name his wife had made dear to him, and who, besides being by birth the kinsman or the relation of nearly every prince in Christendom, was now, by Divine providence, the occupant of a chair than which there was one only more illustrious beneath the sun, sent to him to Schiavi, entreating him to come to him and be his guest and tend his soul under the walls of the beleaguered city.

The invitation was accepted. '*We mounted horse,*' says

Eadmer, 'and descended to the plain. And while we were yet a long way off the Duke, surrounded by a large escort of knights, met him on the road, and, falling into his arms, kissed him and thanked him for his kindness in coming to him. We spent some days with the besiegers, being lodged in tents which had been pitched at a distance from the din and tumult of the army. Whilst we were there the Pope came. Anselm and the generals of the army went to meet him ; and Urban, thus honoured with all possible pomp and ceremony, was conducted to a pavilion near to us more spacious and handsome than any other. And so, pending the surrender of the city, our lord the Pope and Anselm were close neighbours ; indeed, their two retinues were not so much two as one, and nobody, if he could help it, went to see the Pope without turning aside to visit the Archbishop. The Pope was honoured by all as their common father and pastor ; Anselm engaged their love by his mildness, his gentleness, and his unassuming character and manners. In the one was beheld the full and proper vigour of rank, authority, and power ; in the other an unalloyed, strangely winning simplicity and humility. Hence many whom fear restrained from approaching the Sovereign Pontiff were eager to visit Anselm, allured by the love that knows not fear. The majesty of the Pope drew to him none but the great ; the kindness of Anselm offered a welcome to all without distinction of persons. And when I say all I mean the very pagans, not to speak of Christians. Some of them—for the Duke's vassal Roger, Count of Sicily, had brought many thousands of them—some of them, I say, moved by what their comrades told them about his goodness, would come to our lodging, and, after partaking of his hospitality, go back and report to their companions in arms how graciously he had received them. Such indeed, was the veneration in which they held him that as we passed their huts—they were all quartered together by themselves—they would turn out *en masse*, and raise aloft

their hands to heaven to pray down blessings on him, and then with kissing of hands, according to their custom, and bending of knees, thank him with reverent ceremony for all his kindness and goodness to them.'

During the continuance of the siege a letter for the Pope from the Red King was brought to the Papal pavilion, and with it liberal presents to those who had been thought likely to befriend the Red King's cause with the Pope. William could well afford to distribute gifts like these, for, besides once more enjoying the Canterbury revenues, he had confiscated those of the monastery of St. Edmund in the last week of the old year and those of the diocese of Winchester in the first week of the new. But the bribe failed of its aim, as well it might, if the recipient were the underling who had so ingloriously distinguished himself in 1096; whilst the letter, by its violence and manifest untruth, so far from doing mischief, engaged in the Archbishop's favour a still deeper and wider sympathy than had thus far been accorded him.

And here let me pause a moment to remark on the chronology of the Red King's doings.

He might have despatched his letter on the 16th or 17th of October, and so forestalled by some weeks the earliest possible date at which the Archbishop could have reached Rome. But he knew better than so to play a game in which procrastination would certainly be much, and might possibly be everything; and, calculating that Anselm could not reach Rome before the middle of January at the very earliest, and that no Papal missive written on the strength of Anselm's story could reach Normandy much before the end of March, had taken good care to await the approach of the earliest day of possible danger before despatching his accusatory letter. Thus he gained five months.

The precise contents of this letter will never, I fear, be ascertained. We only know that they contained trifling

charges designed to annoy the Archbishop and prejudice the Pope against him.

But the very sight of the missive, and the tone and style and manner of the thing, revived in the sensitive Archbishop all the sorrows which had been laid to rest by change of scene and circumstance, and the misgivings which assailed him on his memorable ride from Hastings to Canterbury afflicted him again. From the day when he set foot at Wissant, eight months ago, his life had been crowned with tokens of the Divine favour. Princes and bishops had hastened to revive their torches at his poor light; the humble, the despised, and the unknown had sought graces through his ministry; and it even seemed as if God were so disposing things as that the very disciples of Mahomet might be convinced by his arguments and, in response to his persuasive eloquence, enrolled beneath the banner of the Cross. But when he reviewed his period of stewardship in England, it seemed as if he had sent very little to prepare him a habitation in a better world. There were some monks, it is true, who had given him heed; but, with these few exceptions, all at once had, in the words of the sad Gospel opened at his consecration and sung aloud when he received the pallium, made excuse, and, as if by common consent, refused to listen to him. Could it be the will of God that he should still wear the pallium, still be Archbishop of Canterbury?

Occupied with thoughts like these until the day when Urban left Capua, he accompanied the Pontiff as far as the city of Aversa, where he lodged in the monastery of St. Laurence. The contemplation of his woes was reducing him to the extreme of distress. Once he had crouched and quailed beneath the burden; now the very cording of the burden galled him. Once he had felt the primacy too much for him; now it seemed as if his ministry in England was doomed to utter unproductiveness. He could bear the

thought no longer, and hurrying into the presence of the Pope, entreated him to have mercy on him.

Urban gave him a hearing, and heard him out ; and then, regarding him with a look of wonder—so differently do others gauge our griefs, so inscrutably does Heaven adjudge our cause—exclaimed, ‘ Bishop, you say, and pastor ! Bishop and pastor ! Why, you have received no stripes thus far ; you carry no wounds thus far ; and you are already seeking to shuffle off the episcopal and pastoral charge. Our Divine Lord signals His approval of Peter’s love by confiding His flock to him ; and Anselm, Anselm, so holy, so great, so good a man as Anselm, from mere love of repose, dares to forsake the sheep of Christ, and, shirking the contest, leaves them to be torn by the wolf. What shall I say ? How can Anselm’s heart be yearning for union with his Lord when he flies that very thing which his Lord has, on His own Divine witness, singled out as proof of a servant’s love ? No, my dearest brother Anselm ; no. Far be this from you. And, that you harass me thus no more, not only do I refuse your petition, but in the name of Almighty God, and as Vicar of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, I enjoin it upon you under holy obedience, never to resign the care of the English kingdom committed to you so long as you can keep it as you have thus far done. And albeit the King’s tyranny forbid your return to England, yet be its archbishop still, keeping the power over it intact of binding and loosing as long as you live ; and wherever you go use the pontifical ornaments proper to your primacy, as popes use theirs.’

It would appear from this that Urban considered the Red King intractable, and had reason to believe that the Archbishop could not return to England without danger to his person, if not to his life. Great, then, is the pity that the Red King’s letter has not been preserved to us.

‘ I do not refuse obedience,’ cried the distracted suppliant ; ‘ but let me show you the whole of my soul’s grief. Believe

me, Holy Father, if stripes, if wounds, if death itself were threatened me for tending and protecting the sheep of Christ, I hope, if my conscience deceive me not, that I should never shun them. I say nothing about the king who has expelled me his kingdom; but the sheep of my fold and the bishops of my province, whose duty it is to help and who have promised to obey me, tried all of them as one man¹ to induce me, under pretence of justice, to do an unjust thing and renounce obedience to St. Peter, thus not to violate my faith to the territorial sovereign. And when I did my best to convince them that the two were compatible, and that I might keep the one without sacrifice to the other—for our Lord says, "Give Cæsar Cæsar's, and give God God's"—they replied that this was not their way, and that they did not choose such a wrong should be done their sovereign as that anyone in the kingdom should have an eye to any authority but to the King, or at any rate through the King. And I, Holy Father, what was I to do, with bishops like these about me?' 'You are quite right,' answered the Pope. 'And that I seem not to be indifferent to these and other your grievances, and unwilling to avenge them with the sword of Peter, I admonish you to be present at the council which I intend to hold at Bari before the body of St. Nicholas on the 1st of October, there to hear and there to see what it is my purpose by an equitable exercise of authority to do by the English King and his partisans, and the like of him who have lifted up themselves against the independence of the Church of God.'

Thus again, as in the old days, was the yoke laid upon him.

Leaving Aversa, he now returned to his humble abode at Schiavi, preferring retirement and poverty to the princely

¹ In this and several other cases we find no exception made in favour of Gundulf. I suppose the fact is to be accounted for by the peculiar relation of auxiliary to the Primate, which was held by the Bishop of Rochester.

offer of Duke Roger, who wished to settle castles and manors on him for life, and spent the summer in elaborating a treatise on the *à priori* reason and necessity of the incarnation and death of the Divine Word for the restoration of mankind. The treatise is in the form of a dialogue between himself and Dom Boso; for Boso had prompted him to the undertaking while he was still in England, and seems to have pursued him in his exile with entreaties to complete it. Were it not for this peculiarity of form, it might properly be described, like the 'Monologion,' as an *exemplum meditandi de ratione fidei*.

The work consists of two books. In the first of these the author clears the way for the argument presented in the second by proving, with special regard to the objections of Jews and Mahometans—who thought it an injury to God to say that He had been carried in the womb, born of a woman, subjected to the conditions of human life, and finally to death itself—that no mere man and no mere angel could have restored our nature to the dignity forfeited by sin; and that sinful humanity was, by the fact of sin, incapable of making amends to God for the injury which sin had done Him. Having thus thrown the burden of proof upon the objectors, and challenged them to say who has saved us if Christ has not, he enters upon the second half of his work. Of this no more succinct account can be given than his own, which is to this effect: 'In the second book, in like manner, no knowledge of Christ is taken for granted; and it is nevertheless demonstrated, by manifest reason and truth, that human nature was brought into existence for the enjoyment of a blessed immortality by the whole man, both body and soul; that the destiny of man must needs be accomplished, but that, as that cannot be except through One who is God-Man, all that we believe concerning Christ must be fact.'

The present inhabitants of the *Villa Sclavorum*¹ boast

¹ Some few years ago, when Garibaldi was at his zenith, the good people of

the possession of two of the greatest boons of life—the purest possible air and the purest possible water. But when Anselm went there it was deficient in the latter element, the only depository of the limpid fluid being a deep well on the outer side of the mountain, fed from an intermittent spring, which failed every day about noon, leaving the reservoir dry until next morning. This was a great trial to the monk in charge of the house, who, complaining of it to his guest, hinted that nothing would be more agreeable to him than to have a well on the premises, ‘if haply God, in His great mercy, would vouchsafe thus to spare him this great inconvenience.’ The kind Archbishop assured him that the wish was a harmless one, and advised him to try the ground about the house; whereupon the good brother begged him to examine the spot, and, blessing his search, open the ground for him. He could but yield; it would have been unkind to refuse. Almost in front of the house there was an immense boulder of rock. Anselm walked to it, and, to the amazement and, apparently, the amusement of the bystanding peasants, prayed that it would please God there to open out an inexhaustible fountain of wholesome water. He then struck the ground three times, removed some of the hard soil, and bade the workmen begin digging. They did as he told them, and in the course of a few days had hollowed out a basin of no great depth, when, to their stupefaction, there gushed forth a fountain of living water from the hard rock. The basin was deepened and walled round, and at once took the name of the Archbishop

Schiavi took it into their heads, or were at least represented as having taken it into their heads, that there was something ignominious in the name *Villa Schiavi*. It was high time that Italians, like Britons, never should be slaves; and the historical interest of the name—it had once been a stronghold of barbarous invaders from Slavonia—was made to yield before that very important political consideration. It now enjoys the official designation of *Villa Liberi*, or more fully *Liberi in Formicola*. When I visited the place I was received with much courtesy by the *sindaco*, who, interested in the story of St. Anselm, suggested the propriety of giving the saint’s name to the road which runs past his well and statue.

of Canterbury's Well. From that day to this it has not run dry; and though in the course of eight centuries two other wells have been dug at no great distance from it, St. Anselm's is unquestionably the favourite. Its casing wall, which, by reason of the accretion of the soil, has gradually acquired the height of some five fathoms, is surmounted by a niche enclosing a statue of the saint and overgrown with ivy, whose delicate tendrils wave in the sweet air he so much loved. And not only are its waters purity itself; the peasant women, as they fill their pitchers at the foot of the statue—a statue in some respects, at any rate, true to the original—although they know but little of the troubles that sent the great prelate there, and less of the magnificent treatise he composed there, are voluble in their praise of the remedial virtues treasured in the cool gloom of the fern-lined *Pozzo di S. Anselmo*.

He passed the remainder of the summer in this delightful solitude, day by day elaborating his argument on the reason and necessity, *à priori*, of the incarnation of the Divine Word; night by night, as the fragrant air entered by the open window and played about his room, inscribing it on his tablets of wax. But when summer waned into autumn, and the breeze blew colder, his amanuensis warned him that the moment had come for setting the last touch to his work and quitting their retreat. He must so plan his movements as to meet the Pope at the appointed rendezvous, which seems to have been Salerno, in good time for the arrival of the Pontiff at Bari by the close of September. Good-bye, then, a regretful and pensive good-bye, to the wild flowers of Schiavi.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL OF BARI, 1098—THE PRIVATE LIFE OF
WILLIAM RUFUS.

THE august and solemn crypt, or confession, of St. Nicholas at Bari, with its two-and-thirty bays of vaulted masonry, arranged in four aisles and resting upon one-and-twenty monolithic columns with capitals, each of which is a study in the history of architecture, had been already visited by Pope Urban when, in the year 1089, he consecrated it in honour of the body of the saint recently deposited beneath its shelter; and when now in 1098, accompanied no doubt by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he came to kneel once more at the saint's wonder-working tomb, he found that great preparation had been made for his visit and for the assembling of the council over which it was his purpose to preside; for the historians tell us that not only had the walls been hung with precious tapestries in honour of the event, but that—rarest of luxuries—the pavement was overspread with rich carpets of Oriental manufacture.

Chief among the topics appointed for deliberation at this council was the Catholic doctrine of the Procession of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, which had long been denied by the Greeks, but which there was at this time some good hope of persuading them to adopt.

They were represented by tried and approved advocates, who opened a discussion on the controverted dogma, but not before they had tested the Pope's learning and eloquence upon other subjects. In answering their objections—objections

which were as numerous as subtile—to the dogma of the Procession, he took occasion to quote Anselm's letter, 'De Incarnatione Verbi;' but they refused to be convinced, and demanded an explanation of certain passages in the treatise. The Pope called for silence, and then, in a voice which resounded through the church, cried out, 'Anselm, Archbishop of the English, father and master, Anselm, where are you?'

The Archbishop, who was seated in the same row with the principal members of the assembly, on hearing that the Pope called for him, rose and answered, 'Lord and Father, what are your commands? Here I am.' 'What are you doing?' resumed the Pontiff. 'Why do you keep silence like the rest? Come hither, I pray you, and take your place at my side and fight for our common mother and help me. These Greeks would fain rob the Church of her integrity and drag me down into their own pit of impiety. Help therefore, help, for for this has God sent you hither.' The prelates round about the throne were now all in a bustle, changing seats and preparing a place for the stranger, who was with all ceremonious courtesy conducted to a seat on the steps of the throne. 'Who is this? Where does he come from?' So ran the whisper round the church. When silence had been restored, the Pope addressed the council on the learning and piety of the unassuming visitor from the far north—England was in those days a very distant world indeed from Italy—and then, with a fervour which thrilled all present, told them of the wrongs that visitor had endured and the occasion of his banishment. Anselm was already preparing to speak when it was proposed to adjourn the discussion of the theological question until the morrow.

On the reassembling of the council Anselm rose and took his stand in a prominent place, not improbably a pulpit, and there, in his own quiet, succinct, luminous, and unimpassioned manner, reasoned out from first to last the sacred doc-

trine under discussion in an argument which he subsequently developed in his 'De Processione Sancti Spiritus.' The Pope listened with rapt attention, and, when the last words had been spoken, leaned forward in his throne, looked at the disputant with an expression of mingled condescension and respect, and said, 'Blessed be thy heart and thine understanding, and may thy mouth and the words of thy mouth be blessed.'

Before the termination of the council attention was given to the state of England and to the King's conduct—his confiscation of ecclesiastical property, his sale of bishoprics and abbeys, his treatment of the Primate, and, more particularly, his infamous life. Whatever might be feared or hoped about the other causes of complaint, about this there was nothing to hope and everything to fear. 'Over and over again,' said the Pope, 'has his life been made subject of complaint to the Apostolic See.'

These are very remarkable and very suggestive words. They help us to understand how little, after all, we may know about the Red King's motives for wishing to sever England from the see which guarded the morals as well as the faith of Christian men; and they remind us how little has been left on record of his way of living. Upon this Eadmer has not made it his business to enter; but, if the strange hints given by other writers may be taken in evidence, it was too bad to be portrayed.¹ 'Shameful as it was, its greatest shame was that he did not reverence his body, but defiled himself with all uncleanness. And his example was followed not only by the gentry, but by the rank and file of his people, who, in the midst of all their affliction, emulated to the full the conduct of the prince. As is the ruler so are the subjects.

Componitur orbis

Regis ad exemplum. Non sic inflectere sensus

Humanos edicta valent quàm vita regentis.

¹ O. V. iii. 315; iv. 9, 90.

‘The sufferings of the Church were great and general; but the greater grief was that there was no one to set up a wall for the honour of the Lord.’ So says John of Salisbury, as he prepares to write of the interview in which, in the September of 1092, Abbot Anselm told the King of the things that were said about him openly and those that were said about him in scarcely whispered secresy. Orderic too, who, although disinclined to expatiate on his filthy life (*‘sordida vita’*), speaks in terms as intelligible as they are brief of the *‘stipendiarii milites,’* the *‘nebulones,’* and the *‘vulgaria scorta’* who regretted his death, not from pity, but from the *‘detestabilis flagitiorum cupiditas’* which had been the brand of his life; and in another place of the *‘agmina populorum impudicis moribus’* who followed the *‘juvenis protervus et lascivus’* wherever he went; and in a third of the utter shamelessness and wantonness of his obscene debaucheries. But enough of this. We know not, nor need we seek to know, how deep were the depths of iniquity which he had sounded. All that we need to know is that they were deep enough to horrify the moral sense of universal Christendom.

‘Over and over again,’ said Urban, ‘has his life been made subject of complaint to the Apostolic See. I have sent him many messages for its rectification, messages meant to persuade him to better courses by the joint ministry of exhortation and reproof; but with what success you may conjecture from his persecution and banishment of such a prelate as Anselm. What do you think, my brethren? What do you decree?’ There could be no doubt, was the answer. ‘If only you have called to him once, twice, thrice, and if after three warnings he has refused to listen, and refused to receive reproof, there remains nothing but to unsheath the sword of Peter and smite him with the excommunication he has deserved, till such time as he emancipates himself from his sinful habits.’

‘Even so,’ replied the Pope.

When Anselm, who with downcast eyes and evident unwillingness had been listening to all this, heard the final 'Even so' of Urban, he started to his feet, fell upon his knees, and implored the Pontiff to withhold the thunderbolt. Of the hundred and eighty bishops present he was the only one to intercede for the sinner. His intercession was not in vain. The excommunication was suspended.

Meanwhile the messenger who had carried the two letters—the Pope's and the Archbishop's—from Capua to the Red King came back from Normandy with a scarcely satisfactory report of his errand. The prince had, *quoquo modo*, accepted the Pope's letter, but had refused to have anything to do with the Primate's; and on hearing that the courier was one of that prelate's retainers, swore 'by the Face of God' that if he did not quit his land at once he would order his eyes to be put out.

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN, 1099.

SOME days later, and after the Pope had returned to Rome—probably, therefore, about the middle of November—a messenger from the King of the English was announced. This was none other than William of Veraval, the clerk who had overhauled the luggage on the beach at Dover. The King had not thought fit to send the Pope a letter, but merely a verbal message. He could not write, it is true ; indeed, he had disdained to achieve the more elementary accomplishment of reading. But surely he could have employed somebody to pen for him a few sentences of intelligible Latin. The truth would seem to be that there was as much craft as insolence in this breach of propriety. ‘My lord the King,’ said the clerk, ‘sends me to tell you’ (‘tibi,’ not ‘excellentiæ vestræ’ or the like, but a mere ‘tutoi’) ‘that he is much astonished at your dreaming of such a thing as to call upon him to give up Anselm’s things’ (not ‘archiepiscopi Cantuariensis,’ but merely ‘Anselmi’). ‘If you want to know his reason, here it is. When he wanted to leave his land he plainly told him that when he went he would take the whole archbishopric into his seignury. As he did not choose to listen to the threat, he thinks he has done quite right in doing what he has done, and that it is altogether wrong to call him to account for it.’

‘Has he any other charge against him?’ enquired the Pope.

‘No.’

'*Papæ!*' exclaimed Urban. 'Who ever heard the like? He has despoiled the Primate of England¹ of all he has, for no other reason than this, that he did not choose to give up his visit to the mother of all Churches, the Church of Rome. I will venture to say that never in human history has such a thing as this been heard of. And you have taken the trouble, my strange man, to come all this way with an answer like that. Go back at once, and tell him in the name of St. Peter to give him back his property, and make no words about it, unless he wishes to be excommunicated. And take care that he let me know his intentions by the meeting of the council I propose holding here in the third week of Easter. Otherwise be sure that in that council the sentence he has provoked will be passed on him.'

William of Veraval replied diplomatically as follows: 'I will treat with you in private before leaving.' And so the audience came to an end.

The forthcoming council was to assemble in the last week of April, so that there was plenty of time for the King to send his answer to the Pope's summons, provided only that William of Veraval started for Normandy before the end of November. But this the cunning clerk took good care not to do. Instead of returning to his master, he lingered on week after week in Rome, making presents to such unprincipled people as were to be found even in a Papal Court; or, where he had not presents to give, promises of presents; until it became impossible for him to carry back the Pope's message to the King in time for the King's reply to reach Rome before the conclusion of the council. What, then, was Urban to do? He could scarcely make the King suffer for the fault of his servant. The man ought by this time to have

¹ 'Primate of England.' I take this to be an instance of Eadmer's accuracy; for he would not himself thus have styled the Primate of Britain. Similarly, in his account of the Council of Bari, he represents the Pope as employing the phrase 'Archbishop of the English.' I scarcely need remind the reader of Pope Alexander's 'Metropolitan of Britain.'

been in France. Here he was, come to take leave, and beg for—what, willing or nilling, must now be granted—a postponement. A postponement commensurate with the time he had wasted? No, no; by no means; something better than that. The cunning clerk had foreseen and forecalculated everything. He had waited some two months; but by two months after the end of April the Lateran would be empty, and the deserted streets of Rome baked by the fierce heats of summer; nor would Pope and cardinals be returning before the autumnal equinox. There was therefore nothing for it but to prolong the King's period of grace till Michaelmas. It was now Christmas Day, 1098.

Anselm, on hearing of the nine months' *induciæ* granted to the Red King, prepared to take leave of the Pope and return to Lyons; but Urban refused to let him go and kept him at the Lateran, where the Pope's Court and the Archbishop's were not so much two as one, and where the Pope assigned him a suite of rooms with the right of claiming it as his own whenever he should be in the Eternal City.

Nor was this all. Upon occasion of state the Archbishop of Canterbury took precedence immediately after the Pope; and when at Easter the council assembled in the Vatican basilica a chair was set for him amongst the prelates privileged to sit in a semicircle on the right hand and on the left of Urban, whose throne stood at the head of the apse facing the high altar. That council is chiefly famous, first, for its reassertion of an old prohibition and its assertion of a new one. Laymen were not to give to clergymen, and clergymen were not to receive from laymen, investitures of churches. This was the first; and the second, though new, was like it. Clergymen were not to become the men ('homines') of laymen for the sake, or in consideration, of ecclesiastical preferments ('pro ecclesiasticis honoribus').

The council was numerously attended by the bishops of Italy and Gaul; no pains were spared in drawing up, revising,

discussing, and amending the proposed decrees ; and when the time came for reading them out prior to their final acceptance, the Pope entrusted the task to the Bishop of Lucca, a prelate whose loud, clear, and ringing voice would, he hoped, be easily heard above the confused hubbub of the interminable stream of pilgrims who from morning to night streamed in and out of the confession of St. Peter.

Bishop Reinger took his stand halfway down the basilica, and no doubt in a marble pulpit or *ambo*, some such pulpit or *ambo* as still subsists in the Church of San Clemente.

All eyes were fixed on him as slowly and distinctly and sonorously he read forth the revised *capitula* ; when suddenly his expression of face, his tone of voice, his attitude were changed ; and, glancing round the assembly with a look of intense affliction, he cried out, ‘ But what are we doing ? We are laying orders upon subjects and are not confronting the injustice and cruelty of tyrants. Not a day passes but the oppressions which their tyranny imposes on the churches, and the robberies they inflict on those they should protect, are reported to this holy see, and from this holy see, as from the head of all, counsel and help are solicited. And with what good effect all the world knows and all the world complains. Why, from the world’s most distant boundary there is one amongst us here—here he sits amongst us, the model of humility and all reserve—one whose very silence is a thousand tongues, and his humility and patience as grand and as eloquent in God’s esteem as they are meek and gentle in our own. There is one here, I say, whose afflictions have reached the utmost verge of cruelty, whose wrongs the utmost bounds of injustice. Robbed of all he has, there is one here come to invoke the justice and equity of the Apostle’s See in his behalf. It is more than a year since he first came to Rome ; and what help has he got ? If you do all not know who I mean, it is Anselm, Archbishop of the English land.’¹

¹ Here again is, as I believe, another instance of Eadmer’s accuracy.

So saying, he three times smote the mosaic pavement with his crosier, and stood with clenched teeth and compressed lips, the very picture of holy indignation. 'That will do, brother Reinger,' said the Pope, 'that will do. Good counsel shall be taken upon this matter.' 'And well it is there should,' rejoined the Bishop, 'for otherwise the just Judge of all will take note of the omission.' He then resumed the reading of the decrees, and when they were finished repeated his protest and his warning before going back to his place. It was not till the end of the speech that Anselm discovered that his wrongs were the subject of the Bishop's indignation. He was greatly astonished, for he had not spoken to anyone on the subject, neither had he or any of his friends prompted the explosion. But he said nothing; Eadmer's picture of him is in Eadmer's own best style, 'Sedebat ergò, uti solebat, silenter auscultans.'

Reinger's zeal was intelligible, excusable, pardonable; but the Pope's caution was admirably inspired. William Rufus had refused to relinquish the Canterbury estates, and was treating them as he might have treated a fief escheated to the Crown for treason. True. But even if William Rufus should be coerced by fear of excommunication, or induced by whatever means, to let the Archbishop re-enter England without peril to life or limb, and with promise of restored estates, there can be no question that he would then insist upon giving him formal investiture with ring and crown as the first *conditio sine quâ non* of final reconciliation; and, as the second, insist upon his once more becoming his man, and becoming his man by liege homage. And then? What then? The Pope saw further than the good Bishop of Lucca. So did Anselm. 'Sedebat ergò, uti solebat, silenter auscultans.'

Had a portrait of Anselm been taken at that moment, it would have represented him as we should perhaps most have wished to have seen him; unless, indeed, some profane

intruder could have pictured him to us as, now some five and-twenty years before, in the midnight gloom of the earlier church at Le Bec, he discovered his argument for the existence of a Supreme Being ; or as, quite recently, by the light of his oil lamp, and sustained by the nocturnal breezes that refreshed the *Villa Sclavorum* in high summer, he penned his treatise on the motives of the redemption of mankind.

And vain as are our regrets they are enhanced by the fact that a portrait of him there certainly was at the very moment when he sat in St. Peter's listening to the new legislation on homage.

The imperial faction had some weeks, or at any rate some days, before hired a band of Roman citizens to waylay him on the way from the Latēran to St. Peter's ; every preparation had been made for his capture ; but no sooner did he appear than the ruffians, awed by the sweetness and majesty of his countenance and bearing, threw down their weapons and, falling on their knees, begged his blessing. But, after all, they only shared the general fascination ; and the popular name for the visitor at the Lateran was neither ' Anselm ' nor ' Archbishop,' but ' the Saint.'

Still, by the end of April 1099 there was a portrait of him in existence. The antipope Wibert, in despair, I suppose, of making him prisoner in Rome, had caused it to be executed—such at least is William of Malmesbury's story—and then passed on from halting-place to halting-place along the road from Rome to Piacenza, that, thus recognisable under whatever disguise, he might, to the detriment of the Church's cause and the benefit of the cause in which William Rufus was playing the part of *umbra* to the Emperor, be arrested and kept in custody.

The Pope and the Archbishop had been in close and constant communication with each other during the winter ; and Urban was by this time only too well aware that, although his visitor had refused, and successfully refused,

investiture at the hands of the Red King in the spring of 1093, the Red King had amply avenged himself this wrong in making Anselm his man in the course of the following summer. But if the ceremony of investiture might not be employed as a fetter to enslave the Jerusalem which is free, neither might the ceremony by which a primate had become the *homo* of a temporal prince. Hence, then, the interest to Anselm of the last day of the council.

Its deliberations, which lasted for a full week, were brought to a close on Sunday, the 1st of May. Urban's predecessors had for fifty years done much to save the Church from thralldom; Urban was now to supplement and, in a sense, complete their work; and this he did when, after solemnly promulgating the other decrees, he, the Vicar of Peter, seated before Peter's tomb, spoke as follows: 'Whosoever shall for ecclesiastical preferment become the vassal ('homo') of a layman, let him be anathema.' '*Fiat, fiat,*' was the universal response of the mitred assembly.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM ROME TO LYONS.

SO, then, Anselm's portrait, a rude but telling likeness, in which the tall slight frame, the long neck and drooping shoulders, the light complexion and hectic flush, the penetrating eyes and sensitive mouth, the thin white hands, the abundant snowy hair, were all set forth as far as the artist knew how to set forth anything in outline and colour—Anselm's portrait was duly scanned at halting-place and at halting-place all along the road from Rome to Piacenza, and, not improbably, from Piacenza to Susa. And yet he escaped.

How he escaped we know not ; by what route we know not ; for Eadmer, so far from giving us particulars of this part of the story, wraps it in obscurity and silence. 'The road back,' he says, 'was beset with many dangers ; but, thanks to the Divine protection, we escaped all dangers and got safe and sound to Lyons.'

True, they got safe and sound to Lyons at last, but not by Mont Genève, not by Mont Cenis, not by the Little St. Bernard. But why Eadmer should have left us to infer that they made their way from Rome to Lyons by one of the usual roads, and should have told us nothing about the portrait and nothing about the redoubled vigilance of the Guibertines, is a question I can ask but cannot answer.

By what extraordinary precautions and through what extraordinary providence the three fugitives escaped, we shall, I fear, never know ; and all that William of Malmesbury, to whom we owe the story of the portrait, tells us is that the Archbishop travelled '*per montuosa et saltuosa loca*'

back to Lyons, being herein nearer, perhaps, to descriptive accuracy than he himself suspected, for he does not seem to have been aware that Mont Saint-Gothard was probably amongst the 'montuosa,' as the Black Forest was certainly amongst the 'saltuosa loca' traversed in their flight.

It is not usual to travel from Rome to Lyons by way of Stuttgart; but this is pretty nearly what the Archbishop was constrained to do, under the guidance, not improbably, of Dom Baldwin. And, if I do not misread the Hirsauig Chronicle, the astute and incomparable Fleming was as careful now as ever to make no imprudent revelations even to the best intentioned of friends. Thanks, however, to the Hirsauig Chronicle for the light it sheds on this obscure portion of the history. 'Travelling through Swabia on his return from Rome,' says Trithemius, 'he made a slight detour and came to Hirsauig, where he spent fourteen days. . . . He might have been a mere monk, such was his humility. . . . Nothing could exceed his kindness as he spoke to its inmates about the Holy Scriptures, the observance of the monastic rule, the salvation of souls, and the flame of the soul's love that aspires to God. And when he saw the peace and concord that reigned there, and the ceaseless desire of the brethren to advance in the fear of God, he broke out into lamentations over his own cares and griefs, and at the thought that he had been dragged from a cloister to a throne. "Happy, thrice happy," he said, "were they whose blessed lot it was to serve God with fervour of spirit in the quiet and seclusion of monastic solitude." . . . At the end of fourteen days he gave us his blessing, and set forth from the monastery of Hirsauig, and,' so continues the simple chronicler, 'returned to England.'

It was not improbably at Hirsauig that our hero made the acquaintance of his nephew and namesake, the only surviving son of his only surviving sister, Richera. Richera was very much younger than her brother; so much younger as to have

grown up into girlhood and womanhood with the faintest possible remembrance of him, if indeed with any, and with no recollection at all of her mother. What became of the little creature at Ermenberg's death I cannot say ; but I suspect that she was confided to the care of her maternal aunt, the wife of Count Gerard of Ensheim ; and that Count Gerard took the place of father to the child when Gundulf, a year or two afterwards, died. Year followed year, and decade decade ; Count Gerard of Ensheim was succeeded by his son ; and when Richera was already in middle life she was married from her cousin's castle in Upper Alsace to a gentleman named Burgundius. The first child of Burgundius and Richera was baptised by the name of Anselm, and devoted to religion ; and as Hirsaug was at no great distance from Ensheim, it was, I suspect, at Hirsaug, and during the visit just recorded, that the Archbishop first saw his young kinsman. Between the illustrious Churchman and his nephew there was the difference of half a century ; but the Hirsaug fathers had known who their guest was the moment he alighted at their gate, so singular was the likeness to him borne by their young brother in the cloister. And when the Archbishop set eyes on the lad his heart, for his dear mother's sake, yearned towards him, so sweetly did her face live again in his, and claimed him as its own possession ; and when at the end of the fortnight he took leave of his hosts he carried the boy away with him.

On leaving Hirsaug the travellers, now four in number, made for the castle at Ensheim, or for the home, wherever it may have been, of Burgundius and Richera ; but their stay cannot have been a long one, for they reached Lyons soon after midsummer. The following letter announced their arrival :—

' Archbishop Anselm to . . . Burgundius and . . . Richera.

'Your son and my dearest nephew Anselm is with me at Lyons in good health and spirits, and, I thank God,

doing well. As to your son, I can truly say that you may well rejoice at having given him to God. He loves God; he loves what he ought to love; and you owe a debt of thanks to God and to those who have nurtured him in the love of God and his order and in good manners ('in bonis moribus'). I am quite sure that it is as your reward for devoting and giving up your first-born child to God that God has willed not to lose one of your offspring, and has not allowed your children to reach the age at which they might have been soiled by sin and this naughty world, but has made them all pass by a good end out of this life to Himself. And if you are wise, and consider the thing wisely, you will quite understand that God has done you a great mercy in taking from you an occasion of loving this world, and desiring the things that pass away, in taking from you your heirs in this life, and making your sons His own heirs and His own sons in the life eternal. Now, then, give thanks to God that you are unburdened and untrammelled, so that freely with your whole heart, your whole intent, and your whole energy you may run your course to God, and be careful for nothing but the salvation of your souls, and with entire will and full correspondence reach that happy land whither God has mercifully drawn, against your will, your children who are dead, and whither we trust that the one you gave to God will by God's help one day come, and where you will all together—father, mother, sons, daughters—rejoice in the eternal glory of God, and be glorified each on account of each of the rest as much as on his own. So then, my nearest and dearest, you, my dearest brother, and you, my dearest sister, let me implore and entreat and counsel and admonish you, pray do not slight the mercy God has done you without your knowing it, and do not forfeit the glory which God has prepared for you. Be assured, be well assured, that God's bereaving you of all your children, and

leaving you alone in this life, is not the displeasure but the grace of God, that you who are now left behind alone, having nothing to love, may run your course to Him unbeset, and surrender back yourselves and all that is yours to Him. May Almighty God so enflame you with His love as to make you despise all the vain delights of this life, and with all that is in you stretch forth to Him and find your home in Him. Amen.'

Some little time later—perhaps about Christmas—the Archbishop received a letter, or a message, from Burgundius, who begged the consent of his brother-in-law and of his son to an enterprise on which his heart was set—that of assuming the cross and setting forth for Jerusalem 'for the service of God and his soul's health.' He replied in the following terms:—

'Make a confession in detail of all your sins from infancy, as you can best call them to mind. See to it that your conscience be free as regards your wife, whose goodness is even better known to you than me; and take care to leave her behind you in such case that, whatever it may be the will of God should happen to you, she may not be left resourceless or turned out of home and estate against her will so long as she lives. So shall she wait upon God for your salvation both in body and soul, and for her own soul and those of her children. . . . And as to you, my dearest sister, dispose the whole intent of your heart and the whole course of your life to the service of God. He has bereft you of all joy here below. Be sure that He has dealt thus with you that you may find your whole joy only in Him. Set your love, your desire, and your thought on Him, and serve Him always and everywhere.'

And so Burgundius set forth on his four years' service as a crusader, leaving Richera in the spring or summer of 1100,

and telling her to expect him home again by the summer of 1104.

He was never to return to her.

It was during this new sojourn in Lyons that the indefatigable philosopher composed his treatise 'De Conceptu Virginali et Originali Peccato,' and the still more famous 'Meditatio Redemptionis Humanæ.' The former exhibits a second and supplementary view of the *à priori* motive of the incarnation and death of the Uncreated Word, and the latter sets forth the essential argument of the 'Cur Deus Homo' in a form better suited to the intellects trained by Anselm than the dialogue in which that work is cast. They serve also to complete the argument of the earlier treatise; a treatise which would not have seen the light in its extant form but for the zeal of Eadmer, who began to transcribe it in its first draft unknown to his master.

In the course of the next twelve months the pensive and sympathetic exile brought comfort to many an aching heart by acts which, if not, in the strict theological sense of the term, miracles, were yet miraculous in the conviction which they conveyed to those who witnessed them of the intimacy of his communion and the power of his influence with the unseen world. Here is one of them.

He was on his way to Cluny, when a clergyman met him bathed in tears, and entreating him to touch with his hand a sister who had lost the use of reason. 'You will meet her on the road,' he said, 'in charge of a group of friends, whose hope it is that if you lay your hand on her she will at once be restored to mental soundness.' The Archbishop said nothing, and rode on as if his natural dulness of hearing had prevented his catching the purport of the prayer. The suppliant followed him with redoubled entreaties, but was coldly told that such an out-of-the-way thing was not to be thought of, and, thus repulsed, said no more. The traveller rode on, and after a while saw the poor sufferer upon the road,

surrounded by a crowd and in a paroxysm of physical suffering. The people flew to meet him, seized the reins, and insisted on his laying his hand on the poor woman. He refused; their request, he said, was foolish. They insisted, and insisted in the way of their class, half threatening, half obsequious. To escape was impossible, and, by way of compromise, he consented to do for the woman what he had never refused to anyone, and, making the sign of the cross over her, rode hastily on. As he did so, he pulled his hood over his head and kept in advance of his escort, bathed in tears of grief and sympathy.

As the woman, returning home, set foot on her door-step, she was suddenly restored to perfect soundness.

I know not if this be, in the strict theological sense of the word, a miracle. Be it or be it not a miracle, it was so entirely in accordance with my hero's whole life and character that I am fain to record it, call it by what name the reader will.

Not long afterwards he was at Macon. Summer had gone, but no rain had fallen. The autumn was far advanced, and still there was no rain. In compliance with the invitation of the bishop and canons, he said mass in the cathedral; and, preaching to the people, desired them one and all to pray to God to put an end to the drought that had dried up their land. They cried out in answer that they had done so over and over again, and that now they wanted him to pray that their prayers might be accepted. Scarcely had he broken his fast after mass when the clear hot sky was suddenly canopied across with clouds, and soon a delicious and abundant shower replenished the land.

Say what we may, and think what we please, these things caused no surprise to those who knew, to those even who had once set eyes upon, their saintly visitor.

In the course of the following July—the July of 1100—he went to Chaise-Dieu, the Chaise-Dieu of Durand and

Jarenton. One day, as the brethren were reposing in their dormitory after the midday meal, a thunderstorm burst upon the convent. The mountain was wrapped in sheets of light, and at last the hayloft belonging to the establishment caught fire. All flew from their beds except Anselm and Eadmer. Smoke and stench filled the place; but still the placid recluse remained as he was. After some time, however, he turned to Eadmer and quietly asked if the conflagration were extinguished. 'No,' was the reply; 'it is on the increase.' 'Then,' said he, 'let us look out for ourselves; for, as you know,

'Tua res agitur paries dum proximus ardet;'

and, getting up, went forth, looked at the conflagration, and, lifting his hand, made the sign of the cross. As he did so the flames bent low as if to catch a blessing and expire. The hay escaped, though everything round about the hayloft was consumed.

It is for theologians to say what they are persuaded to be the truth about these incidents. That is not my privilege; but I should be wanting to my duty as Anselm's biographer were I to pass them over in silence,

CHAPTER VII.

POPE PASCHAL II.

WE must now resume the story of the Archbishop's troubles.

The Red King's answer to the message of Pope Urban was due in Rome by the 29th of September, 1099. Meanwhile, however, Pope Urban died. He passed away on the 29th of July, and was succeeded on the 13th of the following month by Paschal II.

And what meanwhile had the Red King done? The following letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Pontiff tells us all that can be said in answer to the question :—

‘The reason of my long delay in sending to your Holiness on receipt of the news of your elevation to the Popedom—news which filled us with thankfulness to God—was that there came a messenger from the King of the English to the Archbishop of Lyons with instructions to treat on my case. The terms he offered were not to be accepted ; and on receiving the Archbishop's answer to this effect he went back, promising to return shortly. I have waited until now in hope of being able to tell you what the King wants, but the agent has not come. Let me inform you how things stand ; the account need not be long, for when I was at Rome I often told the story to Pope Urban, and, as your Holiness is, I believe, aware, to many others.

‘I saw in England many evils which it was my duty to

correct, but which I could neither correct nor yet without sin tolerate. (I.) The King required that, under plea of right ('sub nomine rectitudinis'), I should assent to wishes ('voluntatibus') of his¹ which were contrary to the law and will of God. (1) He was unwilling that without his bidding the Pope should be acknowledged or (2) mentioned in England; or that I should (3) send him a letter, or either (4) receive a letter from him or (5) obey his orders. (II.) He has not allowed a council to be held in England since he ascended the throne more than twelve years ago. (III.) He has given Church lands to men of his own. (IV.) When I sought advice on these and other matters all the bishops of his kingdom, even my own suffragans, refused to give it except in obedience to his will.

'Seeing all this, and much more besides that was contrary to the will and law of God, I asked him for permission to go to the Apostolic See for advice in the interests of my soul and the office laid upon me; when he replied that I had sinned against him in making the mere request, and offered me two alternatives: either I must make him satisfaction as for a fault and give him security that I would never again ask such permission or ever appeal to the Pope, or I must at once leave the country. I preferred exile to an iniquitous complaisance. I came to Rome, as you know, and told the Pope all.

'No sooner had I left England than the King laid a tax on the wearing apparel and the food of my monks, invaded the entire archbishopric and converted it to his own uses. Pope Urban admonished and entreated him to stop these courses, but he took no notice and still persists.'

'I have now entered on my third year of exile. I have spent what I brought with me, which was little, and

¹ 'Voluntatibus suis.' In the corresponding letter, written to Urban II. three years before, these *voluntates sue* were described as *voluntariæ consuetudines*. My contention is thus confirmed that the word 'consuetudo' may mean a mere claim. The two letters should be compared together.

what I have borrowed, which was much, and am in debt for the loans. Hence it is that I am kept here living on the kindness and bounty of the Archbishop of Lyons. It is not as wishing to return to England that I tell your Holiness all this, but because I fear your displeasure if I do not make it known to you.

‘I therefore beg and implore you, with all the earnestness in my power, that you will on no account bid me return to England, except on such terms as may render it possible for me to set the law and will of God and the Apostolic decrees before the will of man; and unless the King returns me the Church lands and whatever he had drawn from the archbishopric in reprisal for my seeking the Apostolic See, or else make the Church an adequate compensation. Otherwise I should let it appear that it is a duty to set man before God, and that I had been justly despoiled for desiring to go to Rome. That were a sad and deplorable example to posterity.

‘Some ill-informed people ask why I do not excommunicate the King; but the wiser and well advised recommend me not to do so, since it scarcely belongs to me to play the double part of plaintiff and judge. And besides, friends of mine upon the spot tell me that, were I to excommunicate him, he would treat the excommunication with contempt and turn it into ridicule.

‘Your Holiness’s authority and prudence need no advice from me.

‘May Almighty God guide your doings to His good pleasure and give the Church long and happy days under your prosperous government. Amen.’¹

¹ *Ep.* iii. 40.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST DAYS OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WE have thus far traversed the two years which intervened between Anselm's departure from Dover in the autumn of 1097 and the despatch of his first letter to the new Pope, Paschal II., in that of 1099. Let us now turn our attention to the King of the English.

On hearing of the Archbishop's departure from our shores he immediately imposed a tax on the Christ Church monks and confiscated the Canterbury estates. This done, he entrusted the kingdom to the care and tender mercies of Bishop Vauquelin and the Firebrand, and embarked about Martinmas for Normandy. But the Bishop's tenure of this new office was brief enough, and his end was in some sort a parallel to that of William of Saint-Calais, whose evil counsels he seems to have inherited. He was either celebrating mass, or assisting at it, on Christmas Day, when a message was delivered to him from the King ordering him to send him the sum of two hundred pounds without delay. He could not obey without either ruining his poor or afflicting his monks; and, breaking down under a sorrow which he had once only too coldly contemplated in the Primate, prayed that he might be taken hence. There is something pathetic and almost edifying in such an end to such a man. His prayer was answered. He died on the third day of the following January, two years and a day after the poor Bishop of Durham.

On Vauquelin's death the revenues of the see of Winchester were at once diverted to the royal fisc. Canterbury,

Durham, Winchester, were now in the King's hand ; and a Winchester chronicler informs us that the entire number of churches administered by the merciless Renouf amounted to sixteen, that the aggregate income he extorted from their suffering tenants was some five thousand pounds annually, and that laymen and ecclesiastics were alike reduced to such an extreme of misery that life was a burden.

No sooner, too, was the Archbishop out of the country, than the level of the national morality suddenly fell. 'Mercy and truth took their departure with him, shunning the land ; and justice and peace were driven out after them. Confession and penance were in little esteem ; holiness and chastity were under a blight ; sin walked the highways openly and unabashed, disdainfully confronted and defied all law, and, gathering fresh courage day by day from its success, triumphed wantonly. The very heavens held England in horror. The sun and the moon stood still in their course, . . . and the nations were amazed. Thunders shook the earth ; thunderbolts and lightning glanced all around ; rain fell in floods ; the winds of heaven were at their wildest ; hurricanes shook the church towers till they fell ; fountains of blood gushed from the ground ; and whilst the land was racked with earthquakes the very sea transgressed its limits to work havoc in its turn. . . . The enemy of mankind was seen roaming the forests in bodily shape ; famine raged abroad ; pestilence laid hold of man and beast ; the soil was left untilled ; and there was none to tend the living, as there were none to bury the dead.'¹

This nervous passage, written after the horrible cata-

¹ *Petr. Bles. Continuatio*. No one who has studied the contemporary records of the age with which we are concerned can fail to notice the connection they trace between extraordinary physical phenomena and important public events. I might fill pages with instances in illustration, but will content myself with two which lie before me as I write. The *Plympton Annals*, s. a. 1089, say, 'Obiit Lanfrancus archiepiscopus, et terra mota est.' And the *Reading Annals*, s. a. 1133, 'Ultimus transitus regis Henrici in Normanniam. Eclipsis solis et terræ motus factus est.'

strophe to the description of which it serves as an introduction, contains in few words an account of natural portents, numerous and alarming, which occurred during a period of nearly three years; but its chief interest lies in the connection which thoughtful men traced between those portents and the unprecedented licence of morals which overran England upon Anselm's banishment.

For scarcely was he gone when the worst which had been known of the Red King was succeeded by something even worse. Can it be that, having ordered the ship which carried the Primate to be scuttled, he now cut himself adrift from every thought, as well as from every hope, of the Divine mercy? For if that diabolical manœuvre was his, the planning of it was not so much a vindictive attempt on the saintly prelate as a flagitious defiance of Him whose representative the saintly prelate was; and the demons that had taken possession of him four years ago were now, by the suggestion of a sin which they themselves could scarcely have committed, urging him headlong to his ruin. The devils believe and tremble; he neither trembled nor believed.

The greatest dishonour that a redeemed soul can do to God is wilfully and deliberately to spend its period of probation here below out of a state of grace. This, as we commonly believe, is its worst estate; and yet there is a worse estate than this—that, I mean, of a man that, not satisfied with sinning, makes mock of his redemption and heaps contempt upon his Redeemer.

It is not improbable that the first symptom of the hopelessness of William's estrangement from all good was a certain disdainful indifference to the truths of the religion in which he had hitherto professed to believe.

William of Malmesbury tells us that when on one occasion the City Jews had made themselves more than ordinarily agreeable to him, he tried to prevail on them to challenge the bishops to a discussion on the Christian religion, and promised

them, 'by the Face at Lucca,' that if they got the best of the argument he would himself turn Jew. The courtly historian does indeed suggest in the copy which he designed for royal perusal that this may have been said 'by way of a joke,' but not so in the authentic original. The only argument to which he was accessible was the argument of money; he was not a man to joke when money was in question; and I am much mistaken if those who knew him best did not see in this suggestion a hint that, for an adequate compensation, he would trample on the Son of God and deny the efficacy of His redeeming blood.

During the first winter of Anselm's exile some Jews came to the prince, who was then at Rouen, complaining that certain of their number had embraced Christianity, and offering him money if he would compel them to abjure the faith. He accepted their terms; sent for the poor converts, and succeeded so well as to 'break some of them by threats and terrors into a denial of our Divine Lord and a return to their old errors.' The man that could do this would sell his own soul.

On another occasion there came to him an aged Israelite, complaining that his son, whom he fondly loved, had deserted the ancestral religion and turned Christian. The King kept silence, not yet 'hearing' why he should interfere, when the distracted parent, divining the 'mystery,' offered him sixty silver marks as a fee for his theological endeavours. The bargain was concluded and the lad summoned into the royal presence. 'Your father complains,' said the prince, 'that you have turned Christian without his leave. If this be true, I bid you heed what he says, and without any more nonsense turn Jew again instantly.' 'Sire,' said the innocent youth, 'you surely must be joking.' 'I joke with thee, thou son of a dunghill!' cried the prince in a passion; 'I joke with thee! Go away at once and do as I bid thee; else by the Face at Lucca I will have thine eyes put out.' The young

man composed himself, and answered in a firm voice, 'I certainly shall not. If you were a good Christian, words such as you have just uttered would never have escaped you. It is a Christian's duty to bring into the fold those who through unbelief have been severed from it, not to carry off those who by faith are made one with it.' The King was confounded, covered the young man with abuse, and ordered him to be kicked out. The poor father was now ushered in—he had been waiting at the door. 'I have done what you wanted ; pay me the money,' said William. The Jew, who had contrived to learn the truth from the lad himself before going in, replied, 'Why, my son is a stauncher Christian than ever, and you say, "I have done what you wanted ; pay me the money." First finish what you have begun, and then talk about promises ; that was the bargain.' 'I have done my best,' he answered, 'and have not succeeded ; but I am not going to have had my trouble for nothing.' The poor old man was woebegone, and with difficulty bought his escape for thirty marks.

Nothing was sacred. Whatever be the true view of the fiery ordeal, there can be no doubt that in that age it was regarded as an appeal, beset with infinite peril, to that Almighty Power whose judgments are beyond controversy. But the King disliked it, not as deeming its operations illusory, but because he had long ago taught himself to regard the Fountain of all good as his personal Foe, vindictive and unjust. God, he used to say, was not omniscient ; or, if He was, equity was not His attribute. Here is an instance. Some fifty Englishmen—Englishmen of the old stock and men of family—who had escaped the extreme of misery to which the majority of their class had for more than thirty long years been, now swiftly and now slowly, driven, were accused of breaking the forest laws. The specific charge was that they had ensnared, killed, and eaten the King's deer. They pleaded 'Not guilty,' and were ordered to undergo the ordeal. They did so, and on the third day

their hands were found to be unburnt. 'What is this?' he cried. 'God is a just Judge, is He? Perish the man who henceforth believes it. By this and this,¹ mine is the judgment they shall answer to, not God's. *He* can be twisted round any man's finger.'

He regarded, or affected to regard, the Almighty Ruler of all as his own peculiar Enemy. Hence the Divine Providence was his Rival as the Divine Justice was his Foe; and he was jealous if anyone presumed to say 'Please God' when anything of his intending or his ordering was in question.

And, notwithstanding, he had no small share of temporal prosperity.

About the Midsummer of 1099, for he returned to England in the spring of that year, there came unexpected news that Maine had been invaded. He was riding to the New Forest when the courier met him. At once he turned his horse's head, galloped to the coast, and taking ship in the first crazy craft he could find, bade the crew row him over to Normandy. They implored him to wait: the ship was hardly seaworthy, the wind was contrary, the sky black, the sea in a fury. 'Oh!' he cried, 'I have never heard of a king being lost by shipwreck. Let go; you will see that wind and waves will obey me.' So they did. Next day he landed safe and sound near Trouville. This was only a few weeks after he had followed up his three years' confiscation of the temporalities of the see of Durham by the sale of the episcopal office to Renouf the Firebrand; only a few weeks after he had had the proud satisfaction of seeing the sword of state carried before him at his Whitsuntide coronation at Westminster by Eadgar, King of Scots, whose father he had befooled and insulted six years before, and whose blood was not improbably upon his soul.

Nor was it the elements alone that paid him court now. The ministers of death were obsequious to his impiety, and at

¹ 'Per hoc et hoc.' This seems to have been a new oath, adopted in his later years. What it means I cannot say.

the very moment when, for perhaps the first time, he checked himself in his Heaven-defying career, to contemplate the possible incidence and the possible effects of an excommunication, the Pope died. On hearing the news he exclaimed, 'God's hate fall on the man that cares for that.' Then, pausing a moment, he resumed, 'But the new Pope, what sort of man is he?' 'In some respects like Anselm,' was the answer. 'By God's Face, then, if he is of that sort he is not much. But let him keep himself to himself, for by this and this his popery shall not come over me now. I have got my liberty, and I shall do as I like.' This was in the autumn of 1099.

Eadmer takes a profound and thoughtful view of all this, a view not improbably taught him by his master; and, noting how all was prosperous and yet more prosperous with the poor creature as time went on, says, 'I cannot help recalling the remark he once made to Bishop Gundulf that God would never, in return for evil, get good out of him; as though God had said in reply, "If, then, I may not get good from thee in return for what thou deemest evil, I will at least prove thee, and see if I can get good for good from thee."'

Alas! these Divine arts were all in vain. He had once boasted that he would be his own archbishop, had momentarily repented, had repented of his repentance. And to say that he was now not only his own archbishop and his own pope, would be to say little. He was his own providence, his own justice, his own omnipotence. The Divine Being had to him lapsed into something even more unsubstantial than a theoretical existence; and the only God of whom he thought was a God with none of the attributes of Godhead. Meanwhile his moral sense had grown insensible; conscience was cauterised. Those who knew him best declared that he never went to rest at night but he did so a worse man than he had been upon awaking in the morning, and never saw the morrow's light but he did so a worse man than when he had closed his eyes; whilst in him and about him iniquities

at one time only in the bud were now turned to fruit, and iniquities in full flower of which none had ever dreamed.

Meanwhile prosperity was approaching a meridian brightness over that dark and godless soul. The newly-completed hall at Westminster—a structure which even his flatterers deemed too grand—was not grand enough for his insatiable ambition ; it was only half its proper dimensions, and even if doubled would then only be a vestibule to the palace he meant to build. His brother, the Duke of Normandy, was returning to claim the duchy ; he would go and meet him on the frontier, and make the duchy eternally his own. The Count of Poitou was going to the Holy Land ; he would buy the earldom and make it his own, and stretch his empire from the twilight Orcades away to the sunny stream of the Garonne. ‘Where will you be next Christmas?’ he was asked in the summer of 1100. ‘At Poitiers,’ was the reply.

And he meant to do it. He ordered his galleys to be prepared, troops of cavalry to be harnessed, and all to be in readiness. A few weeks, a few short weeks, and all would be his. His sun was nearing the meridian.

As, when summer is at its brightest, a cloud thin as vapour is descried, and a deep rolling sound, the wayfarer knows not whence, travels through the sky, and presently gloom and darkness oppress the world, and a stifling silence reigns ere yet the thunderbolt descend,—so now.

Seven years had been fulfilled from the night on which a fiery crosier swept the skies of England when William Rufus dreamed a strange dream. Before him was an altar, and on the altar a Child Divinely lovely. He approached the Child, laid hold of Him, and began to eat. The flesh was sweet to the taste, and he ate on, when the Victim bent an angry look on him and said, ‘Stop ; you have gone too far !’ He awoke in great alarm, and next morning asked a bishop, the saintly Bishop of Rochester, what this might mean. ‘Good King,’ said the prelate, ‘desist from persecuting the Church. A

kind God has sent you this dream. Accept the reproof; do not go to the chase to-day.' It was, perhaps, the only kind of warning that would have been likely to impress him for good ; and he so far heeded the prelate's admonition as to spend the morning at home. Then he dined, ate and drank more than was usual with him, and went to the chase.

That evening he was found lying dead in his own blood in the New Forest. An arrow had entered the heart, and the shaft was snapped by the fall. The accounts are so contradictory that it would be rash to say how that arrow reached its goal. Nor need we too curiously inquire. There is no chance here below. God guided that arrow's flight. God is just.

BOOK VII.

*ST. ANSELM'S EARLY RELATIONS
WITH KING HENRY I.*

CHAPTER I.

ST. ANSELM'S RETURN FROM BANISHMENT.

PRINCE HENRY, who was not far from the scene of the catastrophe, no sooner heard the news than he hurried to Winchester, overbore the opposition of such of the barons as declared the crown to belong to Duke Robert, and seized the royal treasure.

Those whose horrible lot it was to find the dead body of the late King—he had died suffocated with blood, and lay weltering in the chilled life-stream—laid it on a rickety cart belonging to a charcoal-burner and drawn by a lean jade. The owner shrank from the task of convoying such a charge, but was forced to obey, and set forth with it towards Winchester. The road at one place dropped into a hollow which was choked with mud and difficult of passage. Here the rude hearse broke down, and the corpse rolled into the dirt. The terrified driver fled, leaving such as would to finish his work.

Next morning all that was mortal of the despot was consigned to an unwept tomb under a ruinous tower hard by the Cathedral Church of Winchester.¹

¹ There is a certain dramatic propriety in the uncertainty which beshrouds the despot's burial-place. William of Malmesbury seems to be purposely obscure, and Rudborne wrote too long after the event to be of service to us. The Waverley Annalists insert into the account they borrow from other sources the words 'in choro monachorum ante majus altare.' No doubt the Red King's body was in the choir of the present cathedral long years after his death; but I cannot believe that it was laid there in the first instance; and I am pleased to find that my suspicions have been anticipated, first by Wharton, and at a more recent date by Bishop Milner. Curiously enough, however, those doubts are confirmed by a passage in

Prince Henry at once assembled such of the prelates and barons as were on the spot, and, having obtained their choice of him as successor to the crown, ordered a seal to be engraved styling him King, and prepared to start for Westminster, where the regalia were kept, and where, hard by the tomb of the Confessor, was the proper privileged spot for receiving the royal unction.

But, before starting for Westminster, what less could he do to avert the further wrath of Heaven, to propitiate the too long outraged piety of his people, to ensure some measure of success in a future beset with peril, to appease the purging flames—if, indeed, those purging flames had been vouchsafed—in which he hoped, yet scarcely dared to hope, that his brother's soul was plunged—what less could he do than make provision for filling the empty throne in Winchester Cathedral? The proper electors may have had

Orderic, which neither Wharton nor Milner seems to have noticed, and which distinctly states (iv. 89) that the corpse was laid in a tomb 'in veteri monasterio sancti Petri.' *Orderic* was an Englishman, who probably knew all about Winchester, and who certainly was not influenced by such inducements to palliate an unwelcome record as qualified the narrative of William of Malmesbury; and it is hard to believe that, writing at a time when the site of the 'vetus monasterium' of Winchester was well known, he should have specified the 'old monastery,' if it was not his conviction that the old church, not the new, was the scene of the burial.

1. Soon after the consecration of the new church in 1093, the old church was pulled down, with the exception of a 'porticus' and the 'majus altare,' by which we are, no doubt, to understand the substructure of the high altar and, perhaps, the surrounding masonry.

2. Over either the 'porticus' or the 'majus altare' a tower seems to have been left standing, until such time, perhaps, as the central tower of the new church should be completed.

3. This tower, not improbably, stood in one of the two angles formed by the eastern limb of the new building and its transept, and seems to have been shored up with timber. And I suspect that by the 'ambitus turris,' mentioned by William of Malmesbury, we are to understand the passage between it and the new church.

4. Here, then, I suspect that the Winchester clergy, unwilling, as *Orderic* says, to give him the burial of a *felo de se*, laid 'with maimed rites' the body of the unhappy prince, building a low tomb over it.

Those who are interested in the subject will need no further words of mine, but will study it for themselves; those who are not will think this note already long enough.

some wish on the subject ; so may he. But the appointment must be made at once ; and, whether because he made the choice and they consented to it, or because they elected and he confirmed the election, yet, at any rate, a successor to the time-serving Vauquelin was by common consent and without delay appointed in the person of William Giffard, a clergyman of approved ability, though not a priest, who had occupied the post of Chancellor to the Conqueror and the late King.

When, however, the bishop elect was presented to the Prince for investiture, he refused to receive the crosier which Henry presented him. His familiarity with secular affairs had not blinded him to the guilt of disobeying what was now well known to be the mind of the Church upon investiture by laymen ; and Henry was too timorous or too prudent to attempt to force his acceptance of the sacred symbol at his hands.

The Prince now set off for Westminster, where he received consecration at the hands of Gerard, Bishop of Hereford, a prelate whose ministration could not offend either the absent Primate or the abbot of the privileged monastery, and some days later executed a charter promising reform of most, at least, of the grievances under which England had recently groaned. Meanwhile he despatched a letter to the Primate, imploring him to return at once.¹

¹ There is a general air of verisimilitude in the account given by Matthew Paris. It is to this effect. The *magnates* of England, not knowing what had become of Duke Robert, were fearful of the consequences of delay in the succession. Prince Henry, perceiving this, assembled the clergy and people of England at London—he probably means Westminster—and promised to amend the laws from which the country had suffered under the Conqueror and the Red King. The clergy and *magnates* replied that if he would willingly comply with their wishes, and give them a charter, and reassert the ancient liberties and *consuetudines* which had obtained under the Confessor, they would assent to his accession, and unanimously cause him to be consecrated King. He agreed to the conditions, took an oath to that effect, and was consecrated at Westminster on the 15th of August, London and York placing the crown on his head. The coronation over, he then granted the famous charter.

All these things were done without loss of time. William Rufus was found dead in the New Forest on the evening of Thursday. Henry Beauclerc was consecrated and crowned in Westminster Abbey on the morning of the following Sunday.

Meanwhile Anselm had not been left unadmonished.

Early in the morning of the 1st of August one of his attendants, who was lying awake, but with eyes closed, outside the Archbishop's room, beheld, and lo! a comely youth, who said, 'Adam, are you asleep?' 'No.' 'Would you hear the news?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Know, then, that the difference between Archbishop Anselm and King William is ended and appeased.' Adam opened his eyes, looked round, but saw no one.

On the following morning, in the early hours after midnight, one of the party stood singing matins with his eyes

On the other hand, however, most if not all of the other authorities say that he was consecrated on the 5th of August.

The facts were, I imagine, as follows :—

1. He was consecrated on the 5th of August; for in his letter to Anselm he says that he had already received the royal unction, and that letter can scarcely have been despatched as late as the 15th, inasmuch as Anselm was on the other side of Cluny when he received it, and reached England on the 23rd of September.

2. Knowing, however, or at any rate suspecting, that Duke Robert was on his way back to Normandy, he was anxious to secure his possession of the crown, and therefore felt it to be his wisdom to buy the favour of the greater part of his people, who had not acquiesced in his informal election at Winchester, by making the promises which Matthew Paris records, and by executing the charter.

3. This done, he received, not a second consecration, but a second coronation. This second coronation sealed the compact.

4. The second coronation took place on the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption.

5. It was given by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London.

This account may perhaps serve to clear up the difficulty created by the divergent accounts handed down to us of the consecration. Some say that Henry was consecrated by the Archbishop of York, others that the Bishop of London was the officiant. But all are wrong. One or other, more probably London, may have crowned him on the 5th; neither of them consecrated him. He was consecrated by the Bishop of Hereford.

The *Osney Annals* are the only record of their class which assign the consecration to the real consecrator, Gerard, Bishop of Hereford, but not yet for some time to come Archbishop of York.

closed, when some one appeared holding out to him a small scroll, on which were the words 'Obiit Rex Willelmus.' He opened his eyes, and looking round saw none but his companions.

Towards the end of August Anselm was at Chaise-Dieu, when two visitors were announced—a Christ Church monk and a Le Bec monk. Whatever he may have thought about dreams and visions, the news these men brought at any rate was true. The King was dead.

For a few moments he sat stunned with dismay and horror, and then gave way to a paroxysm of grief, gasping through his sobs, 'To die like that! Oh that I had been taken instead of him!'

He returned without delay to Lyons, where a letter from the Christ Church monks was brought him by a member of that community, conjuring him to return at once to Canterbury. His host advised him to do so, and he set forth.

As he rode through village after village, men and women came out of their houses, and vied with each other in running alongside his horse and bewailing his departure.

He had not reached Cluny when a fresh messenger met him—the messenger from Henry. Why was he so slow? The whole country was waiting for him; everything was at a standstill; nothing could be done without him: here was a letter from the King.

He opened it and read as follows:—

'Be it known to you, dearest father, that my brother King William is dead, and that, elected, thank God, by the clergy and people of England, and however unwillingly consecrated—unwillingly, because of your absence—yet still consecrated King, I, with all the people of England, call upon you as our father to come as quickly as you can, and give your counsel to me, your son, and them, as to those

whose souls have been committed to your care. I confide myself and the people of the whole realm of England to your counsel, and that of those whose office it is to join with you in advising me ; and I beg you will not be offended at my receiving the royal benediction in your absence. Much rather would I, if I could, have received it from you than from anyone else ; but there was no help for it. There were enemies ready to attack me and the people I have to govern (*'quem habeo ad gubernandum'*), and my barons and the people refused to have it delayed ; so I have received it from your deputy. I would have sent special messengers with money for your use ; but, owing to my brother's death, the whole world is thrown into such confusion round about the kingdom of England that they could never have reached safely (*'salubriter'*). I therefore advise and request you not to come by way of Normandy, but by Wissant ; and I will have my barons ready at Dover to meet you, and money as well ; and, please God, you will find wherewithal to pay what you have borrowed. Hasten your coming, therefore, father, lest our mother, the Church of Canterbury, after her long trouble and desolation sustain still further losses of souls by your absence.'¹

By energy, promptitude, and skill Prince Henry had made the crown his own within three days of his brother's death ; but the possession was by no means secure. The nation in general were, it is true, only too glad to have a prince of royal birth seated in the throne for the first time since the death of the Confessor ; but there was an influential section of the barons who had been parties to the convention of 1091, in virtue of which Duke Robert might at any moment denounce him as an intruder and claim the crown ; whilst a still larger number, by this time only too familiar with the evils of a divided allegiance, were more than disposed to treat

¹ The Latin of this royal letter is curious.

their reluctant acquiescence in an accession which they had not had the means for disputing as anything but a *bonâ fide* election, final and irreversible.

Nor was this all. Henry's object in hurrying on the election, if election it might be called, had been to be beforehand with Duke Robert, who was by this time far on his way from Italy to Normandy; but his precipitancy had given it a character of informality, which the discontented barons might before long plead only too eagerly and only too successfully as their justification for deserting him. The election had been made in entire independence of the Primate, and was, therefore, if not void, yet voidable; to say nothing of the irregularity of the consecration.

Hence, then, Henry Beauclerc's anxiety to have Anselm back in England as soon as possible. None but Anselm could give an *ex post facto* validity to the consecration, none but Anselm supply an *ex post facto* remedy to the defect of the election.

Read by the light of these facts, Henry's letter was as clear as transparency. Nor were the attesting signatures without a meaning. The first was that of Bishop Gerard,¹ the consecrating prelate who, as junior bishop of the province and bishop of such a diocese as Hereford, could not have pretended to give the royal unction—as an Archbishop of York or a Bishop of London might have been conceived to do—in any other capacity than that of *vicarius* to the Primate. The second was 'William, Bishop of Winchester;' a hint that Henry was making it his business to repair the sacrilegious confiscations of the late reign.

¹ The following passage from William FitzStephen's Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury may interest the reader; the speaker is Henry II.: 'Atavus meus, rex Willelmus, qui subegit Angliam ab archiepiscopo Eboracensi sacrationem suscepit et coronationem Londoniæ. Et avus meus Henricus per manum episcopi Herefordensis.' See also the saint's own account, *St. Thom. Cant. Ep.* 25. Bishop Gerard was translated from Hereford to York before the close of the year. Hence, perhaps, the erroneous assertion by some historians that it was Thomas, Archbishop of York, who gave Henry the royal unction.

CHAPTER II.

INVESTITURE.

INVESTITURE is the ceremonial act by which he who has a dignity to bestow bestows it.¹ Sometimes, however, the word is, by an accommodation of speech, employed to express the grant, not of the dignity, but of something conditional to its reception or accessory to its tenure. Investitures may, therefore, be classified as proper and improper.

Again, the person who gives investiture may give it for himself, or he may give it as the representative, the delegate, the vicegerent, the commissioner of another. Investitures are, therefore, authentic or unauthentic.

Thirdly, the ceremonial act may or may not fittingly symbolise the purpose of the agent; as if a king were to bestow an earldom by the delivery of a bible, or a pope the spiritualities of a bishopric by the delivery of a pocket-knife. Investiture, that is to say, may be formal, or it may be informal.

Lastly, the agent may or may not have the right to give what he pretends to give, or the recipient to receive what he is averred to receive. Investiture, therefore, may be real or it may be fictitious.

Here are a few examples in illustration:—

(1) Bishop Gundulf, when dying, was solicited by the

¹ 'Investitura ideo dicitur quia per hoc signum quod nostri juris alicui nos dedisse monstramus. Quod enim nostrum est, cum alicui ex nostrâ parte ad possidendum concedere volumus, eum exinde investire curamus, significantes, videlicet, ex hoc signo illud quod damus nobis jure competere, et illum qui accipit quod nostrum est per nos possidere.'—Placidus, *De Honore Ecclesie*, c. 58.

King and the Archbishop of Canterbury to appoint an abbess to a religious community of women at Malling. Handing a pastoral staff to the prioress of the establishment, he appointed her abbess. The act was an authentic investiture, for Gundulf had the right to perform it; and it was formal, for he employed an appropriate symbol. Moreover, it was a proper investiture, for what the Bishop gave was the dignity itself, not its accidents.

(2) A few years previously Henry I. had, 'by the gift of the pastoral staff, invested two clerks of his household with bishoprics.' It was *ultra vires* for the Crown to confer the episcopal dignity. Regarded, therefore, as a proper investiture, the act was authentic and formal, but fictitious. The Crown had, however, the right to confer the temporalities of the see, and the act, regarded as an improper investiture, was real and authentic, but informal, inasmuch as the crosier is the symbol of spiritual jurisdiction.

(3) Bartholomew Cotton ('*Historia Anglicana*') has the following passage: 'Rediit (Anselmus) cum assensu Domini Papæ ut Rex nullum per baculum *investiret*, quod Rex concessit, et Anselmum omnibus ad ecclesiam suam pertinentibus *investivit*.' He returned on the understanding that the King should invest no one with the pastoral staff, *i.e.* should give no one proper investiture, formal, authentic, and fictitious. The King agreed and invested him with the appurtenances of his see. He assented, that is to say, and showed his assent by giving him an improper investiture authentic and real. But as no symbol, suitable or unsuitable, seems to have been employed, we cannot be sure that there was any investiture at all, and that the transaction was not a mere conveyance.

(4) When William de Montfort had been elected Abbot of Le Bec, Duke Robert gave him the *exterior cura* of the preferment by the delivery to him of a pastoral staff. Here was an improper investiture, real, authentic, and informal. When his successor, Boso, had been elected, King Henry I.

gave him the *exterior cura* by word of mouth. Here, had an unsuitable symbol been employed, we should have had, as in the previous case, an investiture improper, real, authentic, and informal. But no symbol was employed. There was, therefore, no investiture, but only an appointment.

In the course of the present book our attention will be called to the subject of investitures of churches by laymen by means of the pastoral staff. It does indeed seem strange at first sight that the symbol of spiritual jurisdiction should ever have been employed in conferring this or that ecclesiastical preferment; strange, I mean, that the crosier given to an abbot at his consecration in sign of spiritual jurisdiction, and given him by a prelate, should also be given to him by a prince in sign of civil rights conferred. I think we shall soon see that the thing was not in every case so strange as it sounds on first hearing, and meanwhile I would remark that an analogous inconsistency is to be found in the double ceremony of installation observed in the age with which we are concerned. An abbot elect was twice installed, at least in Normandy. Thus William de Montfort was first civilly installed in the Duke's name, and some months afterwards ecclesiastically installed in the Archbishop's name.

In order, however, to obtain some just notion of the subject which awaits us, not only must we distinguish between the different categories in which this or that investiture may be classed; we must be careful not to confuse one age with another, one country with another, one set of circumstances with another.

I. Let me begin with the Empire, where, at the close of the eleventh century, the contest on investitures raged fiercest. The imperial claims were supported by the plea that in past times certain popes had granted certain privileges to the wearer of the imperial crown. On this plea Bishop Placidus, the author of the treatise '*De Honore Ecclesiæ*,' remarks very pertinently, 'If it be true that certain popes gave certain

privileges, the first thing to note is that they did so in the hope that the royal authority might obviate the quarrels which are apt to arise in the election of bishops. The very terms in which the privileges were granted show that the object of the popes was to prevent these quarrels, and to check the growth of simony. . . . But the moment that mortification ensued from the employment of the means which had been given to prevent it, from that moment it was only fitting and only just that succeeding popes should rescind the privileges.' In explanation of which passage I quote William of Malmesbury, who puts the following words into the mouth of Gregory VI.:—

'The precedent has often been quoted of our predecessor Adrian I., who is said to have conceded investitures of churches to Charlemagne, the terms of such concession being that no bishop elect should be consecrated until he had received the insignia of ring and crosier from the King. But what it was then reasonable to grant it is now as reasonable to withdraw. Things then were not as they are now. Then the heart of Charlemagne was set against avarice and greed, and it would have been hard for anyone to enter the fold but by the door of canonical election ; and not only so, it was difficult in the extreme to take interminable journeys to Rome in all cases of election, that the Pope should give his assent to all of them separately, one by one ; whereas a sovereign was easy of access, and he a sovereign who was resolved to tolerate no mercantile transaction, and to allow no candidate to be preferred in violation of the provisions set forth in the canons of the Church. Now, however, things are different. Now luxury and ambition have worked their way into the royal palaces ; and the Church claims her proper independence, lest the sovereign hand her over to the unholy lust of ambitious usurpers.'¹

¹ *Gesta Regum*, ii. § 202.

Whilst, then, the moral cause of the evils attending investiture by laymen—evils which the Popes at the close of the eleventh century sought to cure—lay in the gradual decadence of public morality, their historical beginning is to be traced to the privilege which Adrian I. gave to Charlemagne—that of conferring ring and crosier upon a bishop elect as *conditio sine quâ non* of his consecration. It was a privilege, not an inherent right ; and it was a privilege granted on the strength of Adrian's conviction of Charlemagne's integrity. By order of Adrian, then, no bishop elect living under Charlemagne's rule might receive consecration till that prince, in attestation of his conviction of the canonicity of the election, had handed him the ring and crosier. Was this grant, then, of the ring and crosier a proper investiture ? Manifestly not. Was it an authentic investiture ? By no means ; for Charlemagne did not act *proprio jure*, but by way of privilege from the Holy See. In so far, however, as Charlemagne bestowed the ring and crosier in accordance with the imposed conditions, and with a view to the proposed end, the investiture was real, not fictitious ; nor is there reason to believe that he ever violated the conditions or disregarded the object.

But at last the privilege was avoided. 'It came at last to this,' says William of Tyre ('De Bello Sacro,' i. 13), 'that, particularly in the Empire, the moment a bishop died his ring and crosier were forwarded to the Emperor, who then bestowed them, in token of investiture, on some member of his household, or some chaplain of his, and sent him off to the vacant church, there to discharge the pastoral functions, although he had never been elected.' It came at last to this, in other words, that, the conditions on which the privilege was originally granted having been violated, the privilege was *ipso facto* forfeited, and irreversible first principles asserted their supremacy. But this was not all. By the close of the eleventh century not only had the conditions on which the privilege was originally granted been violated, and violated

often enough to constitute a *grave delictum*; the principle which underlay the very existence of the privilege had been abjured; and the privilege was forfeited not merely by the number and gravity of the instances in which it had been violated, but by the fact that Henry IV. not only gave investiture to wrong people and from wrong motives, but that he claimed the right to do so. The privilege was forfeited because Henry IV. had so abused it as to pretend to convert an investiture improper, unauthentic, informal, but real, into an investiture proper, authentic, and formal, but, by the nature of the case, fictitious.

What, then, Leo IX., Gregory VII., Victor III., Urban II., and Paschal II. did in regard to the Empire was to assert the eternal and irreversible authority of first principles. Thus the second of them, writing to Henry IV., declares (Ep. iii. 10):—

‘Alarmed by the danger and evident ruin of the flock of Christ, we simply revert to the decrees and teaching of the holy fathers, ordaining no novelty, no innovation of our own; all we do is to order that men relinquish error and revert to and pursue the primary and sole rule of ecclesiastical discipline and the beaten path laid down and trodden by the saints.’

He then quotes the following decree of the eighth œcumenical council:—

‘Apostolicis et synodicis canonibus, promotiones et consecrationes episcoporum ex potentiâ et præceptione principum factas penitus interdicentibus, concordantes, definimus ut si quis episcopus per versutiam vel tyrannidem principum hujuscemodi dignitatis consecrationem susceperit deponatur.’¹

II. In France, at the close of the eleventh century, things were not so bad as in Germany. They were, however, bad

¹ Labbe and Cossart, xvi. 167.

enough. It seems to have been a very ancient custom for the Kings of France to signify their approval of an election to the episcopate by handing a pastoral staff to the bishop elect. Thus, early in the seventh century, the reigning sovereign handed St. Romanus of Rouen a crosier in attestation of his approval of the election, and probably in token of the grant to him of the temporalities of the see; and succeeding Kings of France for three hundred and fifty years seem to have done the very same thing with the very same intention. There is a curious letter from Bishop Yves of Chartres to Archbishop Hugh of Lyons, in which (Ep. 60) he says:—

‘What we understand Pope Urban to have done is this: to have forbidden kings to give corporal investiture; not to have forbidden them to participate in the election of bishops, nor yet to have forbidden their giving formal assent to the results of such election. Now, what does it matter how such assent or concession is given? What does it matter whether the king holds out his hand, or nods his head, or moves his tongue, or presents a staff? What does it matter, so long as the king means to give nothing spiritual, but only to signify his assent to the election, or to give the person elect ecclesiastical estates or other external goods?’

Bishop Yves discovered in course of time that it mattered very much indeed, and his own words supply an answer to his argument. Whether the royal consent were given by *manus*, or *caput*, or *lingua*, or *virga* mattered nothing provided that *manus*, or *caput*, or *lingua*, or *virga* symbolised nothing but what lay strictly within the prerogatives of the temporal ruler. But if the *virga* happened to be a *virga pastoralis*, not a *virga regalis*, then what had before been unimportant became of highest consequence the moment the King claimed by its employment to give that which he

was incompetent to give, and of which the *virga pastoralis* was the proper symbol. To the eye that saw the ceremony was the same as heretofore, but to the judgment that discerns it was intrinsically different. The old act had been real, the present was fictitious; and it was fictitious because the King claimed to convert an informal into a formal act, and to convert into a proper investiture that which hitherto had been called investiture by an understood and acknowledged economy of phrase. It now mattered very much that the King should hand the prelate elect a pastoral staff, for, in the words of the same Bishop Yves (Ep. 236), the investiture was no longer a legitimate act, but 'the sacrilegious assumption of an authority distinct and separate from his own.' At what precise moment the French Crown may be said to have definitively asserted this claim would be difficult to determine, but we shall scarcely be far from the truth if we say that by the year 1100 the royal investiture in France by means of the crosier was what, for an unbroken period of forty years, the imperial investiture in Germany by means of crosier and ring had been—an overt pretension on the part of the temporal power to confer spiritual jurisdiction.

III. To return, however, to Germany. It would manifestly have been worse than criminal and worse than foolish if they whose duty it was to watch for the welfare of the Church had waited until princes should give verbal and categorical expression to this claim. The claim may not as yet have taken categorical form; nor was it needful that it should, so long as bishops and abbots were appointed precisely as they might have been if a voice from heaven had constituted kings the source of spiritual jurisdiction. The claim may not as yet have taken categorical form, nor was there need it should, so long as the pastors of the Church remained supine and unresentful. For things could not have been different from what they were if the Emperor had been by Divine right the source of spiritual jurisdiction to the Empire. In

entire independence of the proper electors, he appointed whom he would to bishoprics and abbeys ; and, in entire independence of the spiritual power, handed them the symbols of spiritual jurisdiction. This done, nothing remained but to have them consecrated ; and a servile episcopate were ready to consecrate, because they were themselves the creatures of the prince who had proved himself their personal benefactor.

For, side by side with this habit of appointing to bishoprics regardless of the proper electors, side by side and intimately intertwined with it was another, that of selling the appointment either for money or for services rendered. Only by the suppression of this simoniacal practice was there any hope of securing legitimate elections, or even appointments otherwise than scandalous ; and only by the revocation of a privilege which was now abused to the legalising of evils it had been designed to prevent was there the slightest hope of suppressing the simony. Investiture had once been the attestation of the freedom and integrity of the election ; it was now the consummation of a bargain with the prince, and was therefore no longer an unauthentic but an authentic act. As soon, then, as it was transferred from the category of unauthentic acts to that of authentic, the moment had come for discontinuing the employment of spiritual symbols.

I have said that it would be difficult to determine the precise moment at which this or that prince pretended by the delivery of crosier, or of crosier and ring, to confer proper investiture ; but we may be sure that from the moment the candidate for the episcopal or abbatial dignity was not a duly elected person, but merely the nominee of the prince, from that moment it was impossible to say how soon the prince might not claim in handing a sacred symbol to the candidate to be entrusting him with spiritual powers. When once it was the established usage that the prince should appoint to the episcopal or abbatial dignity oblivious of the

ancient rights of the proper electors, he must have been more than human had he long continued to think that in giving the symbols of spiritual jurisdiction he was giving nothing more than the right to enjoy lands and revenues; he must, I say, have been more than human if, when once the idea of an improper investiture had vanished from his mind, that of a proper investiture did not very soon take its place.

IV. In Normandy, as in France, the idea of a mere improper investiture in the delivery of the crosier was not superseded, was not even obscured, until the close of the eleventh century; but simony once admitted, sacrilege would not be slow in following. When the simony gained its footing in the duchy we know almost to a day; and within eleven years from that day, within eleven years at the most, the sacrilege had gained its footing also. It was in 1089 that Duke Robert, by the gift to the younger Lanfranc of the Abbey of St. Wandrille, consummated the first simoniacal contract of his age and country; he left the duchy in 1096, but had scarcely returned in 1100 when he emulated the worst acts of Henry IV. by intruding the Firebrand and his two sons, mere children, into the diocese of Lisieux.

V. And this leads me to touch upon the Norman and the English form of the growing evil. It had been the custom in Normandy, as it would appear to have been in France, for the prince to signify his acquiescence in the election of prelates, whether bishops or abbots, and his grant to them of the *exterior cura*, by the delivery of a pastoral staff, no matter whose. In England, however, as in Germany, it seems to have been the custom not to present any crosier, no matter whose, to be touched, but the crosier, the veritable crosier, of the late incumbent, and that to be not only touched, but kept and retained by the new candidate. And although the English kings do not seem, as did the emperors, to have given the episcopal ring as well as the episcopal crosier, yet the fact of their conferring upon the bishop elect the very crosier

he was henceforth to wield gave the act a character which was only too likely to favour the idea that it was a proper, not an improper, investiture. It was one thing for Duke William to hand Robert of Grentmesnil the crosier of the Bishop of Séez, in sign that he gave him *exterior potestas* of the Abbey of St. Evroul; it would have been quite another for him to confer upon him the crosier of the deceased abbot of that community. And so long as the Kings of England had regarded themselves merely as guardians of the temporalities of a vacant see the *traditio* of the late Bishop's crosier symbolised the grant of the temporalities and nothing more; but when once they had adopted the idea that in the ceremony of investiture they were giving away the spiritualities, the fact that the crosier was the very crosier of the late bishop gave colour to the pretension.¹

When I said that simoniacal preferments were soon, by a moral necessity, followed by the sacrilege of pretending to give spiritual jurisdiction, I said what I meant to say, neither less nor more. The simony led up to the sacrilege; but it does not therefore follow that the sacrilege had always been preceded by the simony. William the Conqueror was never guilty of overt simony, nor even, it may be, of constructive; but we may not therefore conclude that he did not cherish the idea of constituting himself the source of spiritual jurisdiction. The truth would seem to be that either his own good sense and right feeling, or else Lanfranc's influence and management, saved him from the open avowal of such pretensions; but that his reason for not permitting Lanfranc to go to Rome at a time when Gregory VII. was contemplating fresh exertions against the spread of the evil was that he did not wish to be committed, invited, or constrained to

¹ In 1062 Edward the Confessor gave St. Wulstan the *ipsissima virga* he was to wield; whilst at that very moment, it may be, the Norman Duke was giving an abbacy to the Prior of Corneille by placing the Archbishop of Rouen's crosier in his hand. The reader will emphasise the distinction I have drawn by recalling the story of St. Wulstan at the tomb of the Confessor.

an open disavowal of it. And it appears to be in the highest degree probable that one of Anselm's reasons, perhaps his first and chief reason, for wishing to visit Urban II. was that he wanted advice on the proper means for withstanding a pretension, the roots of which lay deeper, and the issues of which were likely to spread further, than even those of the *consuetudines* which have hitherto engaged our notice. When the decrees in the council of 1099 were read out by Bishop Reinger, Anselm sat listening; and good reason he had to listen. The Bishop's tirade against the Red King's *oppressiones* and the Red King's *expoliationes* were well-meant enough, and the Red King had already been summoned to give account of them. But they were, after all, the acts of a man, not the principles of a dynasty; they would die with him when he should die, and were not likely to be revived. What engaged Anselm's thoughts, and what engaged the Pope's, was the fact that the *alter orbis* was as deeply infected with imperialism as the Empire itself, and that the gravest element in the attempt to feudalise the Church in England was something far graver than personal insults to the Primate, the confiscation of his goods or hindrance to his usefulness. Anselm had once refused to receive his crosier from the King. Was it the King's purpose, should he return to England, to force him on peril of life and limb to do so? He had become the King's man for the temporalities of the see of Canterbury. Was it the King's purpose, should he return to England, to require him to become his man for the archiepiscopate itself? It certainly is a remarkable fact that, whatever his hopes for the redress of such grievances as the prohibition to convene synods or to receive letters from the Pope, he had no hope of returning to England during the Red King's lifetime.

But now the Red King was dead; and the Red King's successor had implored him to return. He returned therefore, with little fear that the *oppressiones* and *expoliationes*

would be perpetrated, but not without apprehension of graver, though less brutal, evils.

At the close of the last chapter we left the Primate on the road from Lyons to Cluny. He was reading the new King's letter. He pushed forward with all speed, and, finding the wind favourable when, on the 23rd of September, he reached the coast of Picardy, landed safely at Dover precisely seven weeks after the day of Henry's consecration.

On reaching Canterbury he found that a most important document had been deposited amongst the archives of his cathedral—a recently engrossed parchment, signed with the King's sign and sealed with the King's seal, the document I have already mentioned as having not improbably been suggested by that primordial charter of the liberties of the subject which was drawn up at Anselm's instance on the Quadregesima Sunday of the year 1093; the charter promising reform of abuses which had been exacted from Henry by his barons, and probably by the citizens of London, as the *conditio sine quâ non* of their allowance of his claim to the crown. He perused it with anxious interest.

It began thus :—

'Henry, by the grace of God King of England. . . . Be it known to you that, by the mercy of God and the common counsel of the barons of the realm, I have been crowned King of England. And, forasmuch as the realm hath been burdened by unjust exactions, I, moved by the fear of God and the love I bear to you all, make the Church of God free.'

The words 'free' and 'freedom' as applied to the Church might be employed in one or other of two general senses. They might be employed to denote the emancipation of her temporalities from confiscation and arbitrary imposts, or to denote the emancipation of her proper spiritual functions

from incorporation into a system of feudal subjection to the Crown. And by the phrase, 'I make the Church of God free,' the King may have meant to say that he disclaimed the recent pretension to *dominatio* over the landed property of the Church, and was satisfied to be the *advocatus* of her temporal interests; or he may have meant to say that he had no mind to arrogate spiritual jurisdiction to himself. What, then, did the new King mean by the words, 'I make the Church of God free'?

The Primate was not kept long in doubt. He had scarcely time to ask himself the question when his eye had already traced the words which followed. These words limited, and by limiting defined, the King's meaning: 'I make the Church of God free, in such wise¹ that I will neither set it up for sale nor put it out to farm, nor, on the death of archbishop, bishop, or abbot, take anything . . . till a successor shall enter into possession.' This was not encouraging to the Primate. Still, as he sat there with the parchment in his hand, he could but hope for the best. Henry had not insisted on pressing the crosier upon William Giffard, and William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, was one of the witnesses to the document. Still, on the other hand, William Giffard was but one, and the existing episcopate, prone by nature and broken by habit to something worse than servility to tyrants, were many. After all, too, the *fons et origo malorum* had not been closed; and it might yet be Henry's purpose to vindicate, as soon as he should dare to do so, that theory of royal domination which had been the real cause of the late evils. This was the Archbishop's great anxiety.

¹ Matthew of Westminster can scarcely have seen the charter, or must have read it very carelessly. I presume, of course, that he was latinist enough to know the force of the words *ita quod*. For he says that Henry by giving investitures perjured himself, as having promised freedom to the Church. The sequel of the *ita quod* in the charter defined the sense in which he meant the word *liberam* to be read; and there was no perjury.

Jaded with exile and worn with a long and hurried journey, he perused the Canterbury copy of the famous charter to the last syllable, and then, with a tranquil sigh and a fervent prayer, rolled up the document.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING OF THE DRAMA.

THE King had summoned the Court to meet at Salisbury ; on what day we are not informed, but probably on Sunday, the 30th of September. The Primate was there.

Henry gave him a hearty welcome, and made him a very pretty apology for having received the royal unction at other hands than his. The apology was accepted.

It would seem to have been on this occasion that Henry handed the crown royal to the Primate, and begged him to give solemn approval of what had taken place by setting that ensign of sovereignty on his head with the accustomed formalities. Anselm acquiesced readily, and when he next said mass before the King crowned him.

Now, then, that the Primate had ratified the election of Henry to the English throne, the moment was ripe for the assertion of a claim which had hitherto been kept carefully locked in the royal bosom.

That claim had reference to two subjects, investiture and homage, neither of which had given occasion to strife during the previous reign—investiture, because when the Red King appointed Anselm to the archbishopric he was satisfied with offering him the crosier, and did not insist on his consenting to accept it ; homage, because ecclesiastics were not forbidden to become the men of lay princes until two or three years after Anselm had once for all become the Red King's man.

A new state of things was in prospect, a state of things in which the recently anointed sovereign, disdaining the sacri-

legious confiscations, the simoniacal demands, the brutal injuries, and the Heaven-defying ambitions which had left an eternal brand on the memory of his predecessor, was resolving to engage with the Church herself in a contest upon those disciplinary enactments which, under the administration of several successive popes, she had for half a century been framing as her defence against the encroachments of the secular power. Of those enactments the most important were the two following, promulgated, the first in 1074, the second in 1078:—

‘If any bishop . . . or abbot receive bishopric or abbey at the hand of any lay person, let him not be accounted as bishop or abbot; neither let any hearing be granted him as though he held such office. And, further, we forbid him the grace of St. Peter and entrance into the Church until he relinquish a post which he has assumed by the double offence of ambition and of disobedience, which is idolatry. . . . And if any emperor, duke, marquis, count, or other secular power or person shall presume to give investiture of bishopric or other ecclesiastical dignity, let him know that he is punishable by the same sentence.’

That of 1078 was as follows:—

‘Forasmuch as we know that investitures of churches are in many places made by lay persons, in violation of the laws laid down by the holy fathers, thus giving rise to many seditions in the Church, and issuing in the degradation of the Christian religion, we decree that no one receive investiture of bishopric, abbey, or church at the hand of emperor, king, or other lay person, whether male or female. And should anyone presume to do so, let him know that such investiture is by apostolical authority null and void, and that he is liable to excommunication until he make due satisfaction.’

So much, then, for the present concerning the legislation of the Church on investiture by laymen. That of homage demands a somewhat more explicit examination; and the moment has come for saying what, when touching upon the Council of Clermont in that part of my narrative which related to the year 1095, it seemed proper to reserve for a more suitable opportunity.

The varied antecedents, the long experience, and the exalted place of Urban II. had afforded that pontiff the amplest means for informing himself during the first seven years of his reign upon the tendency of the theory that princes were lords and masters in spiritual concerns; and if he was more scandalised than surprised to learn, first from Cardinal Walter and then from Dom Boso, that William Rufus had, from the day of Archbishop Anselm's homage, been employed in building up and consolidating a policy the unconcealed object of which was 'to place the duty and conscience of Christian bishops under the heel of feudal royalty,'¹ he must surely have owned to himself that to allow it to be said through Christendom that the *apostolicus alterius orbis* had, by becoming the man of the King of the English, forfeited, betrayed, relinquished, or surrendered his proper prerogative, would be little better than to decree that Cæsar was henceforth, in addition to the things that are Cæsar's, to have those that are God's. Matthew Paris says that the publication of the crusade at Clermont was due to St. Anselm's influence with the Pope; but I cannot find any evidence in corroboration of the statement; and the truth would rather seem to be that to St. Anselm was due, not the publication of the crusade, but the promulgation of the decree which forbade the ministers of Christ to become the *homines* of laymen—an opinion which receives confirmation from the statement of the same writer, that it was St. Anselm

¹ I borrow these very striking words from the Dean of St. Paul's *Life of St. Anselm*, p. 251.

who inspired the disciplinary decrees of 1099. At the Council of Clermont, in 1095, it was the treatment Anselm had received from William Rufus which provoked the prohibition of vassalage to laymen; and at the Council of the Vatican, in 1099, it was the woes of Anselm which provoked the enactments to which we have seen him listening with such anxious interest.

The decree of the Council of Clermont on homage was reproduced in the course of a few weeks at Rouen in the following words:—

‘Let no priest be made the man of a layman, because it is unbecoming that hands consecrated to God and sanctified by the holy unction should be placed within hands not consecrated. . . . But if a priest hold of a layman a fief which is not Church property, let him do him such fealty as may give him the proper security.’¹

What took place at Rome in the spring of 1099 Eadmer has already told us, and I now repeat his words, because they give us the last result of the Church’s legislation, not only on homage, but on investiture, at the time with which we are at present concerned, and thus define precisely the position assumed by St. Anselm in his relations with the new King of the English. ‘The Pope hurled sentence of excommunication against the adversaries of the Church, including in its range all laymen who give investitures of churches, and all who receive the said investitures at their hands, as well as all who consecrate others to the office of the dignities thus bestowed. He also bound by the sentence of the same anathema all who, *pro ecclesiasticis honoribus*, become the men of laymen. . . . We were there, we saw it all, and we heard the universal acclaim of “Fiat! fiat!” which greeted the decrees and brought the council to a close.’

¹ O.V. iii. 473.

The Primate's position, I repeat, was different now from what it had been.

In 1093, and before the decree of 1095, he had become the *homo* of a layman. This was no longer possible.

In 1094 and in 1096 he had consecrated persons appointed by a layman to the episcopal office by the condemned ceremony of investiture. This was now out of the question.

All this was as evident to the King as it can be to us, and he took care, in divulging his purpose, to exercise a skill not unworthy of that wary adviser to whose whispers he ever lent a ready and appreciative hearing. The brutalities of Renouf Flambard were not to Henry's taste, and one of the first acts of his reign had been to confine that personage in the Tower; neither would the schismatical scheme of William of Saint-Calais have been to his liking, even had that misguided prelate been alive to recommend it with his sophistical garrulity; so that of the three advisers of the late King on matters ecclesiastical only one remained, and he a man in many respects not unlike Henry himself. Robert, Count of Meulan, seems to have derived so keen an intellectual satisfaction from his various encounters with the Primate as to be unwilling, had he been capable of the indignity, to spoil his sport by any of those ignoble expedients which the late Bishop of Durham might have been able to recommend; but, on the other hand, his very admiration of the Primate's mental capacity made it a point of honour with him to protract the contest so long as a single diplomatic subterfuge should remain untried.

The Count of Meulan, then, by framing, or at any rate helping to frame, a curiously worded message from the King to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which the latter was desired, in pursuance of the precedent set by those who had gone before him ('*pro consuetudine antecessorum suorum*'), to do homage to the King and to receive the archbishopric at his hand, opened the drama upon which we are entering.

In strict legal phrase, the Archbishop's '*antecessores*' were

those who had held the Canterbury lands pending his return from exile,¹ and, thus interpreted, the request would seem to have been designed to entrap him into approval of the Red King's theory that Church lands were the property of the prince; or, at any rate, that they were not inalienable, that they were held of the Crown as a *quid pro quo* for services rendered, and that they were not beneficiary, but feudal, tenures.

As to the 'archiepiscopatum recipere' of the message, the words look as if they meant, not the archbishopric, but the temporalities appertaining to it; but the Count of Meulan well knew that any question which might be raised upon the grammatical scope of the words 'pro consuetudine antecessorum suorum,' by way of learning the precise sense of 'archiepiscopatus,' could easily be overborne by the fact that far more than the grant of the temporalities of a see had from time immemorial been symbolised by the delivery of the crosier, and that if the Primate should be simple enough to do homage, under the delusion that he was doing it not for the office, but for its accidents, and to receive the crosier under the delusion that nothing but the mere temporalities was meant by it, the King would at once have all the hold

¹ In illustration of this statement I append two extracts from deeds of conveyance quoted in Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense*:—

1. 'Anselmus, Dei gratiâ . . . monachis ejusdem ecclesiæ . . . de piscariâ de Gillingham unde monachi solebant dare xl. solidos per annum antecessori meo, eisdem monachis xxxv. solidos ut habeant eos ad victum.'

2. 'Anselmus, Dei dispositione . . . remitto de censu piscariæ, qui census vulgò *ferma* dicitur, quicquid additum est super antiquum censum præpositis de Gillingham, ad quod manerium pertinet eadem piscaria quæ est in mari. Erat autem prædictus census olim v. solidi denariorum tantum. . . . Et hanc parvam largitionem facio pro animabus eorum qui me in archiepiscopali sede processerunt (*sic*) et eorum qui successuri sunt, quatenus ipsi hanc ipsam concessionem inviolabilem et ab omnium malevolorum hominum concussionem quietam conservent; insuper et pro animâ meâ si Deus suâ gratiâ michi aliquam partem in hâc ipsâ elemosinâ concedere dignetur. Valete.'

I follow Thorpe's printing. It seems clear, however, that the *antecessores* were the immediate predecessors in the estate, intrusive occupants. The predecessors in the archiepiscopal dignity were '*præcessores*,' or, as a probable emendation, '*prædecessores* in archiepiscopali sede.'

upon him that need be desired, and would soon give him to understand that he had been invested in the customary, proper sense of the word 'investiture.'

My meaning is, that if Anselm, deluded by the proper legal meaning of the word 'antecessores,' and by that restricted sense of the word 'archiepiscopatus' which would seem to be required by the grammatical construction of the message, had done homage to the King, and received the crosier at the King's hand, he would simply have fallen into one of Count Robert's diplomatic pitfalls, and would, upon his first syllable of remonstrance, have been told that the meaning of an Archbishop of Canterbury's investiture had never been questioned.

But this is not all. I suspect that there was a yet deeper depth in the pitfall prepared by Count Robert's craft, and that, if Anselm had complied with the request, he would soon have been informed that, in submitting to the one complex ceremony of homage and investiture, he had by his own act determined the scope of the former by the scope of the latter, and that in receiving investiture of the archbishopric, and not of its accidents, he had *ipso facto* become the King's man, not, as under William Rufus, *pro usu terræ*, but for the archiepiscopal office itself.

The Primate replied that he was both unwilling and unable to comply with either of these demands; and on being asked his reason, carefully avoided all such discussion as the terms of the request would seem to have been designed to challenge, and, after quoting the decrees of the Council of the Vatican, continued as follows:—

'If the King be minded to accept and observe these enactments, all will be well, and peace firmly established. If not, I do not see what good or what credit can come of my remaining in England, especially as, if he gives bishoprics or abbacies, I must needs be severed from communion alike with him and the recipients. The terms on which I came back to

England were not that I should remain here if he refused to obey the Pope. I beg that he will tell me his mind, that I may know where to turn.'

On hearing this the King was greatly troubled. To relinquish two such solemn ceremonies as those of homage and investiture, both of which, in form at least, had been bequeathed to him, the one by his father and the other by the kings of the Saxon line, would be a grievous sacrifice; but, on the other hand, it would be a grievous risk to let the Primate quit the country; so at least he fancied. In the one case it seemed as if he would be giving away half his crown; in the other, who could tell that Anselm would not betake himself to Duke Robert, who was already in Normandy, induce him to promise subjection to the Holy See, and make him King of England ('*regem Angliæ*')? The suspicion, however unreasonable, shows how precarious was the new King's grasp of the sceptre.

It was at length agreed to establish a truce, terminable at Easter, and to send messengers to Rome with instructions to induce the Pope to set the Papal decrees on investiture and homage in harmony with the existing usage of the realm,¹ the King restoring to Anselm the lands which his brother had filched from the Canterbury estates, and conveying afresh to him all the temporalities of the archbishopric, upon the understanding that if the Pope refused to yield things should return to their present state. 'Anselm knew that all this was worthless trifling, and would end in nothing; but, for fear lest the King or the peers should harbour any suspicion of designs

¹ '*In pristinum regni usum.*' These words formed part, no doubt, of the King's message. Investiture was, no doubt, a *usus regni*; but I question whether homage, which was a *regia consuetudo*, could be placed in the same category. The reader must once more allow me to remind him that '*usus*' and '*consuetudo*,' being different things, should be rendered in English by distinct words. Experts, and only experts, are safe from error and confusion in the employment of '*custom*' for '*consuetudo*;' but confusion becomes doubly confused when we say '*custom*' for '*usus*.' For how, in that case, can even experts know whether the word is to be taken in its technical sense or in an untechnical?

of his for the transfer of the succession, or no matter what, allowed himself to be overcome by their entreaties and consented to their proposal. When the Court broke up he returned home in peace ;' not, however, before the King had given documentary proof that, for a time at any rate, he had suspended his claim to give a spiritual office, but that that and nothing less had been the scope of his requirement that Anselm should receive 'the archbishopric' at his hand.

The royal conveyance by written instrument of the temporalities of the see in 1093 had, by an economy, or rather an inaccuracy, of phrase, many instances of which are to be found in the history of those times, been styled an *investitura*. This re-conveyance by Henry I. in 1100 is termed a *revestitura*, or rather the verb employed to denote the transaction is 'revestire.' The document ran as follows :—

'Henricus Dei gratiâ rex Angliæ¹ episcopis, comitibus, proceribus, vicecomitibus ceterisque fidelibus suis Francis et Anglis in omnibus comitatibus in quibus archiepiscopus Anselmus et monachi ecclesie Christi Cantuar. terras habent amicablem salutem.'

Thus far the later instrument exhibits two noteworthy differences from the earlier one. It is addressed not simply to bishops, earls, viscounts, and other *fideles* of the King generally, but to these functionaries in several counties, a fact which invites us to conclude that as many copies of the document were engrossed as there were counties comprising Canterbury lands. But a far more significant difference is that, that whereas the not impious Henry styles himself 'by the grace of God, King,' his predecessor had at the Easter of 1093 made no such recognition of the Divine Majesty, and had styled himself merely 'King.' It proceeds thus :—

¹ One of the copies gives 'Anglorum,' a far more probable reading. The Red King's grant will be found on p. 344 of the previous volume.

‘Notum vobis facio me concessisse eis omnes terras quas tempore regis Eadwardi cognati mei et tempore Willielmi patris mei habuerunt et saca et flemenefreme super suos homines infra burgos et extra in tantum et tam plenariter sicut proprii ministri mei exquirere debent et etiam super tot theines quot eis concessit pater meus.’

Here again there are one or two points of contrast, of which the first and most important is that, whereas the Red King’s instrument represented that monarch as having given the archbishopric to Anselm, the which gift of the archbishopric had made him Archbishop, this later parchment represents Henry I. not as having given the archbishopric to Anselm, but as having handed over to him and his monks such and such lands. In the next place, we observe that the said lands are those which had been held in the time of the Confessor and in the time of the Conqueror, and that not a word is said about William Rufus ; for the property he had filched from the see was by the terms of the document restored to its owners, and it was needless to mention either him or his theft. And, further, the allusion to the thanes allowed by the Conqueror needs no explanation ; it is a concession of the legal question—if legal it may be called—which had been raised by the late King. The other differences are beside my present purpose. The document proceeds thus :—

‘Etiam nolo ut aliquis hominum se intromittat nisi ipsi et ministri eorum quibus ipsi¹ committere voluerint, nec Francus nec Anglus.’

This passage has its precursor in the earlier document, but not that which follows :—

‘Propterea quod ego concessi Christo has consuetudines pro redemptione anime mee, sicut rex Eadwardus et

¹ I presume that the words ‘et ministri eorum quibus ipsi’ have been omitted by clerical error from the existing copies of the earlier document.

pater meus antea fecerunt ; et nolo pati ut aliquis eas infringat si non vult perdere amicitiam meam.—Deus vos custodiat.'

Here, again, no mention is made of the poor prince lately taken from this life. Why should there be? Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror conveyed, each in his turn, the Canterbury temporalities, of which he had during the vacancy of the see had the guardianship in his quality of *advocatus* to the incoming Archbishop and the Christ Church monks, and did so for the saving of his soul. But it seems to have been all otherwise with the Conqueror's impious successor, who, so far from surrendering them as a sacred charge, affected to give them as though they had been his own ; and would even seem in his hatred—it is a horrible word to write, but I cannot help myself ; it must be written—seem, I say, in his hatred of the God who had chastised him, and in his impious resolve never to give back good for evil to the Chastiser, to have made it his special and peculiar business to forbid the inscription of the Divine Name in any document of his. What a memory the poor creature must have left behind him !

But, however, if a comparison of the two documents shows how vast was the difference between the two brothers, the second of them shows how great was the concession which, for fear of losing his crown, the younger of them was constrained to make. His claim to give Anselm the archbishopric of Canterbury, as though the office had determined at the late King's death, and as though it were one he could give, and give by delivery of the crosier—that claim, I say, he was content, if not to relinquish, yet for a few months' interval to hold in suspense.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERVAL.

As more than half a year is to elapse before the resumption of the discussion upon investiture and homage, it may not be out of place to devote a few pages to one or two events of interest which took place during that interval.

Malcolm III., King of Scotland, and Margaret, his queen, had confided the education of their two daughters, Edith and Mary, to the Queen's sister, Christine, who was living the religious life at Romsey. Queen Margaret and her sister were sisters of Edgar the Atheling, 'England's darling,' and thus grandchildren of Edmund Ironside, whose brother, the Confessor, had given Margaret in marriage to his royal vassal in the north. The Princess Edith was still in the schoolroom at Romsey when her hand was sought by Alain the Red, Count of Brittany, but the suitor died before his request could be granted. Nor did a subsequent aspirant, William of Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the second of the name and title, succeed in making her his bride.

One day, as the child was reaching marriageable age, the King was announced. William Rufus had called to pay the young lady a visit, had already alighted with his attendants at the church door, and had given orders to have it opened, because, as he said, he wanted to go in and say his prayers. The Benedictine, much alarmed for her niece's safety, took the child aside, told her of her peril, and then, as the best thing her woman's wit could devise, dressed her up as a nun. Scarcely was the transformation effected when she heard to

her horror that the King was in the cloister ; he had come, he said, to look at the roses and the other blooming plants ; and there was no need to say that he would not retire till he had inspected that particular rose, lily, or whatever he may have dreamed her to be, on which his imagination was engaged. When, however, he beheld the young lady, one in a row of awkward school-girls, looking prematurely demure and by no means at her best, he turned on his heel and walked off. A few days later King Malcolm came to see his child ; when, finding her in her new attire, he snatched the veil from her head, tore it into ribbons, and, standing on the shreds, declared with great oaths that he would rather have given her to Count Alain¹ than let her be made a nun of. Herman of Tournay says that he took her away with him there and then ; if so, he must soon

¹ M. Le Prévost (*O. V.* iii. 400 *n.*) finds a difficulty in this statement of Orderic's, declaring that Count Alain could not have asked the young lady's hand of William Rufus during the lifetime of her father. This is, I fear, precisely what William Rufus would have demanded. One of his famous *consuetudines* was that by which he claimed to dispose of marriageable young ladies, daughters of his vassals. Count Alain died, according to M. Le Prévost, in 1089.

Curiously enough, Orderic represents Bishop Gerard of Hereford as giving her the royal unction. Bishop Gerard consecrated somebody ; and I presume that, not understanding how he can have consecrated the King, or misled by reports which represented Henry as having been anointed by the Archbishop of York, Orderic draws an obvious but mistaken inference. Bishop Gerard exchanged Hereford for the northern metropolis so soon after the King's consecration and the Queen's marriage that it is easy to understand how it came to pass first that the King was said to have been consecrated by the Archbishop of York, and then that the Bishop of Hereford was said to have given unction to the Queen.

There is another curious detail which I should like to notice. We have seen (i. 371-375) that in the year 1093 William Rufus was at Gloucester by the 24th of August, having been at Windsor, as I presume, some fortnight or three weeks earlier. Can it be that he made his famous visit to Romsey on his way from Windsor to Gloucester, and in anticipation of King Malcolm's visit to him? If so, we have a clue, which, as I believe, has not been detected by any of my predecessors, to the dudgeon with which he received that prince's visit. Could he only have fallen in love with the young lady of whose charms he had heard so much, her royal father would have had a very different reception on his arrival at Gloucester Castle. And what must that father's feelings have been when, on going to Romsey a week later, he heard what he heard?

'Little gentlemen in black' have played a great part in history. The Princess Edith's 'black rag' was not without its effect on the destinies of England and of Scotland.

have changed his mind and thankfully restored her to the care of a kinswoman whose prudence he had only too good reason to applaud. And so the Princess lived on in her Hampshire convent, wearing her veil, which she persisted in calling a black rag. It was an eternal torment to her. On more than one occasion she threw it off and got a whipping, and a scolding even worse than the whipping, for her pains; and the discipline so far subdued her that when her aunt was present she wore the black rag under the truly girlish protest of sighs and tremors—but only to pull it off, throw it on the floor, and stamp on it with all the fury she could throw into her little royal feet as soon as the princely and reverend protectress was out of sight.

And so she lived on in her Hampshire convent, wearing the odious head-gear, until she was removed to Wilton, when, such few denizens of the outer world as might have an occasional glimpse of her beholding a daughter of St. Benedict in the child of the ill-fated King of Scots, it was taken for granted that she was dead to the world.

More easily, therefore, may we imagine than describe the general amazement when, in the autumn of 1100, the news was on every tongue that the consecrated royal virgin had fled the cloister, thrown aside the sacred habit, and affianced herself to the new King; or the consternation of all good men when the appalling but most cruel rumour reached them that, not satisfied with violating her Divine espousals, she had returned the illicit embraces of the earthly lover and plunged herself in shame. The afflicted Primate wrote her a letter such as only he could write;¹ but I doubt if it ever reached her: I doubt if it was ever despatched; for the poor thing was already on her way to him, imploring his advice

¹ *Ep.* iii. 157. The letter is addressed 'Ad quamdam dominam;' but I have not a shadow of a doubt that the lady intended was the Princess Edith. The very style, 'nobilitas tua,' identifies her as a princess, the whole context shows that her hand had been solicited by a king, and more than one passage shows her to have been the spiritual subject of the writer.

and help in a distress she had little anticipated when she laid aside the veil. She had never made a profession; she had never been blessed to the religious state; so she pleaded. And yet here she was, the scorn and the horror of Christian men and women. What was she to do? It was only upon his explaining to her that the plea was insufficient, inasmuch as a woman's free and deliberate dedication of herself to the religious life and assumption of the religious habit impose on her as strict an obligation as if she had made a solemn profession; it was only on his explaining this that she bethought herself of the proper excuse, and told him how the veil had been forced upon her. The complexion of the case being thus changed, he sent the Archdeacons of Canterbury and of Salisbury to Wilton to collect evidence, and summoned a commission of theologians to meet at Lambeth and give their verdict. The whole evidence went to show that the Princess's demeanour whilst wearing the veil had ever been that of one who wore it unwillingly; and the commissioners were decidedly of opinion that no obligation had been contracted. The Archbishop was satisfied, refused to let her take oath in attestation of her story, and on the 11th of November married her to the King and consecrated her Queen in the royal abbey of Westminster.

If it be true that Henry had, so far back as the year 1091, selected for his bride a princess in whose veins flowed the blood of the old English royalty, mingled with that of the great northern vassal, he had acted with foresight such as might have been expected of him; and he acted with like wisdom now in making her his wife within little more than three months from his accession, inasmuch as a princess of English descent would be to the bulk of the nation more acceptable as the mother of their future kings than the Norman bride whom Duke Robert had recently brought from Italy.

Another and very different personage from the Princess

Edith, whom England soon learnt to know as good Queen Maud, now claims our attention. I mean the new Bishop of Durham.

This publican, this prince of publicans, this miscreant, this minister of all iniquity, whose cruelty flared and raged like a torch set on fire from hell, bought the succession to the see of Durham of an only too worthy master in the summer of 1099. The simony which preceded his elevation was succeeded by characteristic enormities after he had made the mitre of St. Cuthbert his own. When he received consecration I know not ; but the consecration was irrégular, and he was no sooner consecrated than he set to work to insult the prejudices and scandalise the consciences of all with whom he came in contact. But the new King was not slow in setting eyes on him, and caused him to be arrested for malversation under the late reign ; the Archbishop of York disowned him as an intruder in his province and a liar ; and he was committed to the Tower. He had not been many weeks in durance when, hearing of the death of the northern metropolitan, he appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury to take up his cause and vindicate the privilege of his order, which, as he pretended, had been violated by his committal to prison. Such, however, was the detestation in which he was held that Anselm ran great risk of being pelted by the mob for so much as entertaining the petition. Anselm sent four bishops to him, to say that if he would undertake to prove that the manner of his accession to the episcopate had been such as to entitle him to be treated as a bishop, the opportunity would be given him of doing so. He declined the proposal. The rest of the story is well known—how, early in February, he made his keepers drunk in his cell, and, tying a rope to the mullion of his window, slid perilously down, and escaped to Normandy. At the time when Anselm wrote to the Pope about him he was said to be cruising the Channel in the quality of admiral to a fleet of pirates.

The only other incidental event which I have to notice is the arrival in England, in the character of legate from the Holy See, of Guy, Archbishop of Vienne ; but as this was one of a long and complicated chain of incidents, in which St. Anselm had a very slight share, but to which it would be impossible to do justice without a too long diversion of the reader's thoughts from the history of St. Anselm's life, I must content myself with saying that the Archbishop of Vienne had received his commission from the Pope at a moment when the Red King was thought to be still alive and the Primate still in exile ; but that, on finding that the Primate was back at his post, that many of the evils he had come to investigate had been already remedied, and that the exercise of legatine powers by anyone except the Primate himself interfered with privileges of the see of Canterbury, of which Paschal would seem not to have been cognisant, he left England as he entered it.

The King's messengers were to have been back in England by Easter ; but when Easter came there were no messengers, and the truce was prolonged until such time as they should make their appearance.

Whitsuntide came, and still there were no messengers. The King must have been pleased enough at this, for the political horizon was growing very black indeed. He had taken the precaution of concluding a most advantageous treaty with Robert of Flanders ; but he had much, very much, to fear from his own barons. They refused to believe that he meant to keep the promises made at his accession ; neither would he believe that they meant to be true to him. It was in this emergency of mutual mistrust that the Archbishop of Canterbury came forward and played a part as congenial to his own nobility of soul as it was proper to the constitutional prerogative of his office. The barons and gentry were summoned to Westminster, and Henry in their presence and hearing solemnly ratified the engagements of

his coronation, holding his right hand as he did so in that of the Archbishop, their spokesman and representative. Nothing more could now be pleaded on the score of the informality of the contract concluded in the previous August.

But even so the disaffected barons looked coldly on him, and when in August a cry was heard that Duke Robert had set sail, a whisper presently followed that they were preparing to join the invader.

Scarcely had the Duke sighted Beachy Head when he learnt that the King was waiting for him at Pevensey, and made for Portsmouth harbour, where he disembarked. He now set forth in the direction of Winchester; but, being informed on the way that the Queen was lying-in there, struck off in the direction of London. Henry meanwhile broke up his camp, hurried on towards Winchester, and, hearing of the invader's change of plan, called a halt near the spot where the two lines of march crossed each other.

The interval was one of intensest anguish to Henry; his barons were already preparing to desert to a lord to whom many of them had sworn fealty fourteen years ago; and he was already trembling for life as well as crown, when Anselm once more interposed. But for Anselm's presence then all would have been lost. It was Anselm, Anselm alone, who knew how to explain to each recalcitrant vassal what were the precise limits of the two allegiances, and, having done this, to enforce the teaching by the sanctions of the Divine law entrusted to his administration. And it was Anselm, Anselm alone, the authority of whose office, and the sanctity of whose life, compelled the entire peerage to give him a hearing when he called on them to listen to a still more solemn exposition of their duty.

It was near Petersfield that the white-haired and venerable Primate, standing on some *locus editior*, perhaps a temporary platform, perhaps the steps of a monumental cross, opened his address to the assembled barons. These stood in

a group round about him, and beyond them the entire concourse of the army. He explained in a manner intelligible to all what was the duty they owed their prince and what would be the sin and the shame of betraying it. It was a great occasion, and he was equal to it. William of Malmesbury tells us that his thrilling words appealed as a trumpet-call to every heart of the vast crowd, and Eadmer that ere he had finished every man present was vowing to embrace death rather than dishonour.

Henry's crown was saved, saved without a drop of blood, saved by Anselm.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOUBLE EMBASSY TO ROME.

AND now that King Henry's crown was safe William of Veraval returned to England. He had been away for ten months. What can have kept him so long? He might have been back by the beginning of February; it was now the middle of August.

When he left England in October he carried with him, or was supposed to do so, a letter from the King to the Pope. Was that letter ever delivered? I suspect not; for

1. Although the ostensible object of his mission had been to obtain a modification of the ecclesiastical laws on investiture and homage, the letter which he brought back from the Pope was completely silent upon the latter of these subjects.

2. Neither did that letter refer to any written communication from the King, but only to a verbal message delivered by the envoy.

When he left England he was accompanied, or was supposed to be accompanied, by a messenger who carried a letter from the Primate addressed to Urban. Was this ever delivered? I suspect not; for

1. The messenger can scarcely have been a servant of Anselm's, inasmuch as Anselm, who had gone to Salisbury without any thought of messages to Rome, was still at Court when he wrote it.

2. No answer to it was ever delivered to Anselm.

3. The Pope in the autumn, or winter, of 1100 sent him a letter which can scarcely have been penned before the time

when the two messengers from England were due in Rome, and that letter contains no allusion whatever to any written communication from him.

4. In the latter part of the following February Anselm wrote to the Pope in these terms:—

‘Since it is the prerogative of the Apostolic See to give direction and counsel to the Church’s children, I recur to your Holiness for precept and counsel. My long delay in writing to your Holiness since my return to England will, if you please, be explained to you by the bearer of this letter. On the death of King William I was recalled to England by the present King and his peers. They gave me a hearty welcome; but when they thoroughly comprehended the purport of the decrees of your predecessor on investiture and homage, they refused to submit to them. I await the advice necessary to me from your Holiness.’¹

In other words: I recur to you, for I have already written. The reason why I have so long postponed writing since my return is, that on my return I sent you a letter which required an answer, and that I have waited, but waited in vain, for one. Once more I explain my difficulty with the King; for you seem not to have heard of it. The bearer will tell you my suspicions. Twenty weeks have already elapsed, and your answer is several weeks over-due.

I suspect, then, that neither of the Salisbury letters had been delivered to the Pope.

But to resume. William of Veraval, after an absence of ten months, conveniently reappeared; and the Archbishop

¹ *Ep.* iv. 2. The words ‘qui postquam intellexerunt,’ &c., are curious. They almost seem to show that he had been obliged to translate the Latin text of the decrees into Norman-French for the benefit of the assembly. If Robert of Meulan had no accurate knowledge of Latin, we need not expect much scholarship in the rest of them. Later on in his work Eadmer (clix. 480), writing of a letter of Anselm’s taken to court and read there, says, ‘Quam (epistolam) Robertus comes de Mellento sibi expositam, ubi intellexit,’ &c. Nothing could be clearer than the meaning of the letter. The Count’s difficulty must have lain in the language.

was summoned—probably to Windsor—to give answer, as the phrase was, upon the matters debated in the autumn. The truce, twice prolonged, was now at an end.

Thanks to Duke Robert, who owed the Primate a grudge for the recent pacification, the King was now possessed with the idea that it would be at once weak and undignified to yield even to so venerable an authority as the Pope's, or to so disinterested a persuasion as the Primate's, and, as might be expected in a man whose conscience troubled him, was in a very bad humour. When, therefore, the Primate was announced he sent him an austere and peremptory message, desiring that he would either become his man, and, having done so, consecrate such persons as he intended to invest with certain bishoprics and abbeys, or else quit the kingdom forthwith without another word.

'I have already told you,' he replied, 'how I took part in the council at Rome, and what were the instructions I received from the Chair of St. Peter. If, then, I in any way expose myself to the excommunication, notice of which I have given in this realm, whither am I to turn for help, excommunicated by my own judgment and out of my own mouth? The messengers sent to Rome have come back unsuccessful. It, therefore, would scarcely be wise in me to trespass where I cannot tread without violating both conscience and honour.'

Nothing could have been simpler than this, nothing more temperate.

'What have I to do with that?' replied the King. 'I am not going to give up the usages of my predecessor, nor will I tolerate in my kingdom anyone who is not my own.'

So, then, the Primate was to become his liegeman, or else to leave the kingdom.

I suspect that the Pope's letter, which was, in truth, the most conciliatory of documents, had exasperated, rather than appeased, the royal anger. The King seems to have made

no allusion to it ; but, as it was the first of several Papal documents upon investiture addressed to him, it may be proper to notice it at once. It was to this effect :—

‘You promise the Roman Church all that she had in your realm during the reign of your father, claiming in return all the honours which he enjoyed under previous Popes ; a plausible and, at the first view, a pleasing request. On examination, however, it proves to be a very bold demand, involving the gravest issues ; for you wish me to settle on you as a right the institution of bishops and abbots by ceremony of investiture, and thus to incorporate a Divine function into the royal prerogative. “I am the Door,” saith the Lord. The moment, therefore, that kings establish the claim to be the way of entrance, all such as enter by them must be regarded as thieves and robbers. . . . So grave and so derogatory a claim is utterly inadmissible in the Catholic Church.’

After quoting St. Ambrose and the Emperors Justinian and Constantine the Great, he resumes as follows :—

‘In entire accordance with all this is it that the Roman and Apostolic Church has in the person of my predecessors made the most lively efforts to put a stop to royal usurpation under the abominable guise of investiture, and, in spite of most grievous persecutions and princely tyranny, has held her ground till this day. . . .’

The letter concludes with an entreaty to the King not to let himself be ill advised, an offer to gratify him in any legitimate request, and an assurance that by desisting from his demand he, so far from weakening his authority, will rather strengthen it.

To resume, however, the account of the Archbishop's visit to the Court.

The King in his hour of danger had promised implicit

obedience to the decrees and the instructions of the Holy See ; now that the danger was over those promises were to be broken. William of Veraval had failed to turn the Pope from his purpose ; and the Archbishop must choose between excommunication and banishment. ' Let him do what I bid, or leave the country. What have I to do with his conscience or his honour ? I am not going to give up the usages of my predecessors (' *usus antecessorum meorum* ') or suffer anyone in my kingdom who is not my man.'

' I hear the message, and understand its drift,' replied Anselm. Its drift was that Henry, who had asked the Pope to confirm the honours enjoyed by the Conqueror, was bent on retaining not only them but the innovations of his *antecessor*, the Red King. ' I hear the message, and understand its drift. I am accustomed to communications like this. But I shall not leave the country as he commands, but will go to Canterbury, and, employing myself in what I know to be my duty, will wait to see who it is that is bent on doing violence to me or mine.'

The King knew the meaning of this.

Then ensued a long and tedious discussion, which need not be reported in detail. All I need say is that the bishops and *proceres* of the kingdom acted as they had been accustomed to do in the late reign—carrying messages backwards and forwards, vying with each other who even in slightest details should show the greatest subservience to the royal will, and even employing their utmost endeavours to shake off their obedience to the Roman Pontiff.

' And so Anselm went home again, with no other ambition but in all things to do the will of God, but heart-broken at the oppressions of the churches of England.'

After the lapse of some weeks, in the course of which the mischief-making Duke of Normandy left our shores, the Archbishop was surprised to receive a friendly and pacific letter from the King, begging him to come and see

him at Winchester, for he had thought of another plan. He went.

The bishops and barons were there ; and it was proposed to make fresh efforts at Rome. But things were this time to be done with greater decency. Letters were this time to be not only written but delivered ; and envoys were to be chosen of auguster rank and character than a William of Veraval, envoys whose assurances the Pope could scarcely hesitate to entertain that, unless he should yield to the King's demand, Anselm would be banished from the kingdom, and England, with all that England had to give, lost to the Holy See. Anselm's representatives were to be Dom Baldwin of Tournay and Dom Alexander, a Christ Church monk ; the King's, Gerard (who had been translated some months previously from Hereford to York), Herbert Losinga, Bishop of Norwich, and Robert, Bishop of Chester. The first of the three prelates wanted his pallium, and the second was anxious to obtain the revocation of a privilege which the late Abbot of St. Edmund's had surreptitiously extorted in the year 1071 from Alexander II. They carried two letters from the King. One ran as follows :—

‘The very great love I bear you and the conspicuous kindness of your doings encouraged me to hope that I might keep Gerard, Archbishop of York, with me, and send to your Holiness for his pallium ; but as he was very anxious to see you and get his pallium for himself, I have sent him to you, begging you, my dearest father, to give him the pallium he seeks, and send him back to me with joy and honour,’ &c.

The other was less courteous :—

‘Highly rejoiced as I am at your promotion to the See of the Holy Roman Church, I beg that the friendship which existed between my father and your predecessors may

continue unimpaired between ourselves. And that benignity and kindness may be seen to begin on my side, I send you the payment' ('beneficium' as from a superior, not 'tributum,' the old name for Peter pence), 'and I wish you to have in my time those honours and that obedience which in my father's time your predecessors had in the realm of England; and on condition that I in your time retain undiminished in the same my realm the dignities, usages, and *consuetudines* which my father had in the time of your predecessors. And I would have your Holiness know that as long as I live the dignities and usages of the realm shall not, by God's help, be lessened. And if I—which God forbid—should so far lower myself, my peers, indeed the whole people of England, would on no account put up with it. So then, dearest father, deliberate for your better interest, and in such wise govern yourself towards me in your kindness as not to oblige me to do what do I shall, however unwillingly, and withdraw myself from your obedience.'

Besides these two letters from the King there were four from the Primate,¹ only one of which need be quoted:—

'On my recall to my bishopric and return to England I exhibited the apostolic decrees which I had heard promulgated in the Roman Council. My lord the King applied to your Holiness through an envoy, and I sent you a letter begging your advice. In reply to the King you sent him a letter, but none to me. As, however, he is dissatisfied with your answer, some of the bishops are on their way to you upon the business, and I send envoys of my own, who will bring me the purport of your decision, lest I should seem to anyone to be acting on my own judgment, or from self-will. If I may do so with the reverence I owe to the Apostolic See, I beg that . . . you will let me know your

¹ *Epp.* iii. 47, 48, iv. 4, 6.

judgment through the medium of the envoys I send. For as it is not mine to loose what you bind, so neither may I bind what you loose.'

With the certainty, then, of receiving a categorical answer from the Pope, and with the certainty of receiving it through the medium of an archbishop, two bishops, and two Benedictine monks, the lovers of peace indulged the hope that the dispute would soon be settled. No more letters would be tampered with, no more letters would miscarry, and King and Primate would in due time know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning the mind of the Pontiff.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN OF THE DOUBLE EMBASSY.

HENRY BEAUCLERC had learned the art of overcoming one difficulty at a time. Not until he had made the crown his own, in 1101, did his messenger to the Pope reappear in England. Not until he had ensured its possession, in 1102, did he reveal his real designs upon the Church. What those designs were we shall see in the present chapter.

Although Duke Robert had been brought to terms in the summer of 1101, the recalcitrant spirit of many of the most powerful of Henry's barons was not broken till the summer of 1102; and on the issue of the trial of Henry's prowess with the Earl of Shrewsbury would it depend whether he was to be master of his peers as well as King of the English. The *primores regni* contemplated the struggle with some alarm, and tried to keep the Earl and the King from coming to blows; 'for,' said they, 'should the King crush the great Earl, and dispossess him, he will have us all under his heel, and we may as well wear petticoats.'¹ But the capture of Bridgenorth and the march on Shrewsbury proved to them that they had found their master; and Orderic, admirably appreciative of the moral value of these exploits, concludes his account of them by introducing the genius of England, who addresses the conqueror in these words: 'Rejoice, King Henry, and render thanks to the Lord God; for now thou hast begun

¹ 'Si rex magnificus comitem violenter subegerit nimîaque pertinaciâ ut conatur, eum exhereditaverit, omnes nos ut imbelles ancillas amodò conculcabit. —O. V. iv. 174.

thine independent reign.'¹ 'From the day of the Earl of Shrewsbury's banishment,' the historian adds, 'there was peace in the kingdom, and Henry reigned prosperously for three-and-thirty years, during which not one of his barons dared to rebel or to fortify stronghold against him.' England's pious apostrophe may be taken for what it is worth; but the way in which Orderic makes Henry's royalty change from shadow to substance, and assume a real existence in the summer of 1102, is in the highest degree instructive. It was not until after a probation of two years from his consecration that Henry Beauclerc got the country well in hand.

There could be no greater mistake than to imagine that because Henry's character was not in all particulars like William's, therefore the conduct of the one bore no resemblance to that of the other. No two things could well be more alike.

The Red King had for half a year from his accession been as ready to keep an oath as to make it, had treated Lanfranc with deference, and had behaved on the whole like a Christian; but no sooner did the surrender of Rochester make him master of his barons as well as of his bishops, than he untied the mask. Not otherwise was it with Henry Beauclerc, who dared not receive the Pope's answer and betray himself until he had made terms with Duke Robert, or unravel his whole purpose in regard of Pope and Primate until, upon the banishment of the Earl of Shrewsbury, his barons had assumed the petticoat.

He was still in Shropshire when the Archbishop of York, the two bishops, and the two monks returned about Midsummer to England. They had a letter for him from the Pope, who, as there is little need to say, had also written to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

¹ 'Gaude, rex Henrice, Dominoque Deo gratias age, quia tu liberè cœpisti regnare, ex quo Rodbertum de Belismo vicisti et de finibus regni tui expulisti.' — O. V. iv. 177.

The letter for Henry was just what that prince expected ; and, having taken counsel with Robert de Meulan, he summoned the entire peerage to assemble in Westminster Hall upon a given day in September. He was determined to have a full Court and to assert himself unequivocally.

The Primate, upon entering Westminster Hall, was waited upon by some of the bishops and barons, who in the King's name curtly informed him that he must either cease to oppose the Conqueror's *consuetudines* or leave the country. 'Let the letters from the Pope be inspected,' replied the surprised but tranquil prelate ; 'and, saving my honour and my obedience to the Apostolic See, I will do my best to comply with his wish.'

'His letter,' replied the prince, 'may be examined if he likes ; but let him know that no eye shall see *mine* for the present.'

Precisely so. By unmeaning embassies and fictitious delays he had filled up the time until he should be able to enter without embarrassment from his barons upon a contest he courted. Precisely so. Being master of the situation, he had now nothing to do with letters.

Still this reply of the King's betrayed him into a trap he had little suspected. Incredible as the unsuspicious reader may think it, it is nevertheless true that no papal letter which the Archbishop might have read in his cloister at Canterbury would have been taken in evidence by the King and his satellites, who, knowing only too well what its contents must be, would have questioned its genuineness the moment it was presented to them. Hence it was that the King, whilst refusing to show his own letter from the Pope, challenged Anselm to show his. Hence it was that Anselm declined the challenge ; he refused, that is to say, to exhibit a document which he knew would not be respected, unless the King would consent to exhibit his own side by side with it. 'He will perhaps be disposed to show his letter, if not at this

moment, yet at some other ; and then both I and the letter which I have here will be at his service.'

This was the very sort of answer the King wanted ; for, as he had no wish to be embarrassed with letters, it was an agreeable arrangement that none should be taken in evidence until he chose to give orders to that effect. He therefore exclaimed with an air of confidence, 'I have nothing to do with letters, and never shall.'

So much, then, for the embassy to Rome.

'But,' resumed the monarch, 'let him now plainly say, and let him say it so that I may hear him, whether he means, without any subterfuge whatever, to comply in all things with my will.'

On previous occasions the two parties have occupied separate rooms ; separate buildings, one might almost say. Now, for the first time in the history, they are in one and the same large chamber. Still, the principals on either side have no direct communication with each other. The King and his counsellors are on one side, the Primate and his supporters on the other, of Westminster Hall.

And this recalls to mind the last great occasion on which King and Primate had confronted each other in Westminster Hall. On that occasion Henry Beauclerc was trembling for crown, perhaps trembling for life ; and, lest his subjects should desert him, was fain to join hands with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who stood there as the representative of England, and solemnly renew the promises he had made before his coronation. But the friend and saviour of the spring of 1101 is to have very different treatment now in the autumn of 1102. Crown and life are safe now ; hence the difference.

But, however, the Primate was on one side of the house ; the King was on the other. 'Let him plainly say,' insisted the sovereign, 'and say so that I may hear him, whether he means, without any subterfuge whatever, to comply in all things with my will.'

As these words issued from the mouth of Henry Beauclerc there must have been that in his voice which recalled to the audience some of the worst moments of William Rufus. They could have fancied that the ruddy tyrant had returned to life and resumed the old game. The Primate must not merely promise to concede investiture, and become the King's man, and sanction forbidden appointments, and hold communion with excommunicate persons; must not merely promise, in short, to do what Henry has hitherto claimed; he must further promise to do what William had once required, keep nobody knew what *consuetudines*, obey nobody knew what orders, or else leave the country. He must promise to comply in all things with the will of the King, or else——

One ill-chosen or ill-considered word might at this juncture have ruined all,

Anselm said nothing in reply. There was a deep silence, as once at Rockingham; a deep and appalling silence.

Anselm said nothing in reply, but, handing a carefully sealed packet to the prelates near him, and requesting them to discover its contents, did what was more to the purpose. The seal bespoke the sacred, awe-compelling character of what lay within; it was a letter from the Pope that they were handling. Need I say that the presence and the sight of such a letter put the King's threats, the King's requirements, even the King's presence, for a moment out of thought? The cord of silk was cut and untied, and then the sacred parchment carefully opened out. Prelates and barons, all eye, all ear, all nerve, now hung on the lips of the reader.

These were the words he read:—

‘There is no need to tell you how vigorous, how severe, and how energetic have been the means taken in times past by our fathers against the poisonous source of simoniacal depravity; namely, investitures of churches. In the time of our predecessor of venerable memory, Pope

Urban, and in a council of bishops and abbots assembled at Bari from all parts of Christendom, a council in which you and I took part, sentence of excommunication—as all remember who were present there—was passed upon that pestiferous abuse. And we, inheriting the same spirit, and informed by the same motive, bear like testimony with them.’¹

The effect of this letter direct from the Pope was not lost upon the King, who had to endure the further reflection that Anselm had been a match for him. The truth is that two letters had been sent from Paschal to the Archbishop, who had opened one of them for his own instruction, but reserved the other to be opened under the King’s own eye.

To question the genuineness of the document would have been ridiculous; still, something must be done, and done at once, to repair this exposure of the King’s dishonour and counteract the effect of this threat of excommunication straight from the hand of the Vicar of Christ. Something must be done.

Incredible as it may sound—one might almost say that only because incredible could such a thing be—the very bishops who had been to Rome and seen the Pope now turned upon their petrified auditors and quietly remarked that the document they had been treating as some sacred oracle must not be too diligently heeded. The Pope’s written missives, they said, were one thing; his spoken messages were another. What they all had heard was no doubt a genuine letter; the King too had received a genuine letter; but the fact was that the Pope had said something to themselves of a very different tenour from either document. They then went on to declare on their word as bishops that Paschal had entrusted them with a verbal communication to the King to the effect that so long as he lived the life of a

¹ Paschalis Papæ II., *Ep.* 86

good prince he would tolerate his giving investitures of churches; and that, even should he appoint *religiosæ personæ*,¹ he would restrain in his favour the sentence of excommunication denounced against the grant of investiture by the crosier, adding that the Pope had not set all this down in writing, lest other princes should come to know of it and take the liberty of claiming a like exemption. Baldwin and Alexander, the Primate's envoys, could bear this no longer, and declared indignantly that the Pope had not said a word to any one of them which in any way contravened the letter; to which the bishops—oh! shame, shame, shame to the name!

¹ The precise words are, 'Quoniam quamdiu in aliis vitam boni principis ageret, de ecclesiarum investituris equanimiter illum toleraret, nec eum ullo excommunicationis vinculo neceretur si religiosas personas per dationem virgæ pastoralis eis donaret.' This has been rendered, 'That so long as he acted as a good king and appointed religious prelates, the Pope would not enforce the decrees against investiture.' I am sure that 'si' here means not 'if only,' but 'even if;' and that '*religiosæ personæ*' does not mean 'religious prelates' in the sense of 'pious men to prelacies,' but 'parsons, men of religion.'

The whole mischief of the pretended message, next after its untruth, lay in the words '*religiosæ personæ*.'

Whoever received investiture of bishopric or abbacy would, as of course, become the King's man; and the heinousness of either offence, and particularly the latter, would be measurable by the status of the offender. The two clerks appointed to bishoprics in 1096 at the instance of Abbot Jarenton were not priests, one of them was not even a deacon; but this pretended message gave immunity to the superior clergy, the very class who had been the most specifically and most strictly forbidden to make themselves the *homines* of laymen. Hence the peculiar malice of the pretended indulgence in favour of '*religiosæ personæ*;' hence the need of care in translating the words. A '*religiosa persona*' is not a religious person, a pious person, or the like; but a parson who is a man of religion. How low in the ecclesiastical hierarchy the sweep of the phrase might reach, I cannot, I confess, determine; but there was no limit to its upward bound. Archbishops and bishops, of course, were '*religiosæ personæ*;' so were abbots, deans, archdeacons, canons, and, I presume, any beneficed clergyman who was a deacon. To permit '*religiosæ personæ*' to do the forbidden homage would simply have been to tear up the decrees and give immunity to the very men who were the last to hope to claim exemption from their provisions. Had the three bishops but said, 'Provided the homagers be not *religiosæ personæ* the Pope will for a time tolerate the irregularity,' there would have been some plausibility, even though there were no truth, in their story.

This note is already so long that I must content myself with references to Eadmer, instead of quotations from him, in illustration of the meaning of '*religiosæ personæ*.' They are all in the *Historia Novorum*; and are to be found at clix. 426C; 428B; 437B; 438A; 459C.

so low had the episcopate fallen—by way of reply protested that the Pope had, indeed, said one thing when Anselm's envoys were present, and quite another when they were not. Baldwin was furious. In speaking thus, he cried, they were breaking the oath they had taken to the Pope. Great and general was now the hubbub. One side of the house maintained that there could be no question about the meaning of the letter, and that if a pope's seal and a monk's word were not to be trusted there was an end to everything. The rhetoricians on the other side would have it that the positive assurances of three bishops must be taken before a bit of sheepskin bedaubed with ink and with a lump of lead dangling to it; for, as to the evidence of two paltry monks, that, of course, must be set aside without ceremony, inasmuch as when they left the world they lost all claim to be heard in worldly concerns.

'But this is not a worldly concern,' retorted Baldwin; who knew as well as they that if '*religiosæ personæ*' were at liberty to receive investiture and make themselves the King's liegemen, there was not a man in England who might not be called upon to do so. It was not a worldly concern, but a spiritual one of the very highest consequence.

'Come, come,' said the opposing disputants, 'we know you to be a man of prudence and principle; but really we are compelled by the very order of things to take the evidence of an archbishop and two bishops as better evidence than yours.'

'And what of the letter?' expostulated Baldwin.

'We do not,' they rejoined, 'take the evidence of monks against bishops. Do you suppose we should take a sheepskin's?'

'Fie! fie!' cried out somebody. His name is not given; I think it was Eadmer. 'Fie! fie! Are not the Gospels written on sheepskins? Now then, what do you say to that?'

Meanwhile the Primate's difficulty was of the gravest. To betray the slightest misgiving about the letter would never do ; to give the lie to three prelates, who pledged their word as bishops for the truth of their story, would never do. What course was he to devise ?

The King, who perceived his embarrassment, at once assumed a haughty air and a bolder front ; and, encouraged by the applauses and approval of the bishops and of the majority, as it would seem, of the barons, required him to come and do him homage there and then, and engage to consecrate those whom he was about now and on the spot to institute to bishoprics.

He replied as follows : ' If I could reconcile the letter with what the bishops have said, and see through the whole mystery, I might perhaps do what he wants. As it is, and not to be misled in any particular, it seems more advisable to refer to the Pope than to come to a precipitate decision in what is confessedly a very doubtful business.'

I feel almost ashamed to draw the reader's attention to the gravity, the dignity, the self-possession, the meekness of this reply. It can only be from their perpetual recurrence that we fail to note them.

' What we have said we say,' interposed York, Norwich, and Chester ; ' and what we have given in evidence we stand to ; and if you do not believe us we appeal to the Pope himself. But that is not all. On the part of our lord the Pope, who gave us orders to that effect, we solemnly adjure you to lend yourself to what we advise ; and, when you wish it, you will find that there is no double sense or subterfuge in what we say.'

This was enough to stagger a firmer man than Anselm ; and they pushed their point by informing him that the King was about then and there, and in spite of his dissent, to do by the Papal authority what it pleased him to do, and, if he persisted in opposing him, to pass on him sentence of banishment from the realm.

At last Anselm spoke as follows : ' I do not wish to quarrel with what you say ; but since, if I may judge from whispers which have reached me, the barons are unanimously of opinion that if the King gives ecclesiastical investiture as he threatens, although he will be doing so without my approval and without my consent, it will be well that, out of regard for you, I withhold not communion from either giver or recipient until the messengers I purpose sending to Rome shall have returned, and I know for certain what to do—I am unwilling to stand alone ; it being understood that on no account whatever do I consecrate anyone who has been thus invested, or bid or permit anyone else to do so.'

The three prelates, to lend fresh credibility to their story, to avoid a conflict with the barons such as had covered their order with confusion seven years ago at Rockingham, and to save themselves from the punishment which would not improbably be invoked on them by Anselm's banishment through fault of theirs, conveyed this proposal to the King, and begged him to agree to it. Great was his delight. He was safe for five months to come, and what might not happen in that time ? Fortune might even yet befriend his claim to give investiture, and the moment had now come for him to assert it with impunity and glorify himself in the eyes of the nation. He agreed to the proposal, and then, without a moment's delay, called for two of the clerks of his household—Roger the chancellor, who in the previous spring had been duly elected to the see of Salisbury, and Roger the larderer. Two crosiers were placed in his hand : one had belonged to the last Bishop of Salisbury, deceased in 1099 ; the other had been last wielded by the mendacious Gerard before his translation from Hereford to York. The bishop elect received the first and the larderer the second.

This extraordinary scene took place in Westminster Hall, and we may safely set it down as the first of the many historic encounters which were to be witnessed in the course of ages in that august building.

CHAPTER VII.

KING HENRY'S BISHOPS ELECT.

EACH of the three dioceses of Winchester, Salisbury, and Hereford had now its bishop elect ; and the several appointments afford a remarkable illustration of the changed circumstances of the King since the beginning of his reign.

In his early moments of terror, doubt, and apprehension he took part in a legitimate election to the see of Winchester, and allowed the bishop elect to receive legitimate investiture soon afterwards. In the spring of 1102, his throne now assured from foreign invasion, but not yet safe from domestic attempt, he permitted a free election to the throne of Salisbury, but held the investiture in abeyance. In the September of 1102, when his recalcitrant barons had been punished, and the rest of them petticoated, he not only invested the bishop elect of Salisbury with the crosier, but appointed, as by his own authority and without semblance of election, a bishop to the see of Hereford, and, having thus appointed him, gave him the forbidden institution. The next thing would be to have all three consecrated together.

Here, however, we must make a short digression.

Although King Henry had not, amongst the *male consuetudines* which he in 1100 promised to suppress, made specific mention of the Red King's pretension to prohibit the assembling of councils save at his own pleasure, there is no reason to believe that he regarded that pretension as one which he might uphold with either justice or decency. If indeed he did, Matthew of Westminster may be right in attributing

his compliance with better counsels to the influence of the Queen and her brother, the King of Scotland. At any rate, it was just after the scene just described that a general council of the bishops and abbots of England met within the sacred walls of the adjoining abbey. By request of the Primate the barons were also present, that, overhearing the deliberations, they might by their consentient vote lend efficacy to the canons which should be passed. No record of the deliberations has been preserved, and, as the canons passed have no direct relation with the subject upon which our interest is just now engaged, it is scarcely necessary to incorporate them into the present chapter. It is worthy of note, however, that the three candidates for the episcopate took part in it.

Scarcely was the synod closed before Roger the larderer fell ill. He was not only ill, but dying. What can have possessed him it would be hard to guess, unless it be that as life approached its close the ruling passion—in his case the passion of subserviency to a royal master—asserted its proverbial power. Anyhow, and for whatever reason, the poor man had the infatuation to send the Primate a letter from his death-bed, entreating him to commission the Bishops of London and Rochester to consecrate him before he died. When the letter was read to the Archbishop, whose sight forbade him to decipher any but the largest and clearest writing, he smiled one of his ineffable smiles, ‘and saying nothing, sent the messenger back empty.’ Roger’s illness must have been a short one, if it be true that he died a week after his investiture.

The King supplied Roger’s place without loss of time, appointing and instituting with the crosier another servant of the Court—Reinelm, the Queen’s chancellor—and then sent a polite message to the Archbishop, begging him to consecrate William Giffard, Roger the chancellor, and Reinelm. ‘I shall be most happy,’ was his answer, ‘to consecrate

William (Giffard); but as regards the recently invested candidates, I will not alter the terms of our agreement.'

William Giffard's case in 1100 was remarkably like St. Anselm's in 1093. In each case there was a real, incontestable election; in each the person chosen refused to acquiesce in the election or to accept the crosier at royal hands; and in each, notwithstanding this double refusal, the candidate was treated just as if he had not made it. Anselm in 1093, notwithstanding his refusal to accept the crosier, was nevertheless treated as Archbishop elect by the prince whose investiture he had rejected; William Giffard in 1100, notwithstanding his refusal to accept the crosier, was nevertheless treated as Bishop of Winchester by the prince whose investiture he had rejected. Anselm in 1093 withheld his acquiescence for some five months from his election, and for some three months from the day on which the temporalities of the see were by written document conveyed to him; William Giffard, in 1100, refused, and persisted in refusing, for perhaps quite as long an interval, to have anything to do with the business of the diocese; and, so far from troubling himself about episcopal consecration, took good care to remain a mere deacon.

Upon the Archbishop's return from his exile the case was laid before him by the clergy and laity of Winchester, who entreated him to set the object of their choice over them as bishop. When at Winchester at the following Easter, he, with the King's consent, led William in solemn procession into the cathedral, and there, in presence of the assembled multitude, entrusted him with the spiritual charge of the diocese by placing the crosier in his hand.

But, however, upon ascertaining that the Primate, whilst willing to consecrate William Giffard, who had not received royal investiture, refused, according to the agreement, to consecrate Roger and Reinelm, who had; the King swore¹ that

¹ '*Interposito sacramento.*' It was the King who swore, not the Archbishop. The Dean of St. Paul's must have written this part of his story in some haste.

as long as he lived he would not allow the one to be consecrated without the other two. But Anselm still refused to yield ; whereupon the King gave orders to the Archbishop of York—will it be believed ? yes, even this will be believed of such a prelate—to officiate instead of him. This was the price paid to Gerard for the lie he told in Westminster Hall. The trick was not improbably Gerard's own. In Westminster Hall it had been arranged between the King and him that he should perpetuate a tribe of mere State bishops, in violation of all law and in violation of the very conditions upon which Anselm had consented to wait. He had told a great lie to give the King a few months' escape ; and the King as his reward now promised him protection in the commission of a great sacrilege.

Meanwhile, however, Reinelm was growing very unhappy. He had trifled with conscience in receiving the crosier from the King, in receiving it at such a time, in receiving it without even the shadow of a semblance of canonical election ; and now the thought of submitting to Gerard's consecration filled him with a thousand fears ; no good could possibly come of it ; it would be no blessing to him, but a curse. So he boldly went to the King and gave him back the crosier, and with it the ring he had had made for himself. Henry, who of course was very angry, dismissed him from Court on the spot.

But by this time Archbishop Gerard's courage must have faltered ; the more so as Anselm, to whom he had for now two years refused to make profession of obedience, and whose province he had thus insolently invaded, was at Mortlake, and on the look-out for what might happen.

On the day appointed for the consecration Archbishop Gerard and the other bishops, arrayed in the sacred ornaments, were already seated, and about to proceed to the examination of the two remaining candidates, William Giffard and the lawfully elected but unlawfully invested Roger, when the former, seized with sudden compunction, absolutely

refused their ministrations, and protested that he would rather be stripped of all he had in the world than take part in the infamous ceremony. The bishops rose confusedly from their seats, looking as foolish as they felt. The crowd who had assembled to witness and silently execrate the greatest scandal of the age raised a wild shout in honour of William Giffard, and then pursued the rocheted satellites with cries of disapprobation as they posted off burning with resentment to tell the King of the insult that had been put upon them. William Giffard was summoned into the royal presence ; but nothing could move him ; threats were in vain, and he was at last despoiled not only of the temporalities of the see which had been forced on him with such zeal, but of everything that was his in England, and banished the kingdom. His deanery and canonry at Rouen were by this time in other hands, and he probably subsisted on estates which he held of Duke Robert.

So was foiled one of the most scandalous plots in history ; so was averted one of the most terrible of catastrophes.

It is worthy of note that every one of Anselm's suffragans¹ had prepared, ostensibly at least, to take part in the consecration. Can it be that Gundulf is to be thanked for the failure of the conspiracy ?

¹ 'Cunctis episcopis Angliæ.' The Bishop of Durham was not of the number—a proof, as I take it, and not the only proof which could be given, that the palatine see of Durham was not held to be an integral part of England.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ENCOUNTER AT CANTERBURY.

FAILING to obtain William Giffard's recall from banishment, a banishment which denied him the opportunity of consecrating a duly appointed suffragan,¹ and failing to obtain redress for the Archbishop of York's invasion of his province, Anselm now resumed the austere and tranquil tenour of his life. He was already in his seventieth year, and asceticism had long been a second nature to him. Only once in the day would he, at the solicitation of his monks, consent to take some little meagre sustenance, and even then he ate so sparingly as in eating rather to insult nature than obey her. Such at least was the description of his miserable banquets given by the Queen, whose anxiety for his health inspired her to make this excessive abstinence the subject of a long and peculiarly interesting letter to him. His windows of sight, she murmured, were obscured; his avenues of hearing were obstructed; when he preached, those who desired to catch his 'decorous, unimpassioned, smoothly flowing periods' were obliged to gather close around him, and unless he condescended to temper his austerities his 'sweet and musical message from another world would soon be lost,' so she complained, 'even on those who sat at his very feet.'

On the 6th of March, in the year 1103, when, by this time prematurely decrepit, he was keeping the tenth anniversary of the bitterest day of his life, word was brought him that the King was at Canterbury. Ostensibly, indeed, Henry was on

¹ *Ep.* iv. 126.

his way to Dover, where he had engaged to meet the Count of Flanders, but he had his own proper motive for breaking the journey by a three days' sojourn under the shadow of the primatial church of the Britains. He was bent upon forcing from the Archbishop that compliance with his pretensions of which the barons had baulked him when they proposed a fresh embassy to Rome, and which he feared would be once more denied him, should he re-open the dispute at Easter in the hearing and under the control of his constitutional advisers.

Having ascertained that a letter had come from the Pope, he lost no time in sounding one of the party who had brought it. Quite so. The three bishops had lied, and Paschal was inflexible.

But, curiously enough, the Archbishop had not opened the letter. Why not? Could it be that he was beginning to quail, and hesitating to read a Papal missive without the royal permission?

Miscalculating, therefore, the courage of his opponent, Henry sent a message to say that he trusted his long forbearance had so far mollified the Primate as that he would no longer persist in despoiling the sovereign of his *paternæ consuetudines*.

The *pater patriæ* of England, inheritor of traditions consolidated during five slowly rolling centuries, was not the man unheedingly to comply with a claim which had been made for the first time within the last eight years, and the subject matter of which had come into dim primordial being within the last thirty, or, more correctly, perhaps, within the last four-and-twenty years. Neither could he forget that if he was in a unique and special sense the representative of the people of England, his public acts possessed a unique and special authority in virtue of the relation which he bore to the kingdom in his quality of *ex officio* legate of the Holy See. Nor did he need to be told that, whether as statesman or as

churchman, he would be both fool and coward thus lightly to orego his trust. Still he knew what sort of man was dealing with him ; and, were we to imagine that when he wrote to the Pope about torments and death, as well as exile, he wasted ink in vapid rhetoric, we should, I think, betray an inadequate appreciation of the King's character as well as of his.

But I have not given the whole of the message.

Last Michaelmas Henry had requested him no longer to cease disobeying the *paternæ consuetudines*, or else to cease living in England, and had explained that by compliance with the *paternæ consuetudines* he meant unquestioning and unqualified concurrence in all that the royal will might choose to demand of him. Now he adorns his request with menaces. 'The King desires that, mollified by his too long protracted forbearance, you no longer derogate in aught from his paternal *coutumes*, lest, exasperated beyond endurance, he find himself obliged to give actual demonstration of his sense of your opposition to him.'¹ The truth is, so Eadmer explains, that Henry had made up his mind either to do Anselm some grievous bodily harm, or, if not that, yet most certainly to drive him away ignominiously over sea ; and in either case to strip him of all that rightly appertained to his ecclesiastical state, should he not find him quite prepared to carry out his wishes to the very utmost upon the subject in dispute.

Anselm replied that the messengers sent to Rome about the account given by the bishops in Westminster Hall had now returned with a letter which gave, so they said, a full statement of the truth, and begged that it should be examined. 'Let the letter be inspected,' were his words, 'that I may see if there be anything in it permitting me to comply with the King's will.'

'I will stand these tricks no longer,' cried Henry ; 'I mean to have the thing settled once for all. What have I to do with

¹ This message, like others which we have come across already, is well worth the notice of anyone who proposes to write the history of the diplomatic art.

the Pope on my own concerns? What my predecessors¹ had in this realm are mine. Let all who love me know that whoso wants to take them from me is my enemy.'

'What I know to be his,' said the justest of men, 'I neither take nor mean to take from him. But let him know that, unless the see which imposed the binding prohibitions issue sentence of relaxation, not for the saving of my life will I lend myself to practices which I with my own ears heard condemned in the Council at Rome.'

The days consumed in the transmission from the King of messages, each of them more peremptory than its predecessor, and of replies from the Primate all meekly obstinate, were days of exquisite anxiety to the Christ Church monks; but a general notion of their distress, and of what Eadmer regards, or seems to regard, as the sympathetic alarm of Robert of Meulan, is all that the able historian has ventured to confide to his pen; for when he wrote his '*Historia Novorum*' Henry was still in life and vigour, and he must have owned to himself the wisdom of tracing in delicate and sparing outline an episode so discreditable to the *regia majestas*, and despatching in few words a subject which, could he but do justice to it, would have filled many pages of his most graphic writing. Still, the brief glimpses which he gives us first of the chapter house, and then of the cathedral, are like two quickly shifted scenes on a stage—impressive by the very brevity of their exhibition, and none the less memorable from their momentary presentment to the eye. 'The Christ Church monks were in great alarm. Their father, they thought, was straightway to be taken away from them. I seem to see the faces of the very lords upon whom the King depended for advice all wet with tears as with swelling hearts they descried the approaching woe. And then the monks praying and pleading before the great rood, and piteously

¹ 'Antecessores' is the word, by which we are to understand chiefly, perhaps solely, his immediate predecessor.

implored Christ Crucified to turn one look of pity on His Church, and save her from the impending calamity.'

I suspect that Earl Robert's tears, even if sprung from sympathy, were cleverly shed, and that he hoped by the exaggerated exhibition of a concern which was no doubt genuine to alarm the Christ Church monks into alarming the Archbishop into a submission which, now that the awful moment was nigh for maltreating the Lord's anointed, the instinct of his own unerring genius told him he must not permit the King to try to extort by force. Robert of Meulan might always be trusted to know when things had gone far enough, and Robert of Meulan now apprised his master that he stood on the brink of a great danger. The Archbishop, as he must clearly see, was inexorable, and for that very reason must be let alone. For what in the present conjunction of political affairs could be conceived more foolhardy than to banish him the kingdom? It had been his royal wisdom to deal very gently with him so long as Duke Robert was a rival to be feared, and so long as half the barons were rebels, or something barely short of rebels, to be feared. What, then, could be unwiser in the present political crisis than to insult the sanctity of his person to-day and go to Dover to-morrow to prepare a plan for the invasion of Normandy? He had by the exercise of singular prudence secured his own crown, and to-morrow he would be making his first aggressive effort for the winning of his brother's coronet; but to provoke—nay, ensure—disaster and ruin meanwhile would be of all madnesses the maddest.

Even so, then, the Archbishop must be let alone; unless indeed they could contrive to get him out of the country by fair means, and then, whether by fair means or foul, keep him at a distance till Normandy should be won. Yes, this was a good idea.

The truth is that the King knew his cause to be a bad one. In his hours of seclusion and domestic converse the

Queen was at his side, assuring him that her mother's ancient royal house had never thought to enhance their own unquestioned dignity by requiring the Primate of the Britains either to betray his trust as the official link between the central see of Christendom and England, or to take the rank of a mere feudal underling ; his brother-in-law, the King of Scotland, had repeatedly seconded the Queen's assurances ; there was not an honest Englishman from end to end of England who, if only he dared to say his mind, would hesitate to give full confirmation to these counsels of English royalty, and his own heart of hearts told him that there was as little reason as justice, and as little justice as piety, in this new mean ambition of the Norman house.

But duly to appreciate the conduct, we must here dwell for a moment upon the character, of the King. With all his fertility of resource, his address, and his cunning ; with all his tenacity of purpose, his litigiousness, and his obstinacy, Henry Beauclerc never made shipwreck of the gift of faith. As Jacob to Esau so was Henry Beauclerc to William the Red ; for even though he could assume the goatskin and play tricks both fair and foul, he nevertheless set high store on the Pope's paternal blessing and on that inestimable Christian heritage which his brutalised brother had despised. Indeed, it would scarcely be a paradox to say that, but for this redeeming quality in his character, there would have been less duplicity in his conduct ; and that side by side with this element of strength in him there lay just such a strain of weakness as had marked the character of his patriarchal prototype. If the religious instinct was his forte, human respect was his foible. In the very decline of his days, and long after Anselm had passed away, he was fain to write to the reigning Pontiff to say that his barons and vassals would not allow him to keep his own were he to make himself so cheap as to submit to some indignity which seems, after all, to have been either fancied or fictitious, adding, 'There is

no end, as there is no measure, to their taunts and gibes. They tell me that, thanks to my remissness and want of zeal in asserting them, I am letting the old prestige and the rights hitherto kept inviolate of my kingdom be filched away from me.' ¹ I need not stop to remark that these alleged *jura* are *jura* which, if they were really his, appertained to him in his character of King of England, not in his character of Duke of Normandy, the scene of their violation, and that it seems to have been his Norman policy to engraft royal rights upon ducal *consuetudines* as it was his English policy to engraft the ducal *consuetudines* upon royal rights. ² I need not dwell on these things, for my present purpose is to direct attention to the fact that human respect was his perpetually recurring occasion of offence. We have seen that his demands upon Anselm increased in instance and peremptoriness as he secured his hold on the crown royal of England ; but this account, although true in its proper order, is not all that there is to say of him. A truer account is that the fair promises he had from the first made to Anselm had been made in private, but that his first and second demands of homage had been made in presence of the peers, whose real or affected contempt he dreaded ; and that, if he did not wait for their assembling at Winchester in the Easter of 1103 before making his third demand, the reason was that he could not brook the thought of having them for witnesses of his third failure. Hence this visit. Should it be his fortune to succeed, he would save his own weak pride ; but that same weak pride informed him that, should he be doomed to fail, he had better fail in a private and informal encounter than in the presence of the *magnates regni*.

After an encounter, then, protracted through two days with his gentle and decrepit foe, Henry Beauclerc owned himself beaten. Ah, gentle and decrepit foe ! Your sight is

¹ See Migne, clxxix. 670A.

² Eadmer, *Historia Novorum*, lib. v. (Migne, clix. 494C).

failing, it is true, and your hearing very dull, and your voice wasted to a whisper. But you have been too many for him ; and the robust despot of five-and-thirty has quailed before the tottering ascetic of threescore years and ten !

It was, I presume, on the morning of the third day that the King, by this time only too thankful not to have had the entire peerage witnesses of his defeat, but anxious to give them some good account of himself at Easter, resorted to a course which he can scarcely, when setting forth for Canterbury, have contemplated the possibility of ever being obliged to adopt. The political wisdom of Robert of Meulan had told him that the Archbishop must not be ill-treated, but must, at the utmost, be got out of the country and then prevented from returning until Normandy should be won ; and now his own human respect was casting about for some means of disguising his discomfiture into the semblance of an advantage gained. A plan, indeed, there was, a very strange but still a feasible one, provided only he could secure the Archbishop's co-operation ; and to ensure that co-operation—it was a bitter draught to swallow, but it might save him the swallowing of a much bitterer one—he must even cease treating him as a foe and make him his confidant ! So then, whilst the Archbishop's monks were even now prostrated before the great rood of Canterbury Cathedral imploring the Crucified to bend one look of pity on His Church, Henry Beauclerc suddenly changed his tone, and with hushed voice and trembling utterance sent to implore the Primate to go himself to Rome and get the Pope to accommodate the Church's laws to his *consuetudines* ; lest by losing the rights—so in his pride and distress he now for the first time called them—lest by losing the rights of his predecessors he should be held in less esteem than they had been. This was not the precise account of his fears ; what he dreaded was not so much the being thought little of as the being laughed at ; but it was near enough. The Archbishop comprehended all ;

and, in his own exquisiteness of compassion for a weakness even such as this, refused to say No. True it was that were he to set forth for the Eternal City he had no hope of succeeding, as he had no wish to succeed, in this strangest of embassies, and that should he achieve the journey it would only be by exposure to the tortures of a slow progress along Tuscan roads that had been parched by the solstitial fires of a semi-tropical sky. But then, the mere setting forth would be a kindness.

‘Let us wait,’ he replied, ‘till Easter, that I may hear what the bishops and the *primates regni* who are not here have to advise, and then give my answer.’

The King knew what this meant. The Archbishop would respect his secret and raise no needless difficulties.

‘So,’ says Eadmer, ‘the case was brought to a close for the time, and they parted from each other on good terms,’ to meet again at the end of three weeks.

The treaty concluded at Dover on the following day was couched in similar terms with that which had been executed in the early summer of 1101 in anticipation of Duke Robert’s invasion—poor Duke Robert! He is no longer in condition to invade; when the time is ripe he will be invaded—the Count of Flanders engaging to help King Henry to hold and defend England against all men; to endeavour, should the King of France propose a landing in England, to restrain him, and should he carry out such purpose to give him as little help as possible; to come over in person with a thousand knights in case of invasion by any but the French; and, if the King of England should carry his arms into Normandy or Maine, to follow him with a thousand knights.

To return to the Archbishop.

The Pope’s letter to him was still unopened; for, although he intended to carry it to Court with him, he had good reason for not wishing to know its contents until the conclusion of the mass, which, according to custom, he was to

sing in the chapel royal at Easter. What that reason was we shall see in due course. But the King knew enough of the document from what he had ascertained at Canterbury not to care to know more, whilst the Archbishop would not venture to open it even after the great Easter mass without the King's concurrence, lest by doing so he should put it into his power to question its authenticity.

On consulting the barons upon the proposed journey to Rome the Archbishop found them unanimously of opinion that, regard being had to the importance of the subject under debate, he might well encounter even the toil, fatigue, and peril of such an adventure, and said, 'Since it is your common desire that I go, I will undertake the journey, although my strength has left me and I am growing old; going whither you counsel, and as God, who is the End of all, shall give me strength. But, should I succeed in getting as far as the Pope, know that neither by prayer nor by advice of mine will he do anything to compromise the liberty of churches or my own honour.'

'Our lord the King,' replied the barons, who were lost in admiration of the simplicity, the integrity, and the intrepidity of the gentle old man, and could afford to betray what they felt, now that Henry was counting the days till he should be rid of him, 'will send an envoy of his own with you to expound to the Pope his wishes and the affairs of the realm; and do you bear witness to nothing he says but what is true.' 'What I say I say,' was his rejoinder, 'and by the mercy of God I will never contradict a man that tells the truth.'

Leaving Court without delay—for there were men there with whom he could not refuse communion, though he had every reason to believe them to have been excommunicated by direct Papal sentence—he returned to his see, and, after a four days' pause, set forth for the coast, followed by the blessings of his monks and by the affectionate homage of the citizens of Canterbury and of the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

BOOK VIII.

ST. ANSELM'S MISSION TO ROME.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUMMER OF 1103.

HE touched land at Wissant on Monday, the 27th of April, and, passing through Boulogne, made for his own dear Le Bec. It was not until he had reached Le Bec that he ventured to open the Pope's letter. It contained the following passages :—

‘ I grieve to find that, after the kind reception I gave to the King's envoys, they should have gone back and said what I had neither said nor thought. . . . I call Him to witness who judges the reins and the heart that from the first moment of my pontificate I have not for an instant entertained so wicked and outrageous a thought. . . . If lay hands are to deliver the crosier, the symbol of the pastoral office, and the ring, the pledge of faith, what is there left for bishops to do in the Church? . . . It is foreign to the spirit of the Church, and forbidden by the sacred canons, that princes and secular persons should either give investitures or wantonly interfere in the election of bishops; for the seventh synod, as you know, decrees thus: “*Sancta et universalis synodus definivit neminem laicorum principum vel potentum semet ingerere electioni vel promotioni episcoporum.*” . . . As to the offending bishops, we exclude them from the favour of St. Peter and our society until they make satisfaction . . . and acknowledge the enormity of their offence. And if any have during the truce received investiture or consecration,

we separate them from the society of the brethren, and hold ordainers and ordained as strangers. Let them not say they had been deceived. The prophet who was deceived by another prophet did not therefore escape death. . . .’—
(Benevento, Dec. 10, 1102.)

He had not been mistaken. The scandalous consecrations contemplated in the autumn had been averted; but others only less scandalous had, nevertheless, taken place during the late interval of suspense. The Bishop of Bath and the Bishop of Lincoln had raised to the abbatial dignity recipients of lay investiture. The Bishop of Bath, therefore, and the Bishop of Lincoln were under direct sentence of excommunication.

After a short stay at his old home he resumed his journey, reaching Chartres at Whitsuntide. What happened then is best told by his own account, transmitted to the Prior and monks of Christ Church:—

‘On reaching Chartres I received a very kind welcome from the Countess’ (Adela), ‘our King’s sister, the Bishop’ (Yves), ‘and many others; but they were amazed at my undertaking the journey at such a season. They assured me that, owing to the excessive heat, and because nobody thinks of travelling there at this time of year, I should neither reach Rome nor find my way home again, for the double reason that I cannot escape the hands of the enemies of the Church of God and that in my present feeble condition the heat would kill me. So, then, by the sheer force of their advice they have prevented me going further at present, and obliged me to wait for suitable weather and the season when travellers¹ are again on the road. Knowing, therefore, that Holy Scripture says, “Do all things with counsel, and when you have done you will not repent,” I have

¹ ‘Peregrini.’ Not necessarily strangers, not necessarily pilgrims, but way-faring people.

not ventured to refuse advice so reasonable and friendly, lest regret should be my punishment. Hence, too, it is that, although the Countess wished to keep me in her land, and give me most liberally all I need, I have come back to Normandy, and am awaiting a suitable time for finishing, if God will, what I have begun.

‘You know, my dearest children, my desire for you. You have often heard what it is in you that consoles all my trials. If your hearts are fixed on God, and God alone; if you work hard to complete like good labourers in Christ’s vineyard the toil you bravely undertook for Him; if your life bears witness that the world is crucified to you and you to the world; if you live not for yourselves, but for God, that is, not your will, but His; if even in the slightest things you have a great fear of God; if you love the strictness of your rule . . .; if you are at peace amongst yourselves and obey the Prior—this is my desire for you, this is my consolation and my rest in you. Think of these things, dwell upon them, and practise them, if you wish to make me glad; or, rather, if you wish to be at peace with God. May the Holy Ghost instil all this into your hearts, and, as your reward, display to you the blessed vision of His glory. Amen.’¹

The King meanwhile had registered a signal advantage over his brother; witness Orderic, who writes as follows:—

‘In the following year’ (1103) ‘William of Warenne² presented himself to Robert, Duke of Neustria, with a woful story and an account of the immense pecuniary loss he had incurred in that prince’s behalf; for in losing the earldom of Surrey’ (forfeited two years previously) ‘he had lost a

¹ *Ep.* iii. 76.

² The second of the name known to English history, and son of William of Warenne, the friend of the Conqueror and founder of Lewes Priory, who died June 24, 1089, soon after receiving the earldom of Surrey. See vol. i. pp. 415–421.

thousand silver marks per annum, and protested it was only fair he should reconcile him to the King of England and get him back his lost honours. The Duke, always ready to acquiesce in this kind of demand, complied all too easily and set sail for the great island. When the King heard he had landed, he said to his gentlemen-in-waiting, "What am I to do with enemies who presume to intrude on me unsummoned, and to force themselves into my kingdom?" One said one thing, another another. But he sent some retainers who were in his confidence to meet Robert and let him know what his dispositions were; and so the silly Duke discovered that he had made a great mistake in coming over to England, and that, unless he took very good care, he would find himself entrapped in the island with no chance of getting out of it. The cunning King, however, received him with ceremonious courtesy, and things were so managed that outsiders should not perceive that anything had gone wrong. This greatly alarmed Robert, who cloaked his worst fears with an affectation of unconcern, whilst the King dissembled under a lighthearted guise and manner the resentment that raged within. However, he seized the opportunity of reproaching Robert with breach of their treaty. He told him that he had done nothing all this time to punish notorious and public traitors, nor moved a finger to hold the ill-affected in check; that he had within the last twelve months welcomed Robert of Belesme with open arms in Normandy, and given him domains which had once been their father's, &c. &c. To cut short a long story, the Duke began to feel very uneasy under this artillery of reproach, humbly promised to make amends for all his offences, and so arranged matters as to let the Queen have the 3,000*l.* per annum which were due to him. So the King was pacified, confirmed his friendship with the Duke, gave back the earldom of Surrey to William of Warenne,¹ and, having made a pretty fool of his

¹ O.V. iv. 161.

victim and gained some 2,330*l.* per annum at his expense, postponed the invasion to which the treaty with the Fleming had been meant as a preliminary, and set his fertile brain to work again, reviewing and reconsidering his relations with the Holy See.

‘Then,’ continues Orderic, ‘Duke Robert returned to Normandy, and was held in greater contempt than ever by his own people; for all that he had gained by this expedition of his was fresh alarm, fresh toil, and fresh disgrace.’

About the middle of August, and a few days later than he had at first proposed, the Archbishop started afresh from Le Bec. An annalist who wrote two generations after the event expresses himself thus upon the journey:—‘St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding to the urgent entreaty of King Henry I., set forth for Rome to get the Apostolic See to grant confirmation of that prince’s *consuetudines* or *coutumes*, which it is now’ (*i.e.* in Henry II.’s time) ‘the fashion to call the laws of the King’s grandfather and the royal liberties. . . . But he cannot have expected, neither did he wish, to succeed. For, call them what you will, they are nothing less than abuses foisted on the country by tyrants, and tricks of the devil for the subversion of the Church’s freedom.’

CHAPTER II.

THE PÄPAL COURT.

IF Matthew Paris is to be believed, the Archbishop was accompanied on his journey by the Bishop elect of Winchester, and, besides him, by five intrusive abbots whom he had degraded in the previous autumn. His purpose, says the historian, was to obtain pardon for them from the Pöpe ; but the information we possess upon this portion of the history is too meagre to be of interest, or even, I fear, of value, except in so far as it ascertains to us one in a long series of similar applications to the Holy See both prior and subsequent to St. Anselm's pontificate.

The route of the venerable and heroic traveller lay through Chartres, through Bourges, and through Lyons, whence he set forth for the Valley of Maurienne under the protection of an escort provided for him by his kinsman, Count Humbert II.

Whilst he was still in the Valley of Maurienne there came a letter from the King, begging him to spare himself and go no further, lest he should break down from fatigue. But the Bishop of Rochester and the Prior of Christ Church had been sufficiently on the alert to send him information of some strange things the King had been saying about his journey, of some letter from the Pope which had no existence but in the royal imagination, and of a certain mysterious embassy to the Emperor.

'In vain is the net spread in sight of the bird.' He refused to be entrapped. On reaching Rome, however, he found that William of Veraval, of all people in the world, was already

there; and after two nights and a day spent at the Vatican, where the Pope had begged him to rest from the fatigues of his journey, took possession of his apartment at the Lateran, and was presented to the Pontiff.

The case came on next day. William of Veraval, who had meanwhile been plying less noble arts, was now to exert all the resources of his rhetoric, and Anselm soon discovered why the King, after pressing him to travel through Italy in the dog-days, had become so singularly tender of his health at Michaelmas.

But, after all, what need was there for William of Veraval's rhetoric? Ostensibly, at least, the case was a very simple one; ostensibly, at least, the Archbishop and the royal envoy had come to Rome with one and the same object—the one to solicit a confirmation of the rights enjoyed by the King's predecessors, so far as in conscience and honour he might do so, and the other to state categorically what those rights were. What need was there, then, for rhetoric?

William of Veraval had not gone far in his speech before the Archbishop caught the drift of his argument. It was to the following effect:—The old Kings of the English, such kings as Athelstan and the Confessor, were devout sons of Holy Church and munificent benefactors of the Apostolic See, which in its turn conferred upon them¹ an amplitude of

¹ Eadmer's accurate and tenacious memory justifies us in paying special attention to his account of the speech: 'Exponit etiam statum regni, regiamque in Romanos munificentiam, unde ampliori quâdam et digniori præ cæteris sublimitate *ex apostolicâ largitione* reges Anglorum probat antiquitus usos; eâque re non solum molestum et indecens fore huic suorum antecessorum jura perdere, veruntamen,' &c. All seems to show that the Kings of the English, from an age long anterior to the Conquest, had enjoyed the privilege of handing the crosier to a duly elected bishop, and that their case had been similar to that of the Emperors. How atrociously the privilege had been abused in England, as in Germany, there is no need to remind the reader; and it was now high time that the privilege should be rescinded. A great deal of rash talk has been talked, and a great deal of rash writing written about the celebrated story of St. Wulstan of Worcester and his resignation of the crosier to the dead Confessor. I must take the liberty of making two remarks upon that celebrated episode: (1) that at the time when it took place investiture of churches by laymen had not been forbidden, a fact which

power and a pre-eminence of dignity such as were enjoyed by no other princes in Christendom, excepting only the Emperor. The thesis was illustrated by a host of statements all accurate enough, and of facts all relevant enough, to lend probability to a contention of some importance—namely, this, that what the Kings of Germany had hitherto been to the Empire, that the Kings of the English had hitherto been to the new world beyond the Gauls. And if the orator then proceeded to urge that the Kings of the English had from date out of memory enjoyed a concurrent vote in the election of bishops, that they had from time to time and in exceptional cases exercised an uncontested *veto*, and that their approval or their disapproval of a candidate had been customarily expressed by the grant or by the retention of the crosier, he said what was probably allowed to be beyond dispute.

He seems in the next division of his oration to have contended that, whilst, in any case, it must be a symptom of personal weakness and an occasion of dynastic instability for princes to resign the privileges or forego the rights enjoyed by their predecessors, it would in that of his own royal master be a peculiarly perilous venture to do either the one or the other; for the Duke of Normandy was even now a dangerous rival, and such had been the training and such were the prejudices of the King's Norman barons, to say nothing of his bishops, that they would regard with aversion

it surely cannot be inconvenient to remember; and (2) that, unless we have been strangely misinformed, the Confessor's grant of the crosier to Wulstan had been made by privilege of the Holy See, and thus, that privilege not being as yet revoked, by the authority of the Holy See. Ælfred of Rievaulx, in his *Vita et Miracula Edwardi Confessoris*, represents the saintly bishop as speaking thus to Lanfranc: 'Verè, Domine archiepiscopo, verè scio quia nec hoc honore dignus sum, nec huic idoneus oneri, nec sufficiens labori. Sciebam hoc *cùm me clericus eligeret, cùm episcopi cogerent, cùm me dominus rex meus Edwardus ad hoc officium invitaret*. Ipse auctoritate sedis apostolicæ in meos humeros hoc onus refudit, et *per hunc baculum me episcopali gradu investiri præcepit*. Et nunc pastorem tu virgam exigis quam non tradidisti, officium adimis quod non contulisti. Et ego quidem insufficientiam non ignorans, et tuæ sanctæque synodi sententiæ cedens, resignabo baculum, sed non tibi, sed ei potius cuius cum auctoritate suscepi,' &c.

and disdain a sovereign who should let slip any element of his inherited prestige. As he elaborated the rhetorical effort—and he seems to have done so with considerable skill—the amiable and contemplative Pontiff listened with dignified and appreciative attention, whilst approving bystanders murmured that well might such a prince as the King of the English be treated with exceptional leniency and indulgence. Thus encouraged, the advocate went on to say that, were his master to be subjected to such an annoyance and such an indignity as the revocation of the rights just expounded, the Roman see—so he would even venture to predict—would certainly lose by the transaction, and might even find too late that what it had lost was gone for ever.

Then, swiftly changing his manner, he addressed an impassioned appeal to the Pope himself, and entreated him to give King Henry formal confirmation, not of the rights of the old English kings, but of the *consuetudines* and *usus* of William the Conqueror and William Rufus! This was clever indeed. ‘Consuetudo’ to an Italian was *custom*; ‘consuetudo’ to a Norman, and of all Normans to King Henry, was *coutume*, a very different thing. Oh, admirable equivoque! Oh, wondrous vault from royal rights to feudal claims! The Pope, dazzled by the glamour of the inherited privileges of the Confessor, is to be made to stereotype a set of things essentially different and to convert the unknown, uncounted, undefined *coutumes* of Norman suzerainty, which two successive kings had superimposed upon the royal rights known to ancient England, into an eternal privilege! William of Veraval must have learnt his rhetoric from William of Saint-Calais.

The Archbishop of Canterbury made note of the audacious transition, and had no need of a forensic Dom Baldwin to whisper him a word of caution. But he said nothing; for he knew the Pope too well not to feel assured that Tuscan acumen was perfectly well able to measure the length, and

breadth, and depth, and height of Norman cunning, even had the Pope been unblessed with special illumination from on high; and that Paschal needed not to be informed that, whatever might have been the inconveniences of the old English usage, there lay beneath this new Norman demand a pretension from which Athelstan and the Confessor would have shrunk with horror, a pretension to give the sovereign something as different from a concurrent vote or a magisterial *veto* as north from south and east from west, and make the Church in her character of a spiritual body the slave of royal tyranny. He therefore said nothing and sat still.

The Pope, too, said nothing and sat still; partly in wonder whether the Norman had been carried out of his depth by ignorance, or, like Dædalus, lifted from solid earth by insolence; and partly in hope of ascertaining from the remarks of his courtiers whether he might not have misapprehended the drift of the stranger's harangue. Quick-witted as voluble, William of Veraval soon perceived that those remarks were, on the whole, in his favour, and, assured that, the iron being at last hot, all he had to do was to strike—struck. 'Whatever be said,' he cried, all confident of victory, 'on one side or the other, I would have all present know that not for the forfeit of his kingdom will my lord the King of the English suffer himself to lose Church investiture.' To whom the Pope in a voice of thunder, 'If, as you say, your king for the forfeit of his kingdom will not suffer himself to relinquish Church donations, know this—and I say it before God—that not for the ransom of his life will Pope Paschal ever let him have them.'

'The which,' says Eadmer, 'being heard, greatly discomfited William.' And as he stood there, speechless and stunned by the acclamations accorded to the Papal utterance, he understood, as he had never understood before, that for emperor, king, count, squire, or clown to take a share, however influential, in the election of a bishop is one thing, but

that for him to constitute himself the source of spiritual jurisdiction, or the avenue of entrance into the episcopal office, is another.

We shall not hear much more about investiture.

The Archbishop, who had by this time completed his seventieth year, and was not likely, when once back in England, ever again to undertake the terrible fatigue of a three months' journey on horseback from Wissant to Rome, turned the remaining days of his visit at the Lateran to good account. He was often closeted with the Pope in conference on matters concerning the general welfare of England and the interests of the see of Canterbury. Then the holy father kissed him and, with characteristic condescension, each of the several members of his suite, and, commending them to the Divine protection, dismissed them in peace. This was on or about the 16th of November.

As they were riding forth from Rome William of Veraval wished them a pleasant journey, observing that he had made a vow to visit the shrine of St. Nicholas at Bari.

The Countess Matilda, who was on the look-out for the illustrious traveller, had provided an escort to conduct him and his retinue through her dominions.

On reaching Piacenza they found, to their great amazement, that William of Veraval was there, waiting for them, and, after paying a compliment to his horsemanship, invited him to join their cavalcade across Mont Cenis.¹ The passage of the Alps was effected without disaster, and the whole

¹ St. Anselm crossed Mont Cenis in his early days when on the way from Aosta to Normandy, on his way to Italy in 1098, again on his way to Italy in 1103, and now for a fourth time on his return from that peninsula. Charlemagne had crossed it in the eighth century on his famous march against Desiderius. Sir Francis Palgrave must have overlooked these facts when he wrote thus of Lanfranc (*Normandy and England*, iii. 255): 'Crossing the St. Bernard, then the only pass connecting Italy with the northern *latinitas* . . . he settled at Avranches.' The Great St. Bernard was a highway into Germany, so too was the St. Gothard; but I cannot find that the Little St. Bernard—for it is this, I presume, of which Sir Francis Palgrave writes—was ever used, if used at all, in preference to Mont Cenis by travellers between Italy and the duchy of Burgundy.

party then made for Lyons, the Archbishop of which place had invited his brother of Canterbury to spend Christmas with him.

As they approached the city of Lyons, the rhetorician, who was not included in Archbishop Hugh's invitation and had already explained that he was anxious to push on, approached the Primate for the purpose of taking leave of him. 'I quite thought,' he said, 'that our business at Rome would have a different termination; hence my delay in communicating to you a message which my lord the King charged me to deliver to you. But as I must now bestir myself and return to England as quickly as may be, I cannot keep it from you any longer. He says that if you come back to him, engaging to do by him precisely as your predecessors are known to have done by his, he will be most happy to welcome your return to England.' Here he stopped short.

'Have you anything further to say?' asked the Archbishop. 'I am speaking to a man of prudence.'

'On this subject I have nothing further to say,' was the reply of the Norman.

To whom Anselm, 'I know what you mean to say, and I quite understand.' What he meant to say was that, unless Anselm would promise to observe all the ecclesiastical *coutumes* asserted by William the Conqueror and William Rufus in their realm of England, disregarding in favour of the *coutumes* all the subjection and all the obedience which were due from him to the Vicar of St. Peter, he was forbidden to set foot on English soil. And, as if to make that meaning clearer still, the royal chaplain took care to inform him that he was 'the King's archbishop.'

What the Primate quite understood ('Intelligo' was his very suggestive word) was the trick that had been played on him, and that Henry, like Henry's predecessor, not daring to do him hurt in England, and not daring to banish him the country, had, under pretence of engaging him to do him a

friendly service, got rid of him with the resolution of forbidding him to set foot again in the island. He further understood the cleverness of the royal chaplain, who had taken care not to deliver the message when they were at Rome, who made no doubt of reaching England before news of what had happened could be carried to the Pope, and who probably knew how great were the pecuniary difficulties which debarred him from returning to the Eternal City.

All this the weak old man seized, gauged, and grasped, as if by intuition. Before the words were out of the chaplain's lips he had unravelled all the plot. But so far from betraying his moral estimate of the King's dishonour, so far from expressing anger, resentment, or even disappointment, he spoke as one to whom such feelings were impossible, and with a sweetness now as ever unruffled, and a dignity now as ever unhurt, by insult, summed up all he had to say on the astounding revelation in one passionless word, 'Intelligo.'

And so the befooled and insulted Primate, befooled and insulted by a prince who owed everything to him, pursued his way towards the city which his mother's paternal uncle, Burchard I., Primate of all the Gauls, and then his mother's brother, Burchard II., Primate of all the Gauls, had ruled as sovereign princes under the double title of archbishop and count; and on reaching the gate was met by Archbishop Hugh, who, accompanied by his clergy, conducted him with all pomp to the cathedral, and with touching courtesy made believe that his guest and not himself was father and prince of the diocese and exarchate.

Meanwhile William of Veraval was travelling northward. The compliments paid to his horsemanship had been undeserved. He had not been to Bari, had not been near it, but had lagged behind in Rome, hoping, now that Anselm was gone, to induce the Pope to revoke his decision.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM OF VERAVAL'S RETURN.

IT was the first care of the Archbishop, when closeted with his host, to tell him all that had happened since they parted in the autumn—how a royal message had overtaken him in the Valley of Maurienne, begging him to go no further ; how, having gone so far and feeling equal to the fatigues that awaited him, he had, whilst acknowledging the royal solicitude, intimated his intention of continuing his journey, the more so as the Pope was expecting him ; how, on reaching Rome, he had found that the first pleader in England was already there, providing by bribes against the contingency of his presence ; and how the pleader had made a great oratorical effort, worthy of a Norman training, but only to find his butterfly rhodomontade crushed by one word from the Pope.

But this was not all. He had something more to tell. William of Veraval's rhetoric in open court had failed of its object ; but the failure, so far from daunting, had stimulated the man's active and enterprising genius to fresh efforts ; hence his sojourn in Rome after Anselm had quitted it ; hence, no doubt, fresh bribes to people about the Pope.

Continuing his account, therefore, of what had happened, the Archbishop of Canterbury informed his host that he had with him a letter from the Pope to the King ; but that William of Veraval on their journey from Piacenza had given out, no doubt for his edification, that people in Rome declared

it to be a forgery, or little better than a forgery ; that after his departure from Rome the Pontiff had been induced by William to write the King a second letter, which second letter, so the royal chaplain had taken care to insinuate, was very different from the first ; and thirdly—another of the chaplain's exquisite innuendoes—that the King was reported to have protested that his real enemy was not Paschal, but Anselm. Would it be wise, then, he asked, to forward the letter with which he had been charged for the King ?

The outcome of these deliberations was that he abstained from forwarding the letter to Henry with which the Pope had entrusted him until he should hear from the writer. And he did well ; for Henry, on comparing the two documents, would not improbably have said that the second cancelled the contents, even if it did not discredit the authenticity, of the first—a very plausible and a very convenient inference ; plausible, for the first assumed that the Archbishop was expected back in England, while the second showed that the Pope knew he would be forbidden to land ; and convenient, because whereas the first suspended the excommunication which Henry had provoked, the second said nothing about it.

Anselm had also a letter from Paschal to the Queen. This, for like reasons, he also abstained from forwarding till he should receive instructions from the writer.

But was it, after all, the fact that the King had forbidden him to return to his charge ? Was he really to believe, and that on the word of such a man as William of Veraval, that Henry had done his royalty this dishonour ? Surely it was no kingly thing to entreat a bishop, and of all bishops an Archbishop of Canterbury, out of love of him to undertake a long and perilous journey in his behalf, and then to condemn him to exile, unseen, unheard ; no, worse than that, to condemn him to exile in execution of a plot which had been already planned ere ever he begged the favour of him ?

He therefore without delay wrote the following letter :—

‘Suo reverendo domino Henrico regi Anglorum Anselmus Cantuariensis archiepiscopus, fidele servitium cum orationibus.

‘Although you know from William of Veraval what we did in Rome, I will, nevertheless, briefly set before you in few words what relates to myself.

‘I reached Rome, and laid before our lord the Pope the business on which I had come. He said that he would by no means depart from what had been ordained by his predecessors, and further laid it upon me to have no communion with those who have been invested with churches at your hand after they had received notice of the prohibition, unless they should do penance and resign the accepted charges without hope of recovering them; nor yet with the bishops who have consecrated such offenders, unless they should present themselves to be judged by the Apostolic See. Of all this the aforesaid William of Veraval can be witness if he will.

‘The which William, when we separated from each other, reminding me of your unceasing love and kindness towards me, admonished me as your Archbishop’ (*i.e.* as holding my archbishopric of you) ‘to demean myself in such wise as that I might enter into England to be able to be with you as my predecessor was with your father, and you allow me the same honour and independence as your father allowed my predecessor. I understood from this that unless I thus comported myself my return to England would not be agreeable to you. For your love and kindness I thank you. But that I should be with you as my predecessor was with your father is out of my power; for I dare not do you homage, neither dare I, regard being had to the prohibition, a prohibition made in my own hearing,’¹

¹ ‘Propter prædictam prohibitionem, me audiente, factam.’ In another place (*Ep.* iii. 130), and writing about a very different subject, he employs similar words: ‘Ego præsens adfui quando istam sententiam apostolicus promulgavit.’

communicate with the recipients at your hand of church investitures.

‘I therefore beg that you will be pleased to let me know your will, and whether I may in the way I have said return to England in your peace and in the power of my office. I am ready, according to the measure of strength and knowledge given me, to serve faithfully (*‘servitium fidele exhibere’*), without violating the obedience of my order, both you and the people confided to me by the providence of God. If this be not agreeable to you, I think that whatever harm to souls may thence ensue the fault will not be mine. May Almighty God so reign in your heart that you may ever reign in His grace. Amen.’¹

The reader will please to note the following facts :—

(1) The Archbishop had been forbidden to communicate with his suffragans of Bath and Lincoln until their offence should be tried by the Holy See.

(2) The royal chaplain had taken care not to omit the words *‘archiepiscopus meus’* from the King’s message. They comprised the whole of Henry’s pretension, or rather the whole of the pretension which Henry’s brother had bequeathed him, that the pastors of the Church were the creatures of the Crown.

(3) The meaning of the message was : Promise to become the King’s man, or stay out of the country.

Time was when Anselm deemed it an injury to dream that falsehood could issue from the mouth of a Christian ; but baptised Christians and anointed bishops had within the last year or two practised so many deceits and told so many lies, in the mean hope of some paltry guerdon from the prince on whose weaknesses they lived, that it was now almost his duty to mistrust all hireling clerks, and of all hireling clerks

¹ *Ep.* iii. 88.

William of Veraval; and, as that tortuous and versatile schemer had professed himself in a great hurry to get back to England, he might almost take it for granted that he meant to stop on the road.

But why stop on the road? What was there to stop for? The Archbishop had a curious suspicion.

In the autumn of 1100 he had entrusted William of Veraval with a despatch to the Pope, which never reached its destination. Suppose, then, that now, in 1104, the cunning creature would fain forge a letter as from Anselm to the King; a cast taken from the seal of that undelivered despatch of 1100 would enable him to give credibility to the imposture.

The Archbishop, therefore, before folding up his letter to the King, caused two facsimiles of it to be executed, and when it was folded up and sealed impressed his signet upon a matrix of lead precisely the same in respect of size, of shape, and of colour as that which secured the original. This done, he sent the sealed original to the King; sent the detached seal and one of the facsimiles to the Bishop of Rochester; and sent the second facsimile, but no seal, to the Prior of Christ Church, desiring the latter to show his duplicate to nobody until he should learn that the King had received the original. His instructions to Bishop Gundulf were more precise. 'Go to the King, offer him my faithful salutations, and give him the seal which the bearer will hand you. That seal I send to the King. . . . But do not show the seal to the King before William of Veraval's arrival in England, when you will show him' (not the seal, but) 'the facsimile of my letter to his master,' &c.

The prudence of all this management is only equalled by the charity. Thanks to that charity, we shall never know whether or not William of Veraval landed in England with a forged letter in his baggage. Thanks to that prudence, he soon destroyed it, if he had.

The royal chaplain, however, had an authentic letter in

his baggage ; I mean the letter ¹ from the Pope with which he had been entrusted. It was as follows :—

‘In the letter delivered to us by a member of your household, our well-beloved son, William the clerk, we learnt of the well-being of your person and of the successes vouchsafed to you by the Divine Goodness in the overthrow of the enemies of your throne. We also learnt that your royal and religious consort had made you the father of a much-hoped-for son. Rejoiced at all these good tidings, we think this a happy moment for inculcating on you with some emphasis the commandments and will of God ; for the more abundant His benefits, the deeper your debt to His goodness. We too would fain unite our own kindness with His Divine favours in your behalf, but are grieved to find that you seem to be asking that of us which we can by no means grant. Were we to sanction or tolerate the grant of investitures by your Majesty, we should incur a terrible risk, and so would you. It is not that in thus forbidding them we either gain a wider obedience and ampler freedom, or diminish aught of your due power and right ; on the contrary, as the Divine wrath towards you relents, so will all things prosper with you. For thus saith the Lord, “Them that honour Me will I honour ; but they that condemn Me shall be disesteemed.” But you will say, “This is my right.” No, indeed, it is not. The right involved is neither imperial nor royal, but Divine. It is His who says, “I am the Door.” For the sake of Him, therefore, who has said, “I am the Door,” I ask you to render and resign this to Him to whose love you owe all that is yours. Why should we oppose your wish or thwart your goodwill, were it not that we know that in obliging you we should contravene the will and forfeit the favour of God ? Why should we refuse you anything that might be granted to

¹ *Paschalis Papæ II. Opp.* clxiii. 119 c.

mortal, seeing how ample are the benefits we have received from you?

‘Look well and see, my dearest son, whether it be a glory or a shame to you that for this cause the wisest and holiest of the bishops of Gallic name cannot venture to take his place beside you, or to live in your kingdom. What will they who have hitherto heard so much good of you think, and what will they say, when this is noised abroad in the world? And the very men who in your presence extol your overweening claims will no sooner be out of your sight than they will turn them to your dishonour. So, then, my dearest son, return to your own heart for the mercy’s sake of God; and, for the love’s sake of His only begotten Son, we implore you call your pastor and your father home again. And if anyone—we scarcely think it likely, still if anyone—carries himself unseemly towards you by reason of your abandonment of investitures, we will, so far as we may in God do so, correct him as you shall desire. But as for you, wipe off the shame of such an aloofment from yourself and from your royalty. If you do this, ask what hard thing you will of us; and, if only it may be granted without offending God, you will obtain what you desire, and we grant you and your consort indulgence and absolution of your sins by the merits of the holy apostles. And the son whom your worthy and glorious Queen has borne you, and to whom, as we hear, you have given the name of your illustrious father, shall in such wise engage our fostering care, together with you, that whoever hurts you or him shall be deemed to have hurt the Roman Church.

‘Given at the Lateran.’ (November 23, 1103.)

The tact with which the writer alludes to Anselm’s inability to enter England is worthy of notice. Anselm, in his many interviews with the Pope, had betrayed a strong unwillingness to resume direct personal intercourse with Henry

under the existing circumstances ; but that unwillingness the Pope had overruled when he gave him his blessing and sent him back on the 17th of November. Within the following week William of Veraval announced the King's unwillingness that Anselm should cross the Strait ; but this the Pope prudently ignores, and, simply as knowing that Anselm will not land in the island for some time to come, employs a phrase which may be taken to mean either that he will not or that he cannot do so—'tuo veretur in regno consistere.' Another thing, too, to be noted is, that the Pope says nothing at all about homage. The subject had not been mooted.

Nor can it be necessary to indulge in comments on the exceeding cleverness of William of Veraval.

Towards the close of 1098 he contrived, by hanging about Rome until mid-winter, to compel Urban to postpone the limit he had set his patience from the Easter to the Michaelmas of the following year. He thus gained his royal master an additional respite of six months, and, as Urban died during the interval, not only respite, but immunity from spiritual censure for the residue of his career.

Later on, by suppressing Anselm's letter to Paschal, by hanging about nobody knew where, and by returning at last to England some five or six months after the proper time, he put it into King Henry's power to turn a recently acquired political advantage to profit, and to interpose fresh delays to a settlement of the question which had been forced on the consideration of the Primate and the Holy See.

Then came the mission of the three bishops and the two monks, another delay of twelve months, the shameless falsehood told in Westminster Hall, and the application to Rome for a true account of what had happened. In this, however, William of Veraval may or may not have had any concern.

But in the autumn of 1103 he was at work again, and the failure of his oratorical effort in presence of Paschal seems to have had no other effect upon him than to stimulate him to sur-

pass himself. For how did the game stand when Anselm left the walls of Rome, and how did it stand a week later? When Anselm left Rome he was to go back to England, notwithstanding his unwillingness to do so, and upon reaching Canterbury was to send the King a letter, in which the Pope, while conceding certain usages not left on record,¹ forbade him to give investitures of churches, but suspended for a definite period the execution of the sentence of excommunication which he had provoked. — When William of Veraval left Rome the cunning creature had given the Pope to understand that, for whatever reason, Anselm would not re-enter England for some time to come,² had left him to guess as best he might when the letter confided to Anselm would reach the King, and had so completely puzzled him that he could but write the King the sort of *litteræ persuasoriæ* we have just read, and wait till he should know more.

And that letter was just what was needed for the chaplain's purpose. He well knew that he had but to show it to the Archbishop, and the Archbishop would abstain from sending the earlier letter until instructed by the Pope what to do with it; he well knew that the Archbishop could not, when once at Lyons, hear from the Pope in less than two months; and he well knew that a delay of two months would, by reducing the term of grace accorded in the first letter to a useless brevity, render that document worthless.

And so he pursued his way hopefully to England.

¹ 'Nonnullos paternos usus, interdictis omninò ecclesiarum investituris.' What the 'nonnulli usus' may have been we have no hint. Eadmer's employment of the plural number must not mislead us. There may have been several, or there may only have been one.

² We shall see in due course what were the reasons alleged by Anselm against entering the country. I suspect, though, that they were only excusatory and apologetical reasons, and that the real obstacle was homage.

BOOK IX.

ST. ANSELM'S SECOND EXILE

CHAPTER I.

THE YEAR 1104.

‘KEEPING a few of his retinue with him, he took up his abode in Lyons, where, in perfect peace and quiet, he dwelt in the Archbishop’s own house, waiting for the return of his messengers, and neither in word nor deed foregoing for a moment the things that are God’s.’

It must have been about the end of February that his repose was broken by a letter from the Prior of Christ Church. Far better would it be in him, said the writer, to share the dangers and the disasters of his flock and children than to close his heart to them, and stay out of the country, and leave them to be harried by foes that rivalled one another in impurity and bloodthirstiness. . . . It was his own doing that he had left them. What, then, had been his motive? The greater the danger to the ship, the greater should be the vigilance of the man at the helm. So thought the Prior, who, after a caustic allusion to St. Ambrose and a rhetorical flourish about dungeons and disembowelings, proceeded, with real or affected disdain, to say that, for the mere word of a certain William,¹ the shepherd had run away from his sheep and left them at the mercy of the wolves.

‘It looks,’ replied the Saint, ‘as if I were shunning my pastoral duty without any reason; but this is not the

¹ ‘Pro uno verbo cujusdam Willielmi.’ The point of the sarcasm seems to lie in the extreme commonness of the name William. It was far more common than any other among the Normans. I am not sure that it was not as common in Aquitaine. It seems to have been so common as to serve as an *alias* to people who wished to escape notice.

opinion of the wise and pious people before whom I lay the case, nor do I understand how I can be doing so. It is not that I am shunning duty, but that I cannot do my duty where I should. Men there are—their names you know—with whom I cannot communicate without peril to my soul, but communion with whom is inevitable if I communicate with the King. What am I to do when I go to Court to crown the King and say mass with these men standing by me? Turn them out of the chapel royal I cannot; pray with them I dare not; withhold my customary duty from the King I must not, since he can claim it of me in virtue of papal concession and the Pope has enjoined it on me to pay that duty to the prince if I am present. Perhaps you will say, Stay at home; do not go to Court; and, whilst abstaining from evil, do good. But that would never do. The King would complain, and bishops and tenants-in-chief would echo the complaint, that in refusing to crown him I rob his crown of the honour which by custom the Primate of his kingdom owes to it, and would adjudge that the dignity of our Church be transferred to another. People say that it is wrong in one who should be ready to shed his blood for his flock and the Church of God to turn his back on his charge for a mere word. I reply that that mere word should not be lightly esteemed, for it involves grievous evils in which I cannot have concern without peril to my soul and damage to the Church committed to me. As to shedding of blood, bodily injury, or loss of goods, I do not fear them; but would willingly bear them in testimony of the truth, were they to be my lot, but they will not. Still, were I to make England the scene of my conflict with the King, I should needlessly involve our Church and the vassals who depend on her in grievous oppression; and the woes and griefs and grievances of the sufferers would be laid to my account. . . . Wiser men than I give it as their opinion that I cannot do better than

await God's providence and confide my case to Him. One thing, however, I would have you know: that it is my resolution, by the help of God, to make myself no man's vassal ('homo'), and to promise fealty upon oath to no one. . . .'¹

The King, who, on the receipt of Anselm's letter, had ordered that the archiepiscopal revenues should be diverted to his own use, allowed some weeks to pass, and then wrote to tell him that the chaplain had obeyed orders, that he must not return to the country unless he would first promise to observe all the *consuetudines* of the Conqueror and the late King, and that a formal answer would be sent him at Easter.

The Primate's reply to this was a message through the Bishop of Rochester. 'Sire, the Archbishop of Canterbury desires his faithful service' ('fidele servitium'—the old, accustomed formula) 'to you, his lord and king, and desires me to remind you of your promise to answer his letter.' He continued thus:—

'If he wishes to postpone his answer to a later date, I will agree to the proposal; provided that in the interval he leaves me seised of the archbishopric as I was when I left England. . . . If, however, he deprives me—deprives me, I mean, by leaving me no control over what is mine—tell him that I accept no truce, but will hold myself as a bishop deprived without judgment of deprivation pronounced.'²

The King was true to his word, and at Easter wrote a letter, the purport of which may be surmised from the Archbishop's answer.

'Henrico Dei gratiâ regi Anglorum et domino suo Anselmus archiepiscopus Cantuariensis fidele servitium et orationes.

'In a letter just received from your Majesty, your Majesty deigns to send me your love' ('amicitiam,' the

¹ *Ep.* iii. 90.

² *Ep.* iv. 35.

usual and conventional phrase employed to express the goodwill of princes), 'and to say that there is not a mortal man' ('hominem,' or vassal) 'whom you would more gladly have in your realm than myself, if only I would choose to be with you as Archbishop Lanfranc was with your father. I thank you for your love and goodwill; but as to what you say about your father and Archbishop Lanfranc I reply that neither in baptism nor in any ordination received by me did I ever engage to observe the law or the *consuetudo* of your father or Archbishop Lanfranc, but the law of God and the law imposed upon me by the orders which I have received.

'If, then, you will allow me to live with you according to God's law and my order, and if you revest me, according to the same the law of God, with all that you have received from my archbishopric since my departure from you, receipts which, had I been at home, you would have had no right to take against my will, and promise me so to do, I am prepared to return to you in England and to serve God, and you, and all committed to me, according to the office laid on me by God, He helping me. And I assure you that there is no other mortal king or prince' (an allusive reference to Henry's 'mortal *homo*') 'with whom I would so gladly be or whom I would so gladly serve.

'If you reject this proposal you will be doing what pleases you. I, however, by God's grace, will not deny His law. . . .

'May I take the liberty of telling you that in each of your answers to me I clearly see nothing but a certain postponement and putting off which is neither good for your soul nor for the Church of God? If, then, you delay too long in letting me know what are your real intentions, I, since the cause is not mine, but God's, and entrusted to me by God, shall be afraid to postpone and put off making my cry to God. I beg and entreat you not to oblige me

against the promptings of heart and will to cry out, "Arise, O God; judge Thy cause."

'May Almighty God soon convert your heart to His will, and after this life bring you to His glory.'¹

This letter must have been written about the end of May. A copy of it was sent to the Prior of Christ Church, to be made public by him in case the King should prove unmanageable.

The King's reply has not been preserved; but it contained promise of a formal answer at Michaelmas, which seems to have been the term of the period of grace granted by the Pope. It was, however, a suspicious circumstance that even this promise came too late for the bearer of it to return to England by the end of September, and, unless I am much mistaken, the King had made up his mind to spend his Michaelmas in Normandy.

But although his letter has not been preserved its contents may be surmised from the following reply to a communication from the Queen which has also been lost to us:—

'Your Majesty (*vestra excellentia*) complains that my want of moderation had disturbed my lord the King and his barons. They think my letter wanting in moderation; but if that letter be read with unbiassed judgment and an unruffled temper, and in the light of the prohibition which I had published and with which all are now familiar, it will be seen to contain neither nonsense nor absurdity, although the King in his letter charges me with writing both one and the other. I did not say a word against the King's father and Archbishop Lanfranc, men of great and religious reputation, when I pointed out to the King that neither my baptism nor my orders bound me to observe their law and *consuetudines*, and that I would not disobey the law of God.

¹ *Ep.* iii. 95.

What the King requires of me on the ground that they did it I cannot without most grievous offence do, by reason of what I with my own ears heard at Rome. . . . By way of showing that I was reasonable in refusing to do what is required of me—in refusing, that is to say, to act according to their *consuetudo*—I pointed out that I am under the prior obligation of keeping an apostolical and ecclesiastical constitution known to all. . . . However, the perverse interpretation of my words which represents me to have written nonsense (and boasted that I had always kept God's law, and that the King's father and Lanfranc had lived out of it) is neither yours nor the King's. The King, I am told, took my letter in very good part, and was only set against me when somebody—I know not who—put a malicious interpretation on it.'¹

Crossing over to Normandy in the autumn, Henry summoned his brother to an interview, and charged him with breaking the treaty concluded in England, with exposing himself to the mercy of all sorts of miscreants and his duchy to the lowest of mankind, and with prostituting his position as a prince and his rank as a ruler by his abandonment of the Church and the poor to the rapacity of men who ravened like so many wolves in a flock of sheep. . . . The Duke and his supporters were greatly alarmed; they feared that the duchy which he administered in name, but not in deed, would be taken from him, or else that he would be involved in a terrible, disastrous, and utterly ruinous appeal to arms. At last the brothers shook hands; and the King returned to England before the beginning of winter, with the resolution it is needless to add, of paying Duke Robert another unwelcome visit in the spring.

It must have been about the beginning of November that Anselm, wearied by fictitious delays and broken promises,

¹ *Ep.* iv. 43.

sent Dom Baldwin to Rome for advice. Dom Baldwin returned at Christmas, saying that no envoys from the King had as yet found their way to Rome in execution of the purpose announced by him of sending to the Pope at Easter, but that the Pope had given him notice that he was going to lay the whole case before the council which was to meet at Rome in the course of the coming March.

Whilst, however, he was still speculating upon the probable conduct of the King in reply to this fresh appeal from the Pope, there came news from England that the King, who had begun by collecting the archiepiscopal rents with some show of justice, was now trying to extort money from the Christ Church monks and threatening to rob them of their land if they refused to humour him. Nor was this all. The Primate's tenants were laying toll upon his goods, removing markets from his domains, diverting various sources of revenue to their own uses, breaking into his manor-houses, poaching in his fisheries—in short, laying waste whatever the spoiler had been so cunning or so indolent as not to appropriate to himself.

Whether or not, then, the King had been trifling with the Pope, there could be no doubt that he was now defying the Primate, and the Primate must prepare to take action in his own cause. As to investitures, it lay with the Pope, who had suspended the excommunication, to decide when the term of grace should end; but not so with these offences. The two cases are distinct, and we must not confuse them. Anselm had solemnly warned the King that, unless he gave him some sufficient assurance that he would respect the property of the see of Canterbury during his absence from the country, he would excommunicate him. The King had pledged himself to reply at Michaelmas, and had not kept his promise, but on the earliest opportunity after Michaelmas, on the earliest opportunity after a fresh gain scored against his brother and his return from Normandy, had given only too plain a hint

that he meant to tamper with the revenues of Anselm's abbey, as he had for nine months been detaining the revenues of Anselm's diocese.

The Archbishop had one hope, therefore, and only one—that Henry might abstain from overt defiance of him until the council had been held. Meanwhile he wrote him a third letter, requiring him to deliver up the revenues he had been holding back.

We have now reached the winter of 1104.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPRING OF 1105.

THE situation of the King in the early weeks of 1105 was one of no slight perplexity. By persisting in his refusal to surrender investiture of churches by delivery of the crosier he had provoked excommunication from the Pope ; by diverting the Canterbury revenues to his own uses, and disregarding the first, the second, and the third admonition of a prelate, whose warnings were never purposeless, he had provoked excommunication from the Primate ; and if either thunderbolt were to fall the scheme of conquest on which his heart was set would be certainly endangered, and probably wrecked. Nor could he, as he scanned the political horizon, see much to encourage presumption. Swiftly and inevitably the Emperor was drifting to ruin ; and, the Emperor's fall once decided, the Pope would have the time, the occasion, and the opportunity which had hitherto been denied him for turning a vigilant eye on England. The King of France, who had been for many years under the ban of a spiritual ostracism, was now restored to the peace of the Church ; and were that prince to exert himself in favour of his ducal vassal against an invader whom two excommunications threatened, slight indeed would be the chances of adding to the crown of England a prize for the gaining of which so much treasure and so much industry had already been expended.

Nevertheless, King Henry was, if perplexed, not in despair ; for, although he had for now many months abstained from sending the promised embassy to Rome, Robert of Meulan

had since Easter despatched two letters full of promise to the Pope, and on Robert of Meulan rather than himself might the papal thunderbolt, if once discharged, fall. On the other hand, however, the Primate's thunderbolt of excommunication would strike, if anyone, not Robert of Meulan, but Henry himself.

On the whole, then, could he but anticipate either stroke by a short, vigorous, and successful campaign, he might even yet achieve his ecclesiastical ambition. Already the secular leaders of Normandy were utterly demoralised, and the ecclesiastical utterly disheartened, by the incapacity of Duke Robert; and so he would even adventure an invasion, leaving his difficulties with Pope and Primate to time, to chance, and to management.

Early in April, and in the course of Holy Week, he landed at Barfleur.

On the following Saturday a very singular scene took place in the church of Carentan, a small town near Barfleur, on the borders of the modern departments of Calvados and La Manche.

The Bishop of Séez, who had heard of the King's arrival and hurried to Carentan to pay his respects to him, was in the church arrayed in his pontifical ornaments and waiting for the parishioners and the royal household. The King, attended by Robert of Meulan and others of his barons, was also there. But the holy edifice presented a scene of strange confusion, for it was encumbered with the household furniture and agricultural implements of the neighbouring peasantry, who had bestowed them there for safety in this time of demoralisation and anarchy. As the Bishop sat on his throne, waiting, he began to muse upon the desolation of the duchy, and whilst he thus mused the fire kindled, and at last he spake with his tongue:—

‘Well may the hearts of all good men grieve at the spectacle of the degradation of holy Mother Church and the

misery of an afflicted people. The aspect of this sacred building betrays all too vividly the luckless condition of the Côtentin; nay, not only of the Côtentin, but of the entire duchy. Normandy is without a proper ruler. Time was when the house of God was called the house of prayer; but now you can scarcely discern its outlines, so blocked is it with goods and chattels; and the temple designed for the celebration of the sacraments is converted into a storehouse. People come to the church, and there is scarcely room to kneel before the altar or to stand in seemly wise before the Majesty of God, for it is encumbered with all sorts of things which the helpless crowd have stowed away in it in their dread of unprincipled and abandoned men. But, even so, the poor people are not safe. Their sacred stronghold is no security. Within this very year Robert of Belesme' (the Earl of Shrewsbury, whom Henry had banished in 1102) 'burnt a church to the ground in my own diocese, and destroyed five-and-forty people in the flames. I record the awful fact in the sight of God; I record it in your hearing, Sire, that your soul may catch a spark of zeal and choose to emulate the exploits of Phinees and Matathias and Matathias's sons. In the name of the Lord, arise, stand forth, unsheath the sword, and rescue the heritage of your father's fathers and the people of God from the hands of wicked men. Your brother is not master of the duchy; he is no true duke; he does not lead; so far from showing the right way, he idles away his life in sloth and at the bidding of unworthy people. To his shame be it told, he squanders away the resources of Normandy in vanity and folly, and often for want of bread to eat waits till sundown ere he break his fast. Many is the day that he cannot leave his bed and go to church for want of boots, shoes, and breeches, because, when he lay drunk in his bed overnight, the scum and refuse of either sex stole his clothes and left him without a rag to put on. The head of the body politic in such a condition, the whole body suffers; the prince given

over to folly, the country is in danger, and its poor reduced to the extremity of misery. From the days of Rollo without break or interval down to this day of fainting Normandy has had dukes worthy of the name. But now all is changed. Be wroth, good King, be wroth for the soil that you are sprung from. Sin not, as says David, who was king as well as prophet; sin not, and take up arms, not for lust of extended power, but for the protection of the land of your fathers.'

The King, who had listened to this appeal seated amongst a heap of trunks and saddle-bags in the body of the church, now turned to the Count of Meulan.

It was a critical moment. Neither the King nor his confidant could tell how soon one or other of them might not be blighted with excommunication from the lips of the Pope, and it was well worth their while to secure the countenance of the spiritual leaders of the duchy. Neither of them could tell how soon, even should the Pope's patience prove inexhaustible, Anselm might not launch the withering sentence. Would it not, then, be worth their while to avert it? And how more effectively avert it than by securing the patronage of Heaven in favour of the political scheme upon which they were bent?

The King turned to his confidant, and the confidant signed approbation, whereupon he rose and in few words and solemn answered, 'In the name of the Lord I renounce ease and take upon me labour, and will with your help strive to ensure peace to the Church.'

Was the one thunderbolt or the other now averted? Robert of Meulan had by this time, in reply to his second dilatory letter to the Pope, received warning that the day of grace was fast expiring. The King had by this time received warning from the Primate that no more warnings would be sent him. Would the cloak of zeal serve as protection to either the confidant or the prince? Might it be possible thus to cozen Heaven?

The Bishop read their thoughts, their apprehensions, and their hopes, and resumed, 'It is our duty day by day to tread the path of life and follow in all things the blameless law of God; and although we, the ministers of God, cannot rectify all that is secretly done amiss, it is our office to wield the sword of the Spirit for the cutting away of open scandals. . . . All of you here present have long hair, as if you were women. This ill beseems men, who were formed to the likeness of God, and who ought not to forego their manhood.'

It is unnecessary to pursue the discourse, the inspiration and the purport of which are beyond our immediate concern. Enough to know that the wearing of long hair was accepted, and with reason, as the symbol of an effeminacy past the reach of words to characterise, and that the King no sooner heard the concluding sentence than, resolving that his enterprise should have the character of a holy war, he approached the bishop, knelt at his feet, and desired him to cut off the unseemly growth from his head. When he rose from his knees shorn by the episcopal scissors, Robert of Meulan followed, and then the rest of the suite. Such as had not been in the church hastened to follow the royal example, and before night the court of Henry Beauclerc had been converted into a court of roundheads!

It would, I should imagine, be difficult to overrate the effect produced on the popular mind by the news and the spectacle of this sudden change. The closely cropped hair of the King and his barons proclaimed them not only the protectors of a downtrodden peasantry against tyranny, and of a helpless clergy against oppression, but a guard of honour to the Church in some of her severest efforts for the improvement of the public morals; and who could tell whether Anselm himself might not discern in their conformity to injunctions promulgated by himself in the Synod of Westminster a few days after the King had first given visible expression to his claim to grant investiture of churches, but

unobserved till now by reason, no doubt, of the King's refusal to relinquish that claim, who could tell whether Anselm himself, on hearing of the cropped hair of the King and his barons, might not discern in the change some disposition to make peace with himself?

The Count of Flanders and his thousand knights took no part in the opening campaign; nor yet, on the other hand, did the King of France bestir himself in the cause of his vassal. Henry, however, had valuable allies in Geoffrey Martel, heir presumptive to the earldom of Anjou, and in the Count of Maine. Thus aided, he first of all besieged and set fire to Bayeux, then marched rapidly on Caen, which surrendered at his approach, and then, leading his troops towards Falaise, laid siege to that stronghold.

During Whitsun week ¹ the poor Duke had an interview with him at Cinteaux, a place near Falaise; and, after two days of haggling over a bargain which could only have been concluded to his fresh dishonour, retired to gather up his strength for the final struggle.

Some six or seven weeks of confusion and anarchy now ensued. Neither of the two brothers could accurately appraise his martial resources. On the side of the Duke were those whom resentment for injuries in the past and dread of injuries in the future inspired to strain every nerve against a ruthless and unmerciful invader; but neither with him nor yet against him was a large, miscellaneous, and scattered class of men, who waited to be bought by the only one of the combatants that had or was likely to have money wherewith to buy, and whose alliance it would be the King's wisdom to secure before risking an engagement.

Meanwhile the siege of Falaise was languishing, for the Count of Maine, after serving his term, had declined a fresh engagement and taken his troops home.

¹ Whit Sunday in 1105 fell on the 28th of May.

Meanwhile it was high summer, and the season for campaigning was running short.

Meanwhile the royal treasure was much diminished, and it would be wise to buy up all the waverers.

Meanwhile the moral advantage the King had registered at Easter in having his hair cut by Bishop Serlo was dwindling to insignificance, for disheartening news was now on every lip and there was no repressing it. The Pope had forbidden Robert, Count of Meulan, to enter a church, and was only waiting to do the same, and worse, by the King himself.

Meanwhile—yes now, even now—there comes a courier flying as fast as spurs can prick the steed, a courier from the south, a courier with very terrible news. The Archbishop of Canterbury is at Chartres, and has come to excommunicate the King!

CHAPTER III.

THE SUMMER OF 1105.

THE Archbishop's presence at Chartres is easily explained.

The Pope, deferring to take action against the King, had towards the end of March announced the Count of Meulan's exclusion from the Church to the offender himself and to the metropolitan of the northern province, as well as to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But, whatever Paschal's reason for extending fresh indulgence to the royal obstinacy, Anselm could no longer wink at the royal sacrilege; for the only answer to his third remonstrance had been worse than unsatisfactory. He therefore quitted Lyons and set out in the direction of Rheims; but had not gone far¹ when, hearing that the King's sister, Adela, Countess of Blois and Chartres, a princess who had ministered largely to him in either exile and had taken him for her spiritual director, was dangerously ill, he changed his route and hurried to Blois. On reaching Blois he found that she was out of danger, but anxious and nervous about her brother. The announcement of the intended excommunication filled her with concern; she must do something, anything, everything, to bring about a reconciliation, and entreated the Archbishop to accompany her to her castle at Chartres, which, it is needless to say, lay at no great distance from the Norman frontier. He consented.

No account has been left us of the effect produced upon

¹ He was at the Cluniac priory of La Charité-sur-Loire when the news reached him. His route thence would have lain through Dijon, Troyes, and Châlons to Rheims.

the King by the message from his sister ; but it is easy to surmise the reflections that supervened upon his first moments of dismay and consternation. Had he but crossed the Channel a month sooner ; had Geoffrey Martel but given him longer help ; had the waverers but required less of him ; had Falaise only surrendered,—but now he was undone. In a day or two the popular sentiment in Normandy would, at the mere prospect of the excommunication, be driving dead against him ; and, in a week or two, should the sentence fall, so far from contesting a coronet not his own, he would be set on the defensive for the retention of his crown. Time, chance, and management had failed him, and here he was, naked to his gentle antagonist. One hasty word might ruin him.

He consulted Robert of Meulan, and, guided by that statesman's advice, sent back to the Countess begging her to arrange an interview between himself and the Primate, and promising, for the sake of peace, to make great concessions. The Castle of Laigle¹ was to be the place of meeting, and there on Friday, the 21st of July, the princess and her guest found the King waiting for them.

Henry must have been looking forward with some embarrassment to this meeting with the Primate. He had played a mean trick to get him out of the country, and a still meaner to keep him out of it : had stolen his revenues, reduced him to beggary, and treated his complaints, his admonitions, and his threats with an affectation of supercilious indifference ; but here was his victim, coming to compel him to have mercy on himself. Still he must demean himself right proudly, as was his wont on such occasions. When, however, the befooled, despoiled, contemned old man came into the royal presence looking much older and very much feebler than he did two years before, but sweeter than ever in the

¹ This seems to be the recognised mode of spelling the name nowadays. No doubt 'L'Aigle' was once in fashion. The place was called 'Aquila' 'pro nido aquilæ ibidem in quercu reperto dum castrum a Fulberto fieret' (O. V. ii. 295).

inexhaustible benignity of his rare holiness, the royal pride gave way at the sight of him.

They embraced each other and remained alone for some time ; and when the interview ended the whisper was soon on every lip that King and Primate were friends again.

And high time it was that the whisper should spread, and break into a thousand voices, and fill France, Normandy, and England with the tidings. For not only had Henry's arms languished in the duchy ; in England a strong adverse party were already on the alert for news that he was excommunicated, and plans were already preparing in France which, if carried out, might have sealed the fate of his dynasty.

Here in this very Castle of Laigle it was that Henry and the Red Prince had once thrown down water from the balcony on the elder brother whom they despised as he stood below in the courtyard, and the memory of that act and all its dire consequences may have done something to subdue and solemnise him, something to teach him mistrust of self, something to evoke in him that abashed, awe-stricken recognition of the Majesty of Him in whose hand are the hearts of kings, which had been the best and noblest characteristic of his father in the best and noblest period of his life.

And now, for apparently the first time, that father's treatment of Anselm, when Anselm was a comparatively young man and abbot of Le Bec, found a copy in his own. Instead of sending for him when there was business to transact he went to seek him in his apartment, and by his whole demeanour allowed it to be seen that he now at last acknowledged in his venerable guest, over and above the august prerogatives of his primacy, a Heaven-sent power, a Heaven-sent authority, and a Heaven-sent influence, to guard, to guide, and to bless him and his crown. Nor was this all. He was now almost thankful that his arms had met thus far with ill success. Anselm had been against him, hence his

evil fortune; but with Anselm for him what might he not achieve?

It was on Saturday, the 22nd of July, that Henry by formal document reconveyed to the Primate the temporalities of his see, and, in so doing, tacitly relinquished the claim about investiture and homage which had occasioned all these troubles, and with it the subsequent claim about the *consuetudines*. It was on Saturday, the 22nd of July, in the year of grace 1105, and in the Castle of Laigle, that, after twelve years of unequal contest, the Primate of the Britains stood face to face at last with the Norman, not bound but free, not vassal but subject, not liegeman but friend. One, at any rate, of the manacles forged for the enslavement of the *pater patriæ* to feudal despotism had snapped in the hands of the despot. Anselm's crosier was, at any rate, now his own.

BOOK X.

AN EVENTFUL INTERVAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTUMN OF 1105.

THUS ended the King's persecution of the Primate. The relations so long deranged of Crown and Mitre were now re-adjusted to their normal state, and Anselm had won a great victory.

But the King had been negotiating with the Pope at the moment when he reopened his contest with Anselm; and those negotiations, suspended for now a full year and a half, must without delay be resumed. Resume them he therefore would, and with all possible promptitude; for the Archbishop could scarcely return to England without enforcing against the offending prelates the papal excommunication, which it was not in his competence to revoke, or even suspend; and yet the King was very anxious to have a full court at Christmas. But they were five months from Christmas, and an ambassador could without difficulty go to Rome, discharge his embassy, and return to England in that interval.

All this being duly arranged, the King left Laigle; and, acknowledging the hopelessness of resuming the campaign at this time of the year and in this conjuncture of circumstances, returned to England; whilst the Archbishop repaired to Le Bec, which lay at no great distance lower down the Risle, and remained there for some days, expecting to hear that the royal envoy had started for Italy.

No such thing. Robert of Meulan was at his old tricks; and it was not till the expiration of more than two months that Anselm received a letter from the King, informing him

that at Michaelmas he had sent, of all people in the world, William of Veraval with a message for him, and that it was the fault of the weather if that clerical gentleman had not yet crossed the Strait.

Later on, the Royal Majesty wrote him a second letter, somewhat difficult of comprehension ; for, like previous efforts, it was in king's Latin, but meant to let him know that William of Veraval was, sooner or later, coming.

To this the Archbishop sent a dignified and temperate reply,¹ thanking the King for his expressions of friendship and respect, reminding him that the cause at stake was not his own, but God's, bidding him know that for a bishop to be kept away from his flock was a greater evil than to be deprived of revenues, complaining that even now he was in the dark as to the motive for these fresh delays, and announcing that he should send an envoy of his own to Rome not later than the ensuing Christmas.

By the same courier he wrote, but in a different strain, to the real culprit² :—

'You know that when the King and I came to an agreement at Laigle, it was decided the King should send his envoy to Rome on matters which could not be settled between us independently of the Pope. I distinctly understood that the business should be so managed as that the messenger should be back before next Christmas.³ But you see that my lord the King delays doing what he then said he would. All he does is to tell me, who wished to send my envoy with his, not to be displeased at his long delay. He fixes no date for his messenger's arrival here. People form their opinion upon all this, and declare that the King is in no great hurry for my return to England

¹ Selden's *Eadmer* (*H. N.*), p. 82.

² *Ibid.*

³ 'Ante proximam Nativitatem Domini,' *i.e.* next Christmas, not any Christmas. I suspect there had been some wilful blunder about the King's engagement to send to the Pope by an Easter—the Easter of 1104, as Paschal believed.

and the consolation of the Church of God confided to his guardianship and kept for now nearly three years in widowhood. . . . I therefore tell you that I greatly fear he is provoking the anger of God both upon himself and upon those whose advice he is following. . . . *since it is his proper work, and in his proper power, to forego none of the prerogatives which according to God belong to his royal authority.* As a friend and as an archbishop, such as I am, I advise him and those who are about him not to set more store by their own will than God's, *because God will sooner or later do justice to His own will against the will of those who act thus.* Study, therefore, his interest and your own, ere God display the anger He has thus far held back, waiting for you to submit yourselves humbly to His will. May God direct him and his counsellors to his true honour and his true advantage.'

'I copy all this in full,' adds Eadmer, 'that whoever reads it, or hears it read, may clearly perceive who it was to whom is chiefly to be ascribed the responsibility of the miseries which befell England during Anselm's exile, and the prolongation of that exile.'

These letters produced the desired effect, and shortly before Christmas William of Veraval presented himself at Rheims, whither Anselm had gone on a visit to the Archbishop, with a letter from the King, who begged that Dom Baldwin might be sent to Rome as companion to the chaplain. They might be expected to return by the middle or end of the following April.

Scarcely, however, had the monk and his versatile fellow-traveller started on their wintry way when a fresh royal letter, again in royal Latin, was delivered to the Primate. Here it is:—

'We have learnt by the report of several people, and mostly through Robert, our chancellor's clerk, rumours

about the Pope of which we grieve, if fact in such wise has as rumour breathes. And since, as the days advance, it rises more thick, I fear it is more true. They say at Rome—God forbid—that there are two popes, and that they are holding a warlike contest with each other; whence I advise you and your grace to have an eye for me and for you, on whom hangs the greater share of this business, what is to be done about our envoys in this stormy season. If it seem well to you to keep them till a proper season, then keep William, and send me very quickly Baldwin of Tournay, your monk, by whom I may in some confidence award you concerning my secrets, and by the same proclaim to me what in this thing is to be held and done by me. If, however, you think fit they go, and it be your advice, let them go. And if they really went, send me very quickly one of your confidentials, by whom we may confidently mutually award one another our advices and businesses. Witness, Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, and Robert, Count of Meulan.'

What did this mean? Can it have been a reassertion of the royal claim to give England its Pope? If so it was the momentary flicker of a hope which Anselm's answer presently extinguished. Or was it an artifice to get Dom Baldwin out of the way, and set William of Veraval free to slip off to Rome unaccompanied by that efficient advocate of the Church's independence? Or an artifice to gain time, as time had been so often gained before? Henry, fascinated once more by the Count of Meulan, had just wasted four precious months; and could he but contrive to waste four months, or perhaps even two months, more, he might, after all, succeed in doing what he had hoped to do last spring—snatch the coronet of Normandy before excommunication could overtake him.

But, whatever his design, he was too late. Dom Baldwin and the chaplain had already left Rheims.

On reaching Lyons Dom Baldwin delivered a letter from his master to Archbishop Hugh, begging him to advise the bearer what to do at Rome. It contained the following very remarkable passage :—

‘The whole difficulty between the King and me seems to be that, whilst allowing himself, as I hope, to submit to the papal decrees on investitures of churches, he is not as yet disposed to surrender the homages (‘*hominia*’) of prelates, and is resorting to the Holy See ¹ in hope of getting leave to do as he wishes in this particular. Should he succeed, however, I do not know how to act were any man of religion to refuse upon election to become the King’s man (‘*homo regis*’) for the bishopric or abbacy. It seems a hard thing to require such a candidate on his obedience to do so, and if I do not I shall evidently be paving the way for the unworthy entrance into such dignities of such as, not being men of religion, may have no scruple on the subject.’

Archbishop Hugh, rejoiced to learn that the King’s persecution of the Primate had come to an end, and that the contest between King and Pope—or, if the reader prefer, the contest between the King and Anselm, not in his character of Archbishop, but in his character of papal representative—was all that now engaged the thoughts of the latter, replied in the following terms :—

‘I beg and advise you—for I write in the double quality of suppliant and counsellor—to yield an unaffected submission to the Pope’s orders, so as not to seem to set more store by your own opinion than his authority, and thus incur the reproach of resisting not only the temporal and royal authority, but the ecclesiastical and priestly.’ ²

¹ *Ep.* iii. 123.

² *Ep.* iii. 124.

I presume that these words from his old friend and adviser reached the Primate in the course of the following Lent. If, then, as he had reason to think likely, the Pope should so far condescend to the King's wishes as to suspend in his favour the decrees on homage, he must submit without remonstrance and hope for the best.

CHAPTER II.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

MEANWHILE strange miseries were enacted in England. The King was in want of money for his last supreme effort in the duchy ; and, although he shrank from emulating some of the sacrileges committed by his brother in 1096, imitated the too many examples of pitiless oppression set during that brother's reign. By instituting fictitious charges against people of substance, and confiscating their property ; by putting up the paltry goods and chattels of the poor for sale by auction ; by carrying off the doors from the dwelling-places of the indigent, and ejecting the wretched inmates from the hovels—he filled the land with a general woe ; and then, as if to punish the clergy for the bereavement he had inflicted on them in the banishment of the Primate, turned his hand against them as well as the laity. During the reign of the Conqueror canons had been passed for the enforcement of the Church's immemorial law of clerical continence, and the synod of 1102 had forbidden incontinent priests to say mass ; but subsequently to Anselm's departure from England in 1103 the King had issued orders that the concubinary clergy should retain their churches and their mistresses. Now, however, he bade his agents inflict a fine on the offenders ; and, discovering that there were fewer of them than he thought, assessed an indiscriminate mulct upon every parish church in the kingdom, the money to be paid by the parson, and so involved the guilty and the innocent in one common shame and misery. Some, however, of the clergy were unwilling, others unable, to

give the money, and with it their authoritative sanction to this royal trespass upon the Church. But the King stood firm, and soon the prisons were full of priests. Two hundred of the parochial clergy, not daring to cry for justice, vested themselves in alb and stole and walked barefooted and in sad procession to meet the King, who was said to be on his way to London, and encountered him near the gate of the palace. But he refused to listen to them; and, disdaining to speak one word, made signs to his retinue to drive them off. So, covered with confusion upon confusion, they applied to the Queen. She burst into tears, poor woman, but was afraid to help them.

But the King was not in this conjuncture omnipotent. He knew that he was not omnipotent, and he knew that others knew it. Ralph, Bishop of Chichester, the only member of the episcopate who, when things had come to the worst just before Anselm's first banishment, withstood the tyrant, and who, undaunted by threats, drew the ring from his finger and offered back his crosier, and would not improbably have fought the Primate's battle for him but for the Primate's banishment, now on his own account stood forth as champion of the oppressed, and, adopting the terrible measure which was recognised by his age as the most eloquent warning that could be given to a prince, gave orders that from end to end of his diocese Divine service be denied the people, the doors of the parish churches locked and fagots piled up against them. These vigorous measures alarmed Henry, who, under the pleasant pretence that Chichester was a poor diocese and Chichester Cathedral in need of money, took off the mulct from the brave bishop's clergy, and bethought himself whether after all he might not have been provoking that very Power whose favour would be of more avail than any human resource in the great enterprise he contemplated. Meanwhile others of the episcopate besides Chichester awoke to their duty, turned to the patriarchal throne at Canterbury,

the throne of that one authoritative power which the wit of the forefathers of the poor imprisoned parsons had ages ago selected as their defence against the tyranny of kings, and, finding it still empty, owned to their own discomfiture, their own dismay, perhaps even their own surprise, that it was the fault not of English priests, but of Norman bishops, mercenary Norman bishops, servile Norman bishops, lying Norman bishops—dumb dogs that they had been—that the inferior clergy and the commons of England lay at the mercy of the Crown. And so Gerard of York, and Robert of Chester, and Herbert of Norwich, the very men who three years ago had covered their order with disgrace, supported by the Bishops of Chichester and Worcester and the Bishop elect of Winton, wrote to the Primate imploring him to come back and promising him that, if he would but play the part of Matthias, he should not be without a Judas, a Jonathan, and a Simon.

There may, of course, have been some selfishness in this appeal, and the three prelates who thus declared themselves a Judas, a Jonathan, and a Simon, may have written as they did not without hope of averting the sentence launched against them three years ago, and in anticipation of the demand which the Primate might soon make them of better behaviour in the future. There may have been some selfishness, as undoubtedly there was no little wisdom, in this appeal ; but, after all, we may feel pretty sure that such men as York, Chester, and Norwich would not have written thus if things had not been by this time much as they were in the winter of 1092, when, unmuzzled for a moment by the perplexities of the Prince, the servile episcopate had found a tongue in answer to the clamours of the people.

For not only prelates like York, Chester, and Norwich, but every man in England who had eyes to see and ears to hear, knew all too well how exceedingly critical was the King's position at this juncture. He had escaped, and only

escaped, Anselm's wrath last summer ; but the causes which had aroused Anselm's wrath were entirely distinct from those which had exasperated the Pontiff's ; and who could tell what the Pontiff might be doing, or what he might even now have already done ? Who could tell whether the tiara'd occupant of the Lateran, who once protested that he would not for the ransom of his life concède investiture, might not even now have declared that the semi-barbarous prince beyond the Gauls must waive his claim to homage, or else, smitten by excommunication, foresworn by a peerage never more than half loyal, and deserted by an oppressed and maddened people, consent to give it up for the ransom of his kingdom ? Who could tell whether He in whose hands are the destinies of kings might now, even now, be commissioning the angel of destruction to vindicate His name against Henry's sacrilege, against Henry's injustice, above all, against Henry's oblivion of the high and holy resolves of the past summer, Henry's neglect of the signal grace then accorded, Henry's change from Henry Beauclerc at his best to something only too like William Rufus at his worst ?

As even now the King read these apprehensions in the faces of his courtiers, the heavens hung forth a portent which nothing could explain away. Forty years ago a star bristling with horror foretold to England the advent of hostile and victorious hosts from Normandy. In the summer of 1093, and within a few hours of Anselm's exposition to the Red King of the only terms on which he would accept the primacy, a flaming meteor swept the sky, and as it glid along displayed to the wondering beholders the form and fashion of a pastoral staff. In the autumn of 1097, when, to the Red King's doom, Anselm sailed away from Dover, another celestial wonder struck fear into all hearts. And now, now at the very time when Baldwin of Tournay and William of Veraval must be arbitrating with the Pope the fate of Henry's earthly destiny, now for full three weeks from the sixteenth

of February there burns in the western sky a small voracious blinding star nourished by a weird luminous cone that slants from the region of the Italian mainland. 'At sight of the apparition,' says Orderic, 'the secrets of men's hearts found a voice;' and Henry Beauclerc quailed at the sign.

The usual time for discussing subjects of great public import was Easter; but, in reply to Anselm's rebuke about the oppression of the clergy, the King wrote to say that he would consult his peers upon the subject on the Feast of the Ascension, the fifth of May. The envoys, I scarcely need remind the reader, were expected shortly before that date. In reply to a second and more urgent missive, he wrote word that he would be coming to Normandy 'before long.' After some time, he sent a third letter telling the Archbishop that he was really coming on Ascension Day, and begging him, should the envoys arrive meanwhile, to send them to England or keep them in Normandy, as he thought best. I suspect, however, that it depended entirely on the matter of their message whether he would allow them to land or not. As to himself he was on the coast ready to embark, but not daring to do so; for Ascension Day came and went, Whitsunday came and went, and, although it was now the middle of May and high time to open the campaign, yet, with all his anxiety to meet the news from Italy, he dared not imperil his kingdom, he dared not set sail.

Whilst he was thus waiting on the English coast, Baldwin of Tournay and William of Veraval arrived at Le Bec with a letter from the Pope to the Archbishop. They had been obliged to go as far as Benevento, hence their long absence.

The letter was on the whole favourable to the King, and Anselm, in hourly expectation of hearing that Henry, now more than a week behind the last of the many dates he had fixed for crossing, had landed in the duchy, took the envoys with him to Rouen, where he had business to transact, and where he hoped to hear news of the King's movements.

But no King had landed. Of course not. Until Henry knew the worst, or the best, it was his wisdom to remain where he was, consumed with anxiety and half dead from suspense; for, indeed, anything was better for him than to cross the Channel only to learn that he was excommunicated, and that the King of France, the Duke of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders were waiting for him.

Anselm, therefore, despatched the royal chaplain to England, and returned to Le Bec, where he devoted his time to a study of the Pope's letter to himself.

We need not dwell, neither perhaps did he, on such parts of it as relate to the reconciliation of the Bishops of Bath and Lincoln and the offending abbots, or to the restoration to communion with him of York, Norwich, and Chester, for it contained a paragraph which must have engaged all his thoughts, and revived all his anxieties:—

‘Let none who receive preferment, provided the King does not invest them, even though they do him homage, be on that account deprived of consecration pending the happy day when the King's heart shall by the gentle influence of your teaching be so far softened as to relinquish it—*donec per omnipotentis Dei gratiam ad hoc omittendum cor regium tuæ prædicationis imbribus molliatur.*’¹

I must beg leave to make one or two remarks upon this portion of the Pope's letter—

- (1) The concession granted was a temporary one.
- (2) For the Primate to convert it into a privilege for all time would have been *ultra vires*.
- (3) What it allowed pending the King's final submission was proper homage—homage, I mean, properly so called; that is to say, the forbidden *intromissio manuum*.
- (4) The Pope's object in granting it was to put it in the Primate's power to return to England and go to Court, so as

¹ Selden's *Eadmer*, p. 87.

to give the King such instructions as were yet needed to induce him, now that he had given up investiture, to give up homage as well.

(5) It bears witness to the state of Henry's mind in the previous autumn, when that Prince was not yet willing to give up homage—not to its state now in the summer of 1106. On this would depend the length of time during which Anselm must avail himself of its provisions, unless indeed the King were already in such good dispositions as to render them unnecessary by making his final submission before Anselm's next visit to Court. The one remaining difficulty was now reduced to a mere matter of time ; and whether the interval were to be short or long would depend—under Divine grace—on the tact of the teacher and the docility of the learner.

The truth is that Paschal had from the first hoped more from the softening and fertilising influence of Anselm's instructions than from anything else. Hence his desire in the autumn of 1103 that Anselm should return to England and see much of the King ; and hence, so long as Anselm remained at Lyons, his unwillingness to take retributive measures which, he was persuaded, would never have been provoked, could only the saintly Primate have had due opportunity of instructing the royal conscience and fortifying the royal intellect against the sophistries of Robert of Meulan. But was Anselm likely to succeed ? Much more so, certainly, than Paschal, for the King had, under Count Robert's inspiration, written so many disrespectful letters to the Pope that the Pope's replies, however conciliatory, were by a moral necessity sure to read to his disadvantage ; whereas, although Henry had sent, or been credited with sending, several singularly curt and offensive messages to the Primate, he, nevertheless, never found himself face to face with him without owning that strangest fascination which had mastered the Conqueror, and had even from time to time tamed for an instant the Conqueror's most

brutal son. It was in this confessedly supernatural influence of Anselm's blended majesty and sweetness, wisdom and simplicity, loyalty and truth, that the Pope reposed all his hopes. Nor was the moment unripe.

Already, as the sovereign Pontiff well knew, Robert of Meulan's ascendancy was no longer what it had been ; already the King himself had, notwithstanding his versatile ambassador's memorable protestations to the contrary, condescended to give up investitures ; already that very ambassador had displayed tokens of reverence to the Holy See, such as convinced Paschal that there were men at the court of the King of the English already awake to a full conception of the atrocity of the requirement that bishops should make themselves the liegemen of secular princes. When straws fly, the air is in motion ; and when weathercocks veer, the wind is changing. The time, therefore, was come for restoring Anselm to the society of the King, and this could only be done by an exercise of the prudence, the toleration, and the patience which are neither last nor least among the gifts which constitute the sublime inheritance of the popes.

'So then,' concluded the writer, 'since Almighty God has set you in the kingdom of England for the prosecution of this corrective task, for His own honour and the Church's, do you, my brother, by gentleness and circumspection, and wisdom and forethought, make it yours so to deal with the King and his barons that, the Lord our God helping us, what yet remains to be set right may be set right by your solicitude and zeal. And be confident, my dear brother, of my support. What you loose I absolve, what you bind I retain.'

What a delegation of authority ! what a delegation of responsibility ! what a delegation of anxiety was this !

How then was Anselm to set about the task ?

He had not a shadow of a doubt that it was right that

bishops should be styled, and should declare themselves, what they were, the King's *fideles*. On this he and the King were agreed; but, unhappily, this was not all that the King had last year intimated his intention of requiring. What the King had then appeared bent on exacting was, not merely a profession, but an oath of fealty; and not only an oath of fealty, but an oath of fealty accompanied by the ceremony of *intromissio manuum*. On the other hand, however, what councils had forbidden, and what Popes, as authoritative expositors of the mind of the Church had forbidden, was not fealty, but homage; and even as to homage, it may fairly have been questioned whether the thing forbidden was any ceremony which in this or that country might go by that name, or rather the one specific ceremony of *intromissio manuum*; whether, I mean, the thing forbidden was any ceremony which by inaccuracy of phrase might happen to be designated *hominium*, or rather the one ceremony by which, and by which alone, one person became the *homo* of another. Now it is not the part of a good legislator, least of all of legislators of the stamp of Paschal II., to force from the text of a law meanings which it was never meant to yield; and Anselm was the last man in the world to interpret an injunction confided to his administration otherwise than according to the *animus imponentis*. Nor need anything surprise us less than that a trained intellect like his should discern at a glance essential differences, where unschooled warriors, who when left to themselves had no more logical acumen to display than we should nowadays expect to find in a debating club of ploughmen, could see nothing but a dead identity.

Then again as to fealty. This or that Pope may on this or that occasion have forbidden this or that person to swear fealty; but theologians and canonists would not thence conclude that no other person might under any circumstances ever do so.

The decree of the Council of Clermont, as reproduced a

few weeks later in that of Rouen, was, 'Let no priest be made the *homo* of a layman, for it is an indignity that hands consecrated to God, and blessed by the holy unction, should be thrust between hands unconsecrated, the hands of a homicide, an adulterer, or in other respects a grievous sinner.' Thus the thing forbidden was the *intromissio manuum*, by which one person was made the *homo* of another. 'But if a priest hold of a layman a fief which does not belong to the Church, let him do him such fealty as shall give assurance of his faith.' Thus fealty was not forbidden as an unbecoming thing in priests to laymen.

The decree promulgated in the Vatican three years later levied anathema on such as for ecclesiastical preferments should become the *homines* of laymen; 'for,' said Urban, 'it seemed an outrageous thing that hands invested with the dignity of doing that which is not granted even to angels to do, the dignity of creating by their ministry the Creator of the universe, and offering Him as an oblation for the redemption and salvation of the whole world, in the face of the Most High, should be subjected to the ignominy of servitude to hands which are day and night soiled by unseemly intercourse, and stained by their employment in rapine and the unjust shedding of blood.' Here again it is not fealty which is forbidden, but the specific ceremony of *intromissio manuum*, by which one person became the *homo* of another.

It was in the confident expectation, therefore, that Anselm would sooner or later bring the royal will to bend to this law that the Pope granted an *ad interim* suspension of the sanction attached to it; and it is not improbable that the Pope knew more of the King's mind than Anselm. Anselm had not seen the King since last summer; but the Pope had heard from him in the winter, and had heard that about him which fully justified his expectation.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIMATE'S RECALL TO ENGLAND.

WE have seen that Henry, who towards the close of the year 1105 had announced his intention of invading Normandy in the course of a month or two, not only remained in England during the whole of the following Lent, but postponed his Easter court from the twenty-fifth of March to the early days of May. The truth would seem to be that his barons, not caring to risk life and fortune on a campaign which might be cut short fruitless and inglorious, or take the field against the Duke of Normandy, who might even now be designed as the proper object of their allegiance, were growing unmanageable.

Nor was this all. On appraising the moral condition of the kingdom, Henry was alarmed at what met his view. He had kept Canterbury without its diocesan, England without its Primate, and the English without the only authoritative defender of their helplessness, since the spring of 1104; there had not been one episcopal consecration since he ascended the throne; the diocese of Winchester had now been vacant for more than eight years, that of Salisbury for nearly seven, that of Hereford for nearly six, and that of Exeter for three; the Bishop of London was not expected to live long, and, were the diocese of Rochester to fall vacant, the English episcopate would be reduced to half its strength. Surveying the parochial clergy, he saw that, while some of them violated the most sacred canons of ecclesiastical discipline, the rest were in the dangerous plight of men who know that if they

do wrong they will not be punished for it; whilst, behind them, was a whole army of young ecclesiastics in minor orders, not only undisciplined but uncontrolled; and, behind them again, a profligate laity, who jested at the law of God whispered in their heart by the voice of nature, as though it had been a law made for the express purpose of their breaking it.

Besides all this, abbatial chairs stood vacant from end to end of the land; and the monastic estate, which, notwithstanding more than one interval of degeneracy, had erewhile been the salvation of our land, was lapsing into extreme disorder.

It need not therefore surprise us to learn that the Count of Meulan, appalled by the ruin to which he saw that, thanks to his own policy, King and kingdom were fast drifting, had instructed William of Veraval to make great concessions in the King's name to the Pope, lest all should be lost; or that William of Veraval himself, convinced that neither barons nor bishops were any longer likely to humour the Prince in his vindication of claims that could benefit none and might soon enslave all, had informed the Pope of the condition of affairs, and pledged his own word and Count Robert's that other counsels should henceforth be followed.

We have seen that whilst William of Veraval in the spring of 1106 was negotiating with the Pope on the fate of Henry in far-distant England, Henry, day by day for three awful weeks, gazed on the fierce fleck of fire that burned in heaven, nourished by a weird cone of light from the region of the Italian mainland. No wonder that his conscience found a voice, or that his heart sank within him, or that he abandoned all present thought of invading Normandy, or that, postponing his Easter court to Ascensiontide, he waited in trembling apprehension for the true interpretation of the sign. But fresh alarms awaited him—alarms which, unreal as we may think them, it would in Henry Beauclerc's

day have been judged an impiety to disregard, and which convinced him that no long time was to elapse ere his fate should be sealed ; for when on Maundy Thursday the moon sank full-orbed in her pathetic paschal splendour, a second moon, a spectral and phantasmal moon, brief mockery of the real satellite, rose in the eastern sky.

Henry Beauclerc was bowed down with terror, and, scarcely knowing how to live during the interval, awaited William of Veraval's return. But day after day passed, and the days had grown into weeks, and the weeks to a full week of weeks, ere the darkness was taken from off his soul.

When, therefore, after two months' of intensest anguish, he heard that his chaplain had returned bringing good news, he abandoned himself to an ecstasy of joy and hope. He had given up investiture, and, as his reward, the inheritance of his forefathers would soon be his. He had done a thing pleasing to God, and God was on his side. All would now be well with him, for he had acted well ; and he had acted well, for he had listened to Anselm. Anselm, therefore, should henceforth be the companion of his career. Let Anselm then return, and return without delay, to launch his squadrons with blessings that were sure to fall, and to vow them back with prayers that were certain of an answer.

So, then, swift as wind and wave might carry him, William of Veraval crossed the Channel and rode hard for Le Bec. But as he entered the precinct something told him that he was in the house of sorrow. Even so. The poor old man had broken down, and the good monks, who had been studying his prognostic, were all of them decidedly of opinion that he was never to recover. Like the servant in the gospel, so they told their secular visitor, the Archbishop had in his first exile carried the Divine invitation to those who were not in his proper mission ; like the servant in the gospel, he had in his second exile done the like thing ; and now his time was ripe, now he was going home to his Lord.

So they thought. Not so thought William of Veraval, who, whilst Baldwin and Eadmer stood by the sufferer chafing his thin hands or gazing in woebegone love and regretful admiration on his pale face and ethereal brow, insisted on giving him the King's message precisely as the King had sent it. The King, he cried, implored him to come back at once to a widowed Church and charge; the King promised him with a thousand vows ever henceforth to comply promptly with his wishes in whatever he might think fit to require; the King had resolved never, never again to rebel against the Church. 'Therefore,' he concluded, 'I entreat you to come at once, lest, perchance, some unworthy inspiration gain the ascendancy and divert him from his good resolution.' This revived the Primate's life. 'Thanks be to God,' he replied; 'thanks be to God for His wonderful gift!'

Thanks be to God!

At last he had received from the King the promise which thirteen years before he had tried, but tried in vain, to elicit from the King's unhappy predecessor; and thus his thirteen years of trial had been years not all ill spent. Thanks be to God!

Even so, whispered the bystanders. Those who refused his Lord's message refuse no longer. His prognostic is fulfilled; but oh, how happily fulfilled! He is not to die yet. Thanks be to God!

True, mused the sufferer, the announcement seems scarcely credible; but then, the manifest sincerity and good faith of the messenger, and indeed his very presence here, are sufficient attestation of its truth, and there can therefore be no doubt that the King is now resolved in all things that appertain to his soul's health to obey, and to obey promptly, the precepts of his proper spiritual father. Thanks be to God!

And has undertaken to conform his conduct, and, if so,

then especially such details of it as depend on his own individual will, to the mind of the Church. Thanks be to God!

In which case, the feudal *consuetudo* of homage will soon follow the royal *jus* of investiture into the region of the things that were. Thanks be to God!

And the Pope's *ad interim* concession be among the things that were. Thanks be to God!

And so, still thanking God, he summoned up all his little strength, and ordered preparations to be made for the journey to England, took leave of his friends at Le Bec, and set forth.

By the time, however, that he reached Jumièges all that little strength had failed him, and he could go no farther.

But why this relapse? I think the Pope's letter had brought on his first illness; I think this second illness was brought on by something that had escaped the lips of the chaplain in the course of their journey.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIMATE'S DETENTION IN NORMANDY.

WHEN the King heard of the Primate's illness, his concern and sorrow knew no bounds ; for when his hopes had revived, to whom did he owe the grace but Anselm ? And to whom must he be indebted for its continuance but Anselm ? And who in the world was there to keep his barons to their duty but Anselm ? Nor were these his only thoughts. The first beginnings of his mistrust of that best and truest of friends, of his ingratitude, of his insolence, of his defiance, and of his treachery, were traceable to Duke Robert's sneers and sarcasms in the summer of 1101 ; and if it were the will of Heaven that Robert should now presently receive his reward, could it be the will of Heaven that Robert's patient, meek, heroic victim should not be witness of the event ? But if, on the other hand, Anselm were to be called hence before there should be time to take the field, then, ah then where would success incline ? which side would Heaven befriend, after all ? how would the awful portent of Maundy Thursday be fulfilled ? Even now, then, who could surely say which of them had been prefigured by the moon ; which by its phantasmal mockery—he or Robert ?

Of the integrity of the King's resolve, and of the sincerity of the promises he had sent the Primate through William of Veraval, there can be no question, even though his motives may not bear a too strict analysis. Anselm was by this time all in all to him ; and, swearing 'by the word of God that he would rather lose no matter what than hear

that anything had happened to Anselm, he sent a courier in post haste from Windsor with the following letter :—

‘I wish to tell you, dear and kind father, how grieved and heart-broken I am to hear of the pain and weakness you are in. Had it not been that I was waiting for you [here at Windsor] I should have been in Normandy ere this ; for I should have been glad to meet you again before leaving my kingdom. But now, as a son to a father, I beg you to take a little pity on yourself, and do not afflict your body so. But, however, it is my will and pleasure that you make yourself at home in all my possessions in Normandy, and give your orders just as if they were your own domain, and my heart will rejoice to know that you have done so, So wait for me in Normandy. I shall come across presently !’

With it went a letter from the Queen, written in her own fervid but scarcely translatable style, and ending ‘may the all-merciful omnipotence of God restore you. Amen.’

Could the King only have anticipated this delay, the delay of a fortnight more or less, but that fortnight a most precious one, he would himself have gone over to Normandy to arrange terms with the Primate ; for he had pledged his word to confer with him about the late trespass on the jurisdiction of the bishops, and there were several other details to be settled ; besides, it would be inconvenient, if not impossible, that they should be reconciled without seeing each other. His only course, therefore, at least his only safe course, was to give his barons notice of the day for embarkation, in hope of seeing the Archbishop on the very first opportunity after landing his troops in Normandy. The day for assembling at Portsmouth—for that was probably the rendezvous—must have been determined by physical conditions and by usage ; and if we allow a week or ten days for the transmission of messages to the several barons, and

forty days for the mustering of the forces, we shall not be far from the truth if we make the royal fleet weigh anchor within a day or two of the last day in July.

And now for our account of the Archbishop. Recovered from his second illness, he on or about the Feast of St. Swithin left Jumièges for Le Bec, when for a third time his strength failed him.

This was a terrible relapse after hopes twice raised and twice suspended during the last two months. How long through the interminable summer days and the melancholy summer twilights, twilights that refused to die, and then died only to revive in premature and unrestful daybreak, how long, never at ease if never in pain, how long, never fully awake if never wholly lost to sense, how long he thus lay, we know not ; we only know that there was time to apprise the bishops and abbots of the duchy of his condition, and hurry them from their dioceses and their abbeys to the hushed and woe-weighted monastery, there to concert his obsequies. And his death seemed all the more certain as his excessive abstemiousness even when in health, such health at least as his was, had rendered him so averse to any but the most meagre diet that nature now refused all sustenance. One day, as in this hopeless crisis his afflicted children knelt about his bed, imploring him if only for their sakes to eat something, and redoubling their entreaties at each signed refusal, he faintly said, not for his own sake, for he thought his end was near, but for theirs, 'Perhaps I could take some partridge if it could be had.' A detachment of the poor men at once dispersed themselves about the country side, and an entire day was spent in search of a partridge. But either from fault in sportsmanship, or from defect in their rude artillery, they were unsuccessful ; and, had it not been for what looked like accident, would soon have had to resume the chisel and finish the coffin of stone which they were preparing. A servant of the monastery going by chance

through the neighbouring wood, and bent on anything but sport, caught sight on the pathway before him of a weasel with a live partridge in its mouth. The animal dropped its prey and fled, leaving the disabled bird to the monk, who carried it home in triumph to the kitchen. When it had been cooked, a delicate morsel of it was offered to the invalid. The worst was over, a slow but steady convalescence followed, and when the King on the Feast of the Assumption arrived at Le Bec, the Archbishop was already preparing to sing high mass.

We must not, however, imagine that moral causes did not co-operate to his recovery. On the contrary, his restoration to life was, not improbably, in itself an earnest of the good which he confidently hoped would issue from his next interview with the King; and when we recall the frequent coincidence in his history of intense distress of mind and extreme physical prostration, it is difficult not to believe that, but for some such augury of happy result, he would not have been restored to life by the very day appointed for his colloquy with the King.

CHAPTER V.

AUGUST 15, 1106.

ROBERT, Count of Meulan, was still Lord of Brionne. The havoc he had wrought on his castle in 1090 must by this time have been more than repaired, and I suspect that on the night of the 14th of August, 1106, he entertained in his newly rebuilt banqueting hall at Brionne his lord the King of the English, who in boyhood and early youth had whiled away many an indolent hour in and about the island fortress; for he was under orders to escort his royal master to that very Abbey of Le Bec where sixteen years ago he had first measured his strength with Anselm, there to be witness of the termination of a contest which he had himself been amongst the first to instigate.

The reader has not forgotten that the seignury of Brionne was conferred upon Count Robert some six or eight months after the death of Archbishop Lanfranc; that the Count at once strained every nerve to obtain the patronage of the Abbey of Le Bec; that the attempt cost him the imprisonment of his person, the confiscation of his *comitatus Brionensis*, the payment of a 'huge heap of money,' and, before he could regain his castle, the destruction of a considerable portion of it by his own red-hot artillery. Nor need I recall the fact that concurrently with these events the rumour flew from end to end of England, and then crossed the Channel, that the Abbot of Le Bec had been marked out as successor to Lanfranc in the see of Canterbury.

Whether or not there had been any connection between the count's hopes in regard of Le Bec, and the designs of his royal master upon its abbot, the respect which the count conceived for Anselm's penetration and farsightedness upon the failure of his first cautious attempt to circumvent him would seem to prove that the famous diplomatist had not been slow in forming a just estimate of the no less famous churchman; and if it be true that one of the Red King's motives in furthering the elevation of Anselm to the primacy was the hope of using his unworldliness for the dismemberment of the Canterbury estates, we shall not, I think, be wrong in saying that Robert of Meulan co-operated with his master from the very different expectation of finding in Anselm a worthy antagonist to the scheme upon which his own heart was set. The Bishop of Durham's first opinion of the new Archbishop seems to have been that he had neither penetration nor foresight; and when that miserable prelate found that he had been mistaken, he meanly urged the King to crush him by force. On the other hand, Count Robert's estimate of him from the first, and his treatment of him to the last, have been such as oblige me to regret the unwilling indignity I do his name in coupling it with that of William of Saint-Calais; and now that the incomparable minister owns himself worsted at the close of a struggle in which he has enjoyed every conceivable advantage, and upon which he has for thirteen years been expending all his resources of pertinacity, of address, of vigour, and of stratagem, his chivalry is engaged to help, not to hinder, the reconciliation which is to take place on the morrow.

It is not improbable that King Henry had pledged his word to his barons not again to take the field unreconciled and unblessed: he had certainly promised the Archbishop that he would submit to his counsels and follow his behests; the uncertainties and alarms of the spring had convinced him

that the fate of his dynasty would in a few weeks be sealed ; and—does imagination play me false ? I think not—ere ever he rides forth from the Castle of Brionne on this morning of the fifteenth of August, the news is brought him that the Emperor, the prince whom first his unhappy brother and then he himself once emulated, died eight days ago at Liège, in indigence, dishonour, and shame. Terrible and instructive news !

But if the thoughts suggested by news so terrible and so instructive alarmed and humbled King Henry as he rode forth from Brionne, he had scarcely taken his place in the basilica of Le Bec when the entrance of Archbishop Anselm reassured him. Venerable in the grave splendour of the sacred ornaments of his rank, but unspeakably more so in all his moral beauty and intellectual grandeur, the first sight of him gave Henry hope that all would be well. His feebleness of step, his attenuation of feature, his transparency of complexion, were an only too eloquent evidence of the trials he had undergone since in the King's House at Winchester he last said mass before the King at the Easter of 1103 : but there was about him a more tranquil majesty, a more profound repose, a sweetness further removed from mere earthly charm, than anything which Henry had ever as yet discerned in him ; as he advanced in the august rite, a countenance never other than angelic in its purity seemed gradually transfigured into that of one who even now pierced the veil which hid from him the Desire of his soul ; and when in the midst of the sacrificial action he turned for a moment to the King, who had crept awe-stricken to his side, and, whispering '*Pax tecum,*' laid his hands on his shoulders and kissed him, there was that in him and there was that in Henry which left no doubt in the heart of either that peace was assured.

After mass took place the most important interview which had ever as yet been held between the representative of the spiritual and the representative of the temporal power since

England was a Christian kingdom. (1.) For then it was, on the Feast of the Assumption in the year of grace 1106, and there, in the Abbey of Our Lady of Le Bec, that the foundation was laid of the English law on homage ; then and there it was that out of respect for the independence and in obedience to the commands of the Catholic Church, the wearer of the royal crown of England consented that no man of religion should henceforth place hands in his and become his man ; whilst, out of respect for the claims of the Prince, the wearer of the primatial mitre of the Britains consented that in recognition of those claims men of religion should make profession of faith and devotion on receipt of the temporalities of their preferment. This profession might by a misuse of speech be called homage ; but it was essentially different from the *homines fieri* forbidden by Councils and Popes, and its proper name was fealty.

(2.) Then, too, it was there that similar, though not analogous, terms were arranged on the subject of investiture. Out of respect for the independence and in obedience to the law of the Church, the wearer of the crown royal of England consented that never henceforth should man of religion receive ring and crosier at his hand ; whilst, out of respect for the rights of the Prince, the wearer of the primatial mitre of the Britains consented that, in recognition of those rights, men of religion should, nevertheless, receive from him such temporalities as were in his guardianship.

Such, I say, was the general outline of the terms arranged ; nor need I describe them more particularly until the moment comes for recording their ratification by the clergy, the baronage, and the people of England.

But the *agenda* of this momentous interview comprised other subjects, three of which are particularly mentioned by Eadmer :—

(3.) As long ago as the early days of the previous reign it had, as the reader knows, become a royal *consuetudo* to

impose heavy and galling taxes upon the property and produce of vacant bishoprics and abbeys; and there were now several such vacant churches in the kingdom groaning under the exaction. These Henry restored to the Primate, with a promise never again to tax them should they fall vacant.

(4.) He had not, it is true, racked the rents on the Archbishop's estates, but he had, since the Christmas of 1103, diverted them to his own use. All the monies thus received he bound himself under surety to repay on his return to England.

(5.) On the most recent of the *consuetudines*, the taxing of the parochial clergy as a punishment of the breach by some of them of the law of the Church, he had, as we have seen, promised to consult his barons. Now therefore, whether in compliance with their instances or with the Primate's, he engaged to acquit those who had not yet paid the fine, and to leave such as had done so free of all tax or other assessments for three years to come.

Thus, snatched from the grave to continue his work, did Anselm by the influence of kindly suasion and the subtle rhetoric of a meek and gentle heart, repair the breach. His reward was prepared for him.

Nor was Henry to be unrequited. From fear, if not from love, yet, even so, from the fear that, however quick to human applause and sensitive to shame, is neither all deaf to the voice of Heaven nor all blind to the Hand that marshals events, controls accidents, lengthens here a life and there cuts a life short, here takes one and there leaves another; from fear, if not from love, Henry had consented to obey. He, too, was to have his reward.

Book XI.

THE FINAL RECONCILIATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN TO ENGLAND.

AFTER an interval of some few days, Anselm set forth from Le Bec for the consolation of England. All were longing for his resumption of proper constitutional office and for the restoration in his person of the dominion of right and equity and piety and truth ; whilst a smaller circle were eagerly awaiting the joy that was sure to come from the supernatural charm of his nearer presence. In default of that charm a monk of St. Augustine's, Dom Reginald by name, had been fain to trace the lines of physical resemblance that showed the younger Anselm—'illustrious youth of countenance serene'—to be kinsman of the Primate :—

Ah, woful me, how remedy my woe
 Save by thy likeness to his form beloved ?
 In thee I gaze on him ; his very name,
 His very visage, like as seal to seal ;
 Features the same, and nameless grace the same ;
 Vigour and grace, simplicity profound—
 Uncle and nephew all in all the same.
 His sacred lips I see moulded in thine,
 His form, and comeliness, and brow serene,
 And royal bearing and high probity.

Nor the humble poet alone. Others there were who left nothing untried which, in default of a portrait, might remind them of the much-loved Prelate ; and Queen Matilda, not satisfied with carrying his letters next her heart, save when she in silence conned them in hope of thus recalling the tone of his voice, would, like Dom Reginald, trace in the manner

and the play of features of his kinsman those exterior qualities of princely dignity and reverend grace which had served to recommend to her his austere and most ascetic teachings.

When the ship that bore the old man back laden with victory came in sight of the Kentish cliffs a thrill of joy swept through the crowd; and when its keel grazed the shore, and he set foot on land beneath Dover Castle, foremost among an illustrious group that awaited the blessing of his uplifted hand, knelt the Queen, fit emblem of the ancient piety of England, and amongst all who had the right to welcome him home the first and the chief; for to her refining, informing, tranquillising influence it was that the King was indebted for that preparation of the heart which had enabled him to appreciate and to respond to the instructions and the counsels offered him in the late eventful interview.

Nor was it only that Anselm returned crowned with the laurels of a bloodless triumph—he came clothed with a delegated royalty; for the King, before leaving Le Bec to summon his allies to the field, had confided the entire kingdom to his uncontrolled administration, and had given him special and plenipotentiary authority over all the royal estates. And as he travelled on by easy stages, for he was by this time grown very feeble, the Queen would urge on her palfrey, and passing hastily by the processions of monks or canons that were already going forth to meet him, repair to his lodging, and furnish it forth with her own royal hands.

Writing to the Abbot of St. Ouen soon after his return, he said:—

‘What you have heard about the authority which the King has delegated to me is quite true, and I see in it a token of his condescending goodwill and his exceeding kindness. Still, since it is written, “All things are lawful to me, but all are not expedient. All are lawful, but all do

not edify," I scarcely think it my wisdom to attempt any great thing at present; but when God brings back the King to us in those good dispositions of which I make no doubt, He will then, I trust, use him as the instrument of His grace for doing much to His honour that will give us good cause for joy.'

Meanwhile, the King had gained his reward. Here is his account of the Battle of Tenchebrai, fought on the 28th of September, the fortieth anniversary of the Conqueror's invasion of England:—

'I would have you know, holy father, that Robert, Count of Normandy, with all the supplies of horse and foot which he could by love or money muster, had a desperate engagement with me under Tenchebrai on a day named and determined, the issue of which contest was that we, by God's mercy, and with little slaughter on our side, gained the victory. In short, God has in His mercy given into our hands the Duke of Normandy, the Count of Mortaign, William Crispin, William de Ferrers and Robert de Stuteville, five hundred horse and ten thousand foot. The number of the fallen has not been ascertained. This success is to me no subject for elation or arrogance, nor do I attribute it to my own might; it is the gift of the providence of God. So then, reverend father, I prostrate myself as a devout suppliant before the knees of your holiness and beg you to pray the Judge of all, to whose sovereign will I owe this glorious and not unuseful triumph, that it be not to me a loss and damage, but as the beginning of a life devoted to good works and the service of God, and to the maintenance and confirmation of the Church in peace and tranquillity, that henceforth she may be free and undisturbed by contests.'

The truth to which, unruffled by insult, unbent by menace, unhurt by fraud, the grand old man had for thirteen years, in

spite of all human odds, borne witness, careless alike of tyrant's rage and courtier's contumely, of the treachery and violence of foes and of the coldness and hard words of friends, indifferent to tempest and ambush, to weariness and fever, to spoliation and want,—borne witness with a zeal which would gladly have laid him in beds of fire or torn him limb from limb—that truth, thanks to his care of it, was now at last lodged in the very heart which had most obstinately refused to entertain it, and upon whose acceptance or whose rejection of it, I scarcely exaggerate when I say that the destinies of Christendom had been waiting; the truth of the inviolable sanctity of the independence of the Church on the secular power, and that there is nothing in this world dearer to the heart of Christ than the freedom of His Bride. ‘*Nihil magis diligit Deus in hōc mundo quam libertatem ecclesiæ suæ.*’ ‘The Jerusalem which is from above is free, and she is the mother of us all.’

The Primate replied:—

‘I rejoice and I render most earnest thanks to Him, from whom all good things do come, for your prosperity and your success in arms. I rejoice, and I thank Him from the bottom of my heart that, whilst giving you earthly prosperity, He so enlightens your heart with His grace that you attribute nothing to yourself or to human strength, but attribute all to His mercy, and that so far as in you lies you promise peace and liberty to the Church. It is my earnest prayer and counsel, as your *fidelis*, that you continue thus minded, for herein will be your true strength. But more than this; with heart and mouth and all the energy of my being I pray, and have engaged others to pray, that He may ever show you more and more of the mercy He has begun to bestow on you, and when this life is done translate you from your high estate on earth to a kingdom in heaven and a glory that shall never pass away. Amen.’

The King's conviction is evident, and it was a conviction shared by many others, that the reunion in his person of kingdom and duchy upon the field of Tenchebrai was a Divine recompense for the peace concluded with Anselm six weeks before within the precinct of Le Bec.

The ratification of that peace was indeed deferred for some six months, that is to say, until the King should meet his Court at Easter, for he must necessarily be detained for some time in Normandy. Meanwhile, however, the Pope had requested him and the Primate to send William of Veraval and Dom Baldwin to the Council which he had summoned to meet at Troyes early in May, and the final settlement was postponed till Whitsuntide, by which time it was expected that the monk and the chaplain would be back again in England.

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVAL.

THE first confession of declining physical strength which I can find in the Saint's correspondence is contained in the letter written to the Abbot of St. Ouen, soon after his return to England. 'So far,' he says, 'as this changeful, varying world permits of it, all is well with me both in body and estate, except only a bodily weakness which I find grows upon me daily.'

But though the bodily strength was lapsing, rapidly lapsing, the intellect was as vigorous as ever, and the six months which succeeded his return to England in the autumn of 1106 were engaged and soothed by the prosecution of those philosophic studies which had always been the employment of his intervals of peace.

I allude, of course, to his treatise on the co-existence and concord of the prescience, the predestination, and the grace of God with free-will. Like the 'Monologion' elaborated in the secluded valley of Le Bec, and the 'Cur Deus Homo,' the occupation of the hot summer nights at Schiavi, it was an *exemplum meditandi de ratione fidei*; and I suspect that, like the first of his great philosophical treatises, the title by which it is generally known was not supplied until some time after its completion, and that it meanwhile bore the unambitious heading, 'Quomodo liberum arbitrium præscientiæ et prædestinationi et gratiæ Dei non repugnet.'

The Easter court of 1107, which had been appointed to

meet at Westminster,¹ probably because a large attendance was expected, was a very different gathering from that of 1103, the last in which Anselm had taken part. Then, the King, morbidly sensitive about the opinion held of him by his barons, and fearful lest compliance with the will of the Church should be interpreted to the disparagement of his dignity, was meanly contriving a plan for transporting and then keeping the Archbishop of Canterbury beyond sea; whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a letter in his possession which he dared not open save in the King's presence, lest its genuineness should be impugned, nor yet leave unread, lest to do so should be to hurt his soul, was anxiously counting the days till he should be out of sight and out of reach of Henry and Henry's episcopal accomplices. Now, on the contrary, implored by those very men to return to them, and given back to England by Henry himself, he has resumed his proper function as spiritual adviser of the Sovereign, who, in his turn, owns that to be at peace with Anselm is his best earnest of earthly happiness, and gratefully contrasts with the political anxieties that oppressed him four years ago, the secured power and acknowledged greatness that now are his.

Henry of Huntingdon draws a vivid contrast between the King's past condition and his newly-established grandeur. 'When,' says that historian, 'Henry, the King of the English, now that his enemies were either stamped out or beaten down, had set Normandy in order according to his desire, he returned to England and consigned his brother, the magnificent Duke, and the Count of Mortaign to the darkness of dungeons. So, then, crowned with victory, and then for the first time a King strong in his strength, he held his paschal court at Windsor, and the great lords, both of England and of Normandy, waited on him there with fear and trembling. For heretofore, first

¹ Others, however, say Windsor. I adopt the more probable account given by Eadmer.

in his early manhood, and then in his early royalty, he was held in exceeding great disdain ; but God, who judges otherwise than the sons of men, and exalts the humble and lowers the mighty, put down Robert, who had had all the advantages of universal favour and celebrity, and thought fit to make the fame of the despised Henry shine forth gloriously throughout the earth ; and the Lord Almighty gave him of His goodness these three blessings—wisdom, victory, and riches ; and, prospering him in all things, made him in wisdom, victory, and riches surpass all those who had gone before.’

Leaving court with the intention of meeting the King at Westminster on Whit Sunday, there and then, in accordance with any modification of detail which might meanwhile be urged by the Pope, to ratify the peace which they had concluded in Normandy, the Primate travelled as far as Bury St. Edmund’s, where he was to consecrate a *crux magna*, one, probably, of the four crosses which, erected in as many different directions and at the distance of a mile from the monastery, fixed the territorial boundary of the exempt jurisdiction of the Abbot. But scarcely was this ceremony performed when he sank under an attack of fever, and lay for many weeks between life and death.

But he was not to die. It was not the will of Him who so long had blessed his exertions for the independence of the Church that he should go hence without reaping the first-fruits of his toil.

Still, he was so greatly reduced by this illness as never again to be able to travel on horseback, and was, early in June, carried in a litter to Canterbury where, with darkening eye and trembling hand, he resumed his labours on the ‘De Concordiâ’—the intellect as keen as ever, but heart and strength giving way.

CHAPTER III.

AUGUST, 1107.

IT was not a mere court which on the first of August assembled in Westminster Hall, but a plenary council of the nation ; save that the Archbishop was not present, but awaited, probably at Lambeth, the issue of the long discussion, which was to take place upon the terms of the royal submission in the previous summer. The majority of the assembly were in favour of the ratification of those terms ; but there seem to have been one or two who made a desperate fight for the old order of things ; perhaps the Bishop of Lincoln, and probably the Bishop of Durham, who had made his peace with the King immediately after the success at Tenchebrai. They took their stand upon the old ground of investiture, not on that of homage ; for could they only succeed in making it a principle, maxim, or fiction, of law that the Crown was the source of that proper spiritual jurisdiction of which ring and crosier were the symbols, and induce the King to recede from the promise he made the Pope after the eventful interview at Laigle—all that had followed in the interview at Le Bec would be *ipso facto* nullified. But Henry was not of his brother's mind, that no man should be expected to keep his promises ; and was too thankful for the blessings bestowed on him by Heaven in reward for his submission, to regard the revocation of his engagements as other than a sacrilege. His chief supporter was the Count of Meulan, who seems to have had an able follower in Richard de Redvers.

The debate lasted for three successive days ; but it is our

deplorable loss not to know what was said by the various disputants ; or, if evidence was taken upon matters of fact, by the various witnesses. For, had even a meagre record been preserved to us, it would no doubt have thrown a flood of light upon the law of tenure in England before the Conquest, the changes made in it after that event, and the successive developments subsequently evolved from it.

Nor do we know the precise form in which the issue of the debate was cast, the precise terms in which that issue was recorded ; and all that we can do is to form such conjectures concerning it as shall coincide with the general, but too vague, accounts given us by Eadmer and William of Malmesbury, and bear the test of the earliest subsequent notices we possess of the law of homage and investiture.

What, then, was the nett result of the three days' deliberations ?

First, then, as to investiture. The Church forbade laymen to hand ring and crosier to newly elected prelates ; but she did not question the recognised right of this or that prince to put prelates into possession of the temporalities of see or abbacy, provided only that spiritual symbols were not employed.

As regards investiture then, it was decided that, the King retaining the right of civil institution—'institutio' is the usual term for it, though by an accommodation of phrase it is sometimes styled 'investitura'—he should yield an entire, unqualified and unreserved obedience to the Church's prohibition of the delivery of ring and crosier. The decision was not improbably couched in some such form as this :—
'Investituras ecclesiarum omnino deserat.'

We have seen that the homage of men of religion, which had become customary by Littleton's time, was both improper and informal ; improper, because the homager paid it, not for his preferment, but for its temporalities ; informal, because he did not, by making it, become the King's man. Hence a

presumption is raised that Henry and Anselm, in their interview at Le Bec, had proposed an arrangement upon homage similar to that upon investiture ; in other words, that the King required; and that the Primate conceded, an improper and informal homage. And, if so, what may have been the precise degree of informality which was henceforth to be the characteristic note of the homage of men of religion?

There can be little doubt that by the year 1106 all *homagium* paid to King Henry was regarded as liege, not simple homage, and that the accompanying formula, declaratory of fealty, was deemed a profession of allegiance. By the year 1106, that is to say, the profession made by a subject on becoming the King's man was, by the very fact of his becoming the King's man, a profession of allegiance.

But suppose a subject not to become the King's man, but yet, as his *fidelis*, to promise him *fides*. Such profession is a profession, not of allegiance, but of fealty.

Here, then, we have the distinction we want ; and I believe it to have been concerted in favour of the clergy by the King and the Primate in their interview at Le Bec, in the August of 1106, Henry relinquishing his claim of *homagium* from men of religion, and contenting himself with their profession of fealty, though he continued to require both one and the other of laymen. Laymen, that is to say, were henceforth to pay the King formal *hominium* by becoming his liegemen and professing fealty ; but men of religion were to profess fealty, but not to become his liegemen. This arrangement, then, concerted at Le Bec, I believe to have been ratified by the council with which we are now concerned ; and, unless I am mistaken, the August of the year 1107 is the date of the legal distinction between a clergyman's 'fides et dilectio' and a layman's 'fides et ligeantia ;' for it is a remarkable fact that every extant letter of St. Anselm's written to the King after that time contains the phrase 'fidelis et dilector.'

But, however, we may fairly assume that the debate on

homage ended in allowing the King to require from men of religion that which could only be called homage by an accommodation of phrase. For never henceforth do we find bishops elect or abbots elect, much less bishops or abbots, performing the condemned ceremony of *intromissio manuum*; never again do we find them saying to prince or other layman, 'I become your man.' From the first days of August in the year 1107, they seem scrupulously to have obeyed the decrees of Clermont and the Vatican; doing nothing which had been forbidden by either council, and invariably observing the distinction between their fealty and the layman's homage.

If, then, the King's surrender upon investiture was entire, unqualified and unreserved, it would seem to follow that his surrender upon homage deserves precisely the same description; and yet, when we turn to St. Anselm's letters and to Eadmer's account of the transaction, we find that they seem to take a different view of the matter.

The knot is worth the trouble of disentangling, and I make no further apology for dwelling on the subject.

I. Soon after the interview at Laigle, the Primate wrote to his friend, the Archbishop of Lyons, in these words:—

'Although the King allows himself, as I trust, to be vanquished by the papal decrees concerning investitures of churches, he says he is not as yet disposed to forego the homages of prelates. He is applying to the Holy See upon the subject, with the design of getting leave to do as he wishes. But I doubt what, in the event of his succeeding, it would behove me to do in case some "religiosus" should refuse to become the King's man for bishopric or abbey.'¹

The thing, then, which the King wished to retain in the

¹ *Ep.* iii. 123.

July of 1105 was the very thing which had been specifically forbidden by popes and councils.

II. In the May of 1106, Anselm received a letter from the Pope authorising him to condone the doing of *hominia* to the King till such time as the King's heart should soften. Before, however, he could know whether the King's heart was softening or not he fell ill, and lay at death's door till a message from Henry revived him by the assurance that that prince had resolved to comply to the full with his wishes. If this message did not mean that Henry had given up all idea of making prelates become his men, and had made up his mind to obey the decrees of Clermont and the Vatican, it meant nothing.

III. Thus consoled and encouraged, Anselm recovered strength as if by miracle, and set out for England, but fell ill again on the way. Now I cannot prove my suspicion, but it looks like a probable one, and it is this—that Anselm fell ill again because William of Veraval had given him a hint that although the King would never again require prelates to become his men, even for the temporalities of see or abbey, he might, nevertheless, so far avail himself of the Pope's concession about *hominia* as to claim from prelates elect some sort of acknowledgment that they held their temporalities of him even though they were not his liegemen; or, rather, that while, in obedience to the Church, he was giving up all pretensions to make prelates his men, it was nevertheless his purpose to assert that theory of seignury, or sovereign lordship, over all lands, by whomsoever held, which had been asserted by his father and his brother, predecessors on the throne of England.

IV. Two months later occurred the famous interview at Le Bec, an interview at which Eadmer tells us that the King cancelled and eliminated everything which had stood as an obstacle to entire unanimity between himself and the Primate ('omnia quæ inter se et Anselmum de sæpe fato negotio

resederant, moderante sedis apostolicæ sanctione, delevit.') If this does not mean that the King engaged himself to obey the decrees upon homage as loyally as those upon investiture, it is hard to see what it means. But when Eadmer adds that the King at the same time made Anselm 'de singulis ad quæ tendebat suæ voluntatis compotem,' a presumption is raised that Henry had come to Le Bec with proposals of some sort, which have not been placed on record, and that Anselm did not reject them.

The most probable account of the case, then, would seem to be that, though the King now no longer required anything of churchmen which they had been forbidden to give him, he yet claimed that their fealty, which was to take the place of the layman's homage, should be done him in their character of tenants, and not simply in their character of *fideles*.

That is to say, inasmuch as men of religion were forbidden to become Henry's men for church lands held of him, not from any objection to the tenure, but from an objection to their becoming his men, he substituted fealty for homage; but, in order to secure his inherited claim to be sovereign lord of the land, he demanded that the fealty should be made in attestation of a territorial and not merely of a personal relationship.

Such, then, I say, would seem to have been the scheme submitted by Henry to Anselm, at Le Bec, in 1106. Whether Anselm liked or disliked it, is not to our present purpose. There was nothing in it which councils had forbidden, and the Pope's acceptance of it would heal the breach on homage as effectually as the breach upon investiture had been healed.

When, therefore, Baldwin and William of Veraval returned to England, in the early summer of 1107, they brought with them, as I believe, the Pope's acceptance of the King's proposition—an acceptance qualified, however, with two conditions. First, that the arrangement should be regarded as a pro-

visional one, for it involved the new and unproved fiction of law that church lands were not alodium, but beneficiary tenures; and secondly, that the fealty to be paid by this or that bishop or abbot for the temporalities of see or abbacy should be made before his consecration, not after it; for otherwise the way would be prepared for the intrusion of that very claim which had been cast away when the King promised desistance from investiture by ring and crosier.

The sort of homage, then, which was henceforth to be tolerated, was not the homage which councils had forbidden and which the King had been so slow to part with. Henceforth, man of religion was not to place his hands within a layman's, and make himself that layman's *homo*. Homage it might, indeed, be styled; but it was not homage 'within the meaning of the act;' its proper name was fealty. The homage condemned by popes and councils, and the investiture forbidden by popes and councils, were now, one equally with the other, to be things of the past.

How different, then, was the state of affairs when, after the three days' debate, the venerable and decrepit Primate was slowly led to his place in Westminster Hall from the state of affairs now nearly five years previously in that place. Then, under threat of banishment, the Primate was bidden to do liege homage to the King, and, thus bound hand and foot to the royal will, to give effect to the royal claim—an implicit, if not an explicit claim—to bestow that of which ring and crosier were the symbols. Now, the King has come round to the Primate's view of the relations of Church and State;¹ so has the King's chief counsellor, so has the King's eloquent

¹ I cannot, however, conceal my conviction that Anselm had strong misgivings about the fealty of prelates elect, or, to employ the more usual phrase, their homage for the temporalities. It is true that councils had not forbidden it, and that the Pope tolerated it; but it was a novelty in statecraft. When, therefore, I say that the King came round to Anselm's view of the relations of Church and State, I refer to those relations, and to those only, which had been the subject-matter of contention between them.

champion. And now the King's solemn renunciation of the two significant ceremonies which had been ruthlessly employed as fetters on the freedom of the Bride of Christ, restores her to her proper liberty.

A week later, and on the eleventh of August, Anselm, in his own cathedral of Canterbury, gave episcopal consecration for the first time in England since Henry's accession, assisted by no less than seven bishops, one of whom was the very Gerard, Archbishop of York, who five years before had all but shipwrecked the kingdom ; and a chapter in Church History might be written under the name of each of the candidates. They were William Giffard to Winchester, Roger the chancellor to Salisbury, Reinelm to Hereford, and last, not least, William of Veraval to the see of Exeter.

Book XII.

THE LAST DAYS OF ST. ANSELM.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

AND now that this good and faithful servant has done, and done so well, the work assigned to him, his reward will not be long withheld from him.

His return to England had been anticipated and followed by fond regrets from friends on the Continent. Thus the Archbishop of Lyons concluded the letter which recommended him to accept any terms the Pope might offer for the facilitation of his return in the following words :—

‘But wo is me. What am I doing? I am the aggravator and enhancer of my own bereavement, and doing my best to put away from sight my one solace, my one joy, and, next after God, the very life of my soul. Mine eyes rove in vain quest of their chief delight; a vain and empty quest, for never again, dearest father, never again may I see or even hope to see you. But far be it from me for a passing pleasure of my own to begrudge others, and they are both many and good, their general blessing, and seek mine own rather than what is Jesus Christ’s. So then, most holy father, lodge me in the bosom of your memory so long as I may not gaze on your face and enjoy your presence.’¹

And the other Hugh—Hugh, I mean of Cluny—had written thus :—

‘Since you left us we have been unable to hear news of you; but we trust that, wherever you are, you are by God’s

¹ *Ep.* iii. 124.

mercy covered with the shield of His protection. For who could ever be so less than human as, having once enjoyed the sweetness of your converse, not to welcome you back and venerate you as an angel sent from God?''¹

But he had not been long in England before there came a letter from Hugh of Cluny that showed how the bonds that bound him here below were one by one giving way. The Archbishop of Lyons, so wrote their common friend, died in peace at Susa on the 7th of October, whilst on his way to the council convened by the Pope at Gualastro, and was buried there with great pomp in the abbey of St. Just.

A few months later the third of his trio of intimate friends, but the longest known and loved of the three—I of course mean Bishop Gundulf—was touched by the Hand of God, received the last sacraments from the Primate, then rallied for a time, and, at last, on the 8th of March, 1108, went to his bliss. The Archbishop, who had been lodging at Lambeth, was at once carried down to Rochester to perform the last offices for his friend.

It would be no false antithesis to say that, if Lanfranc lived for Canterbury and died for Rome, his successor, after having lived for Rome, died for Canterbury. But I should travel too far afield were I to say how the recently elected Archbishop of York interposed, at the instigation of his canons, delay after delay, and excuse after excuse, against going to Canterbury for consecration; hoping to receive meanwhile the pallium for which he had sent to Rome; and hoping besides, that, the pallium once his, he might be so far favoured by the expected death of the Primate, as to contrive to gain consecration without making a promise of obedience to the see of Canterbury. To enter into the details of all these miserable subterfuges would be to waste time upon the history and the prospects of an obtrusive cloud at sunset.

¹ *Ep.* iv. 80.

But there are clouds which even gild and glorify the last moments of the day, and this was one of them. Towards the end of 1108, and when the heroic saint was already forcing his frail life to linger out, he sent to tell the King that he would rather be torn limb from limb than lend himself for an hour to a scheme which must surely result in the disruption of the unity of the Church in England ; and his last official acts were to write to the rebel, suspending him from priestly functions, and forbidding him under anathema to receive consecration before making profession of canonical obedience to the see of Canterbury ; and to send a copy of the document in the form of letters patent, sealed with his seal, to each of the bishops, accompanied by the following epistle :—

‘I bid and require you by the holy obedience which you owe to the Church of Canterbury and to me, that you bear yourself to Thomas, Archbishop elect of York, according to the tenour of the accompanying letter addressed by me to the said Thomas.’

He had lived to keep England in union with the centre of Christendom ; he died in the very act of keeping her at unity within herself, for he had already passed away when Thomas’s pallium arrived, and both King and bishops, notwithstanding some very suggestive hints and shakings of the head on the part of Robert of Meulan, insisted on the fulfilment of his requirements before the desired consecration should be given.

But why linger thus but for the pain of writing the last word on such a life ? The interest of an entrancing subject and the intensity of a love I shall never hope to fathom, have sustained me till this moment ; and now what shall I say ?

Dearest Saint, at a time when earthly allurements must have shown fairest and brightest to a boyhood such as yours, you closed your heart to them, and thought death preferable to a mitre which could only have become yours in virtue of a

prescription, a theory, a system which was fast making the Bride of Christ the mere bondwoman of princes. It was not for nothing that you so early discerned the dignity of the Mother of us all, or that your own Aosta was chosen as the spot where the angels sang their overture to the great drama of the Church's liberation. For when, after the interval of many long years of patient discipline and preparation, you emerged from the cloister, and, led by the Hand of God, mounted the patriarchal throne of Britain, it was the most intimate conviction of your soul that God had no dearer interest on earth than the freedom and independence of His Church.

But why recapitulate this wonderful career? It is its own recapitulation. And, as to the man himself, characteristics seldom found side by side are in him blended to so exquisite a symmetry of moral and intellectual excellence, that piecemeal delineation of them would be almost an impiety. There have been many blameless men in the course of the world's history, and there have been many heroic men; but there are few indeed on record who have been both heroes and blameless, and of those few Anselm stands second to none. Never for one moment in his career was the fascination of his perfectness interrupted. It enclosed and wrapped him round, a magnetic charm before which evil fell innocuous. He was scathless, for he never scathed. Endowed with a majesty to make kings envious, there yet shone forth in him a sympathetic grace and tenderness that made him the wonder and the worship of his age; and to the courage of a demigod he added a mastery of self that never thought defiance and never breathed syllable of provocation. Test him by the cardinal virtues one by one, and he stands the fourfold trial. Open the Gospels, read the beatitudes, and ask which of them all is his. Each in its turn seems his by special right; for each is fully realised in him.

But the seraphim live near to God and not the cherubim

alone. The same right reason which harmonised and subdued all his marvellous energy of soul into this exquisite perfectness of grandeur and simplicity, of elevation and grace, of majesty and utter humbleness, set its royal stamp on the most daring of his intellectual efforts, and made him the forerunner, the exemplar, and the guide of the philosophers of the Christian schools. His speculations have won him a sphere amongst the stars peculiarly and indefeasibly his own, and we are almost willing to forget for a moment that he ended his pre-primatial career by dictating the first charter of the liberties of the subject, and ended his primatial by breaking for the first time the fetters that had bound the Bride of Christ, if by doing so we can the better remember that before any of these things were dreamed of, he in his secluded cloister at Le Bec had penetrated the sublimest mysteries of the faith and recorded his researches in the incomparable pages of the 'Monologion':—

Intimum pulsans penetrale Verbi,
Fertur inmotæ fidei volatu.
Dogmatum puros latices an ullus
Altius hausit?

CHAPTER II.

THE ETERNAL HOME.

AS the leaves fell in the autumn of 1108 he was already so feeble as to need a supporting hand to conduct him to the altar. Resolved still to live for the prosecution of the tremendous charge confided to him, he forced himself, the spirit struggling against the flesh, to take such nourishment as was absolutely needful to keep body and soul together. But it was a conflict not to be long sustained. The intellect was as clear and the spiritual insight as keen as they had ever been ; prayer, study, and philosophical meditation were all pursued with the same zeal as hitherto ; the tones of the enfeebled voice thrilled and the glance of the dulled orbs of sight flashed, according to their wont ; the unblunted sword was true and quick as ever, but, alas, it was cutting through a scabbard too delicately wrought to bear the fret. The little, very little, sustenance he could endure to take proved insufficient ; and as week followed week his limbs slowly failed. He could no longer stand at the altar, and was daily carried into his chapel in a chair to hear mass. Still, intellect and soul held their own, and, so far from giving signs of enfeeblement, seemed rather to be pluming themselves for fresh flights.

In truth, his condition was less a struggle for physical life than the overture of a new triumph ; and hence it deceived even the most anxious of his friends. One of them, when winter was at its deadeat, and ere yet the sap rose in the trees, dreamt that he was in the cathedral praying, and, not

far from him Anselm before the tomb of St. Dunstan ; when the lid of the stone sepulchre was shifted, and Anselm went to it. The imprisoned dead was trying to rise, and the Archbishop, unable to remove the obstacle, beckoned to the sleeper to come and help him. He did so ; the stone cover was pushed aside ; the saint sat up, and, turning to Anselm, said, ' Dear friend, I have heard your prayers, here is a token that I have really spoken to you,' and, so saying, offered him a ring of gold. But when Anselm stretched forth his hand to take it, the dead drew it back, saying, ' Not yet, not yet ; I shall keep it till the Wednesday before Easter, and then our Lord Himself will give it you.' When the dreamer told his dream, he was not attended to ; for Eadmer and the rest refused to make their master's physical enfeeblement the forecast of an end which must surely, as they deemed, be still far off, so vigorous were his intellectual powers.

And thus day by day unintermittingly they carried him in a chair to hear mass, until the Saturday in Passion week, when he was with difficulty persuaded to desist.

On Palm Sunday, as the day broke over Canterbury, one of those who sat round him ventured to say, ' Father and Lord Archbishop, the Easter court that you will attend is an Easter court with our Lord God.' ' Yes,' he replied, ' if it be His will, I shall obey it willingly. But were He to let me stay with you a little longer till I had resolved a problem about the origin of the soul, I would gladly accept the boon ; for I do not know whether anyone will work it out when I am gone. If I could but eat, I think I should pick up a little strength. I feel no pain in any part of my body ; only I cannot retain nourishment, and that exhausts me.'

And then he sat still, revolving his problem of the origin of the soul. What did this mean but that his own was winging its flight to the Source of being ?

A woful stupor fell on all hearts, and the biographer records one only incident more. On Tuesday, as it was

growing dusk, the recently consecrated Bishop of Rochester asked him to give his blessing to the bystanders and all the Christ Church monks, to the King and the royal family, and to the good people of England who had been ever true to him. He was still sitting, though unable to speak articulately; but, bending his head to the Crucifix, raised his right hand, and with all his old vigour made the holy sign with it. Then he sat still.

About midnight—he was by this time lying in his bed—the monks went into choir to sing matins, and one of the small group of attendants who remained with him took up the book of the Gospels and began to read the Gospel for the day, the Wednesday in Holy Week. He lay listening. The reader had not gone far, indeed had only reached the words, 'Ye are they who have continued with Me in My temptations, and I appoint unto you, as My Father hath appointed to Me, a kingdom; that you may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom,' when the summons came. The breathing grew slower, and they lifted him from the bed.

The brethren in choir, startled by a sharp, swift whirl of the wooden rattle, which awoke the awful echoes of the cloister, ceased singing, quitted their stalls, and glid in swift but dumb procession to the death-room. He was on the floor stretched on the sackcloth.

'And so,' for Eadmer must tell the rest, 'with all his children gathered round him, he breathed back his last breath into the hands of his Creator, and slept in peace. He passed away at the early dawn of Wednesday, the day before the Maundy; on the twenty-first day of April in the year of our Lord's Incarnation 1109, and in the sixteenth year of his pontificate and the seventy-sixth of his age.'

When the body had been washed Baldwin of Tournay proposed that they should anoint the face with balm in hope of averting corruption, however briefly. But their supply was less than they had thought, and they had already sent

to the cathedral for the balm which had been prepared for the consecration of the holy chrism on the following day, when there flowed from the empty vial enough to anoint, not only the face, but the hands, the arms, the breast, the feet, the whole body, over and over again.

This done, they dressed what was mortal of Anselm in the insignia of his pontificate, and carried him into the cathedral.

The pavement of the church had been opened up, and a grave dug at the head of Lanfranc's tomb. In this—it was a shallow grave, apparently—was a long narrow stone coffin, or sarcophagus, lined with a winding sheet of lead, which overlay the head and foot and sides, and here, on the following day, the Bishop of Rochester and the Christ Church monks laid all that the triumphant soul of Anselm had shuffled off, and, folding together the winding sheet, and adjusting the cover of the coffin, and filling in the grave, set their thoughts and hopes on the Eternal Home which their exemplar, their father and their guide, had won.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

ON THE TREATY CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE RED KING AND DUKE
ROBERT OF NORMANDY IN THE YEAR 1096 (p. 114).

HUGH OF FLAVIGNY says : 'Decem millium marcarum pensione acceptâ, terram suam comes Normanniæ regi Anglorum usque ad trium annorum spatium custodiendam tradidit' (cliv. 354).

Eadmer's account of the transaction (clix. 394) is : 'Eo tempore Robertus comes Northmanniæ . . . fratri suo . . . Northmanniam spatio trium annorum pecuniæ gratiâ in dominium tradidit.'

Orderic, however, says : (1) 'Robertus dux . . . decrevit terram suam fratri suo dimittere et . . . in Jerusalem pergere. Quod rex Anglorum ut comperit, valdè gavisus, consilium laudavit, Northmanniam usque ad quinque annos servaturus recepit, fratrique suo . . . decem millia marcos argenti erogavit' (iii. 476); (2) 'Mense Septembri Robertus Guillelmo regi Neustriam commisit, et acceptis ab eo decem millibus marcis argenti, peregrè perrexit' (iii. 483); (3) 'Robertus . . . totam terram suam usque ad quinque annos fratri suo dimisit et decem millia marcos argenti . . . ab eo accepit' (iv. 16); and (4) 'Robertus dux, dum exularet, non immemor erat quòd a fratre suo decem millia marcos argenti receperat eique Northmanniam usque ad quinque annos invadierat. Quapropter . . . ingentem pecuniam accumulavit quam reddere creditori, ut suum ducatum quiete reciperet, providè destinavit' (iv. 69).

Robert of Torigny does not help us to reconcile the apparent, perhaps real, discrepancy between the three years of Eadmer and Hugh and the five years of Orderic, but gives the following account:—'Rex Willelmus in Northmanniam transfretans decies mille marchas argenti eâ conditione Roberto duci commodavit ut quamdiu in prædictâ peregrinatione moraretur ipse ducatum Northmanniæ pro eis vadem haberet, illum duci restiturus cum ipse sibi prætaxatam pecuniam rediens reconsignaret.'

Now, I cannot lightly reject the statement made by Hugh of Flavigny, who was not improbably a witness of the transaction, and must have known more about it than any other writer. On the other hand, however, if the term for which the duchy was pawned had already expired a year before the return of Duke Robert, one would suppose that that prince, so far from raising money to pay to his brother, would have set up a claim for compensation in regard of the fact that the three years of the bargain had been prolonged to four. I should like therefore to reconcile the two accounts; and I think that I can do so, basing my explanation on Orderic's account, and testing it by Hugh's.

Robert gave his brother a five years' enjoyment of the duchy in return for the sum of ten thousand marks; but as it was quite conceivable that, the object of the expedition being achieved at an early date, the Duke might wish to return home before the termination of the five years, provision was made in the contract for that contingency.

At this point, however, I must observe that the duchy was not sold to the King, the right of redemption within a certain period being reserved to the Duke.

What was done seems to have been this—

The Red King advanced ten thousand marks to his brother on condition that he should repay himself by a five years' enjoyment of the duchy. Year by year, therefore, two thousand marks of revenue would be ledgered as instalment in liquidation of the Duke's debt; and whatever the King could make over and above two thousand marks would go for interest.

If, then, the duchy brought in four thousand a-year, or any sum we please above that figure, the King would be repaid by the expiration of three years; and would be in a position to accept proposals for an abbreviation of the five years' term of enjoyment should his brother then return from the Holy Land and make them.

Still, whatever the duration of his brother's absence, he was to have full and undisturbed possession for three years; experience having taught him that this sort of orange takes three years to suck. In the fourth and fifth years there would be little left to enjoy.

In other words: The Duke gave his brother a five years' lease of the duchy in return for the sum of ten thousand marks, reserving to himself the right of buying back at any moment between the expiration of the third and beginning of the fifth year of the lease whatever of it still remained to run, and of buying it back at a fixed figure.

Thus, should he return in the September of 1100 he might, if he chose, pay something over and above one year's estimated revenue, and so recover his duchy; should he return in the September of 1099, he might, if he chose, pay something over and above the estimated revenue of two years, and so recover his duchy. And how much would that be? I do not know, but I have a shrewd guess. Suppose, as I did just now, that the annual revenue was a good four thousand marks, then the sum in excess of a good eight thousand marks, for which the King pledged himself to restore the duchy to his brother on demand, after the expiration of three years, would not improbably be ten thousand marks, the very sum which he had advanced him. But, then, the ten thousand marks thus paid would be paid, not in liquidation of a debt, but, as I have explained, in redemption of the two years' residue of the lease; although had the Duke returned and paid the ten thousand marks at the end of three years, such payment would, in the popular estimate, have been regarded as the liquidation of a debt.

I hope I have made my meaning clear. It explains the apparent discrepancy between the five years of some authors and the three years of others; and accounts for the '*prætaxata pecunia*' of Robert of Torigni, the '*ingens pecunia*' of Orderic, and the suggestion by that author and the explicit statement of Robert of Torigni, that Duke Robert had pawned his duchy.

And I am the better pleased with the explanation because if, starting with Eadmer's account and that of Robert of Torigni, we suppose the contracting parties to have made an agreement, not for five years reducible to three, but for three years extensible to five; even so, my account holds good. Looking at the case in this view, and it is probably the strictly correct one, we may describe it thus:— 'I, Duke Robert, cede my duchy to you, King William, for the space of three years, and in consideration of the sum of ten thousand marks, on the understanding that if at the end of three years I do not pay you ten thousand marks (or if at the end of four years I do not pay you five thousand marks) the term of your tenure be extended from three years (or from four, as the case may be) till the completion of five years, from the present date.'

It may, perhaps, be thought that a sum of from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand marks was a heavy return to make for ten thousand marks. The case is not, I think, so bad as it looks. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Duke Robert paid a hundred and thirty per cent. for the money advanced, we must, at

any rate, remember that the Red King took the duchy with all its chances, and that in the event of hostile invasion he would have been obliged to part with a considerable portion of his profits. And, after all, those profits were not so excessively enormous in the estimate of the King's contemporaries as we are perhaps prone to imagine. At what point fair interest might be said to end, and usury to begin, I know not ; but the very fact that St. Anselm burdened the archiepiscopal estate with payments to the Christ Church monks nearly sixty per cent. in excess of what he borrowed on this very occasion, encourages the suspicion that the demand of an aggregate repayment of a hundred and thirty per cent., subject to deductions for unavoidable warfare, was not deemed usurious. When St. Anselm made his bargain with his monks he burdened the estate of a possible successor, and cannot, therefore, have exceeded the custom of his age in charging it with three hundred and fifteen marks in return for two hundred ; nor can it be unreasonable to suspect that if he had borrowed of strangers, an aggregate interest equivalent to the sum advanced would have been charged him, and that he would have had to pay cent. per cent. interest.

On the whole, then, I think the true account to be that the treaty concluded between the brothers was an alternative one ; and that according to one view of it Duke Robert pawned the duchy for three years, at the end of which term he was, if unable to refund the loan, to allow the King to repay himself by two years more of possession ; whilst, according to the other view, he did by his duchy pretty much what St. Anselm had just done by the manor of Peckham, gave the King a five years' lease of it, reserving to himself the option of redeeming at the end of three or of four years so much of it as should then remain outstanding.

Mine is, I believe, the first attempt which has been made to reconcile the various accounts. I trust that the novelty of my effort may not discommend it to the learned.

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